

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE



CLASS OF 1854

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W. L. Loomis

A HISTORY
OF
THE CLASS OF 1854

IN
DARTMOUTH COLLEGE,

INCLUDING
COL. HASKELL'S NARRATIVE OF THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.

EDITED BY
HENRY A. HAZEN
AND
S. LEWIS B. SPEARE.

BOSTON:
ALFRED MUDGE & SON, PRINTERS,
No. 24 FRANKLIN STREET.
1898.

the Editor

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INTRODUCTORY.

The Class of 1854 has always contemplated and desired, in due time, a Class History. Before we graduated, Mussey, the secretary, issued questions, the answers to which would furnish materials for it; and all through his long service of almost forty years, he gathered memoranda for that use. At our meeting in 1885, in New York, the matter received much attention, and we separated, looking for an early issue of the book. But Mussey's lamented death cut off any hope that he would give us the result of his labors; and the Class met in 1894, rich with a store of material, accumulated by the secretary, with the effective co-operation of Eaton and Godding, and confronted with the question, how to utilize it. The result was the appointment of Hazen and Speare as secretary and treasurer, and as publishing committee, with instructions to make the best use practicable of the materials committed to our care, and to print the Class History.

The result we here submit to classmates, in the hope that, if they do not find it all that they have looked for, as we know they will not, they will accept the result as measurably satisfactory and at least a partial fulfilment of their plan. Classmates who were at the meeting in 1894, will remember that we accepted the charge with great reluctance. We are busy men, and other duties have left us scant time for the editing of this record. Such as it is, we submit it to their charitable judgment. It has been a labor of love; and we cannot send it out without our testimony to the pleasure it has given us. It has been a joy to come again into touch with classmates of so long ago; to revive the memory of other days; to review the work which classmates have done, the battles they have fought, the good record which many of them have made.

Some have finished their course, and their record is on high. We linger over their names with a tenderness not to be put in words. Not many years before we, *qui supersunt adhuc*, shall join them. Which one of us will outlive his sixty comrades? How many of us would choose, if we might, to be that veteran?

1 APRIL, 1898.

ROLL OF MEMBERS.

Graduates.		Birth.	Death.		
1	Adams, John G.	Keene, N. H.	'34	3	26
2	Allard, John W.	Dover, N. H.	'31	7	2
3	Allen, Henry W.	Alfred, Me.	'34	10	18
4	Bacon, Henry M.	Biddeford, Me.	'29	3	1
5	Badger, Benjamin E.	New London, N. H.	'32	12	29
6	Bailey, William W.	Hopkinton, N. H.	'29	11	11
7	Burleigh, John A.	Somersworth, N. H.	'35	2	8
8	Caverno, Charles,	Strafford, N. H.	'32	8	19
9	Chadwick, George H.	Portland, Me.	'31	7	13
10	Charlton, Edwin A.	Littleton, N. H.	'28	9	28
11	Clark, Joseph,	Campton, N. H.	'26	4	2
12	Clifford, Nathan J.	Newfield, Me.	'32	1	12
13	Cobb, L. Henry,	Cornish, N. H.	'27	6	30
14	Collamore, George A.	Pembroke, Mass.	'33	11	9
15	Comley, John B.	Unknown.			
16	Cram, Charles H.	Hanover, N. H.	'32	3	22
17	Crehore, John D.	Walpole, N. H.	'26	11	22
18	Crosby, Hiram B.	Norwich, Ct.	'31	12	25
19	Dana, Samuel W.	Lebanon, N. H.	'27	9	26
20	Dow, Justin E.	W. Newbury, Mass.	'32	12	17
21	Eaton, John,	Sutton, N. H.	'29	12	5
22	Farnsworth, Simeon D.	Walden, Vt.	'27	4	30
23	Fay, Erastus N.	Alstead, N. H.	'26	2	4
24	Folsom, Joseph P.	Tooksukla, Miss.	'23	8	17
25	Freeman, Andrew W.	Brookfield, Vt.	'29	10	3
26	Gillis, John F.	Winthrop, Me.	'31	8	3
27	Godding, William W.	Winchendon, Mass.	'31	5	5
28	Graves, Galen A.	Acworth, N. H.	'27	8	13
29	Greene, Ranney,	Randolph, Vt.	'31	3	28
30	Hall, Daniel,	Barrington, N. H.	'32	2	28
31	Harvey, Daniel B.	Lebanon, N. H.	'24	4	24
32	Haseltine, George,	Bradford, Mass.	'29	8	17
33	Haskell, Franklin A.	Tunbridge, Vt.	'28	7	13
34	Hazen, Henry A.	Hartford, Vt.	'32	12	27
35	Hebard, Geo. D. A.	Brookfield, Vt.	'31	5	6
36	Herrick, Stephen S.	Randolph, Vt.	'33	12	11
37	Herrick, William A.	Boxford, Mass.	'31	1	6
38	Howe, Milton G.	Methuen, Mass.	'34	8	16
39	Kimball, Benjamin A.	Boscawen, N. H.	'33	8	22
40	Kittredge, Edmund W.	Chester, N. H.	'33	11	29
41	Lang, David R.	Bath, N. H.	'29	5	6
42	Little, Levi,	Boscawen, N. H.	'30	7	18
43	Marshall, Jonathan,	Weare, N. H.	'27	7	12

Graduates.			Birth.		Death.		
44	Mason, Rufus O.	Sullivan, N. H.	'30	1 22			
45	Mathes, Edwin N.	Portsmouth, N. H.	'34	9 4	'63	9 28	
46	Morse, Grosvenor C.	Acworth, N. H.	'27	4 19	'70	7 13	
47	Murch, Ephraim,	Unity, N. H.	'30	4 8			
48	Murray, Harding S.		'31		'68		
49	Mussey, R. Delavan,	Hanover, N. H.	'33	5 30	'92	5 29	
50	Nute, Leander M.	Milton, N. H.	'31	4 16			
51	Pierce, Claudius B.	Barnard, Vt.	'29	4 10			
52	Reed, Jed. Harris,	Baltimore, Md.	'33	8 2			
53	Robinson, Wm. Callyhan,	Norwich, Ct.	'34	7 26			
54	Smith, Baxter P.	Lyme, N. H.	'29	8 29	'84	2 6	
55	Smith, Charles F.	Montpelier, Vt.	'34	4 18	'64	4 23	
56	Smith, John B.	Rye, N. H.	'31	3 27	'58	6 17	
57	Speare, S. Lewis B.	Corinth, Vt.	'34	5 6			
58	Stevens, Bela N.	Newport, N. H.	'32	12 22	'65	7 5	
59	Twombly, Horatio N.	Berwick, Me.	'31	1 26	'96	10 17	
60	Whitcomb, William W,	Grafton, Vt.	'30	5 11			
61	Woodworth, Horace B.	Chelsea, Vt.	'30	3 1			
Non-Graduates.			Birth.		Death.		
62	Alexander, Marcus T. C.	Danville, Vt.	'30	5 29	'63	7 23	
63	Burnham, Samuel O.	Ashway, N. J.	'34	4 6	'67		
64	Caldwell, John H.	Dunbarton, N. H.	'31	5 16	'78	12 31	
65	Carlton, Leverett,	Methuen, Mass.	'29	9 10	'63	12 12	
66	Chandler, John M.	Bedford, N. H.	'34	11 3			
67	Dewey, John W.	Guildhall, Vt.	'34	7 3			
68	Emery, Jacob K.	Berwick, Me.	'31	7 10	'59	3 12	
69	Floyd, Albion K. P.	Winthrop, Me.	'23	6 27	'65	8 10	
70	Gambell, Willard P.	Ridgeway, N. Y.	'31	12 2	'68	2 5	
71	Gray, Harrison,	Danvers, Mass.	'34	10 18	'78	2 13	
72	Hobbs, David L.	N. Hampton, N. H.	'31	7 19	'54	10 3	
73	Howe, Richerand,	Shelburne, N. H.	'33	8 10	'63	3 8	
74	Johnson, John G.	Andover, Mass.	'33	10 10			
75	Lang, Alexander,	Barnet, Vt.	'26	7 11	'50	10 20	
76	Lovering, Charles,	Raymond, N. H.	'27	3 8			
77	Nesmith, George B.	Franklin, N. H.	'31	2 13	'52	10 26	
78	Page, William A.	Center Harbor, N. H.	'30	8 12			
79	Smith, John A.	Massena, N. Y.	'27	8 31	'53	7 11	
80	Statham, Lafayette S.	Danburg, Ga.	'33	12 1	'60	7 11	
81	VanVechten, Samuel L.	Schenectady, N. Y.	'33	3 26	'61	1 5	
Honorary Member.							
82	George W. Nesmith,	Antrim, N. H.	1800	10 23	'90	5 2	

GRADUATES.

1. ADAMS, JOHN GOLDTHWAITE, son of Dr. Charles G. (D. C. 1810) and Mary Ann (King) Adams, was born in Keene, 1834, March 24. Keene Academy. Began the study of medicine with his father, and attended one course of lectures at Dartmouth. His father's death, in 1856, changed his plans, and he was principal of the High School in St. Charles, Ill., 1856-9; taught a private school, Wilmington, N. C., 1860, and in Danbury, Conn., 1861; in High School, E. Bridgewater, Mass., 1861-3; Charlestown, 1863-70; teacher in New York City, 1870-84, except 1881, which he spent in travelling; Goshen Academy, Conn., 1885-7 and 1890-2; St. Hilda's School, Pensacola, Fla., 1888-90; Barnard School, New York, 1893-5; Greenwich, Conn., 1896.

Married, 1865, Aug. 11, Harriet, daughter of Samuel Lovett, of Charlestown, who died Oct. 14 following.

Married, 1887, Sept. 14, Anna Perry, daughter of Judge Henry Buist, of Charleston, S. C.

Adams' life has been devoted to teaching. He has prepared boys for Harvard, Princeton, Yale, Columbia, Williams, and Dartmouth; and a gentleman, who had good opportunity to know, testifies his "high appreciation of Mr. Adams' abilities as a teacher, his gentlemanly deportment, his conscientious devotion to his work, his accuracy and skill in imparting a knowledge of sciences and classics, and his excellent discipline." That Adams deserves all this and more, his classmates will readily believe.

2. ALLARD, JOHN WINSLOW, son of William and Elizabeth Ann (Hussey) Allard, was born in Dover, 1832, July 2. Franklin Academy, Dover. Teacher, Andover Academy, 1854; Hampton, 1855-7; Hopkinton, Mass., High School, 1857-60; Franklin Academy, 1860-4; Framingham, Mass., High School, 1864-70; Dover, High School, 1870; superintendent of public schools, Nashua, N. H.,

Gloucester, Milton and Milford, Mass., 1870-83; admitted to the bar, 1883, January, and practised his profession at Framingham, until the practical loss of his eyesight in 1893. His sight is now greatly improved, and he hopes to be able to resume the practice of law next year, 1898, at his home in South Framingham. He was a member of the school committee in Dover, 1854-5, and its secretary, 1860-6; chairman of the Framingham school committee, 1883-91; member of the New Hampshire Board of Education, 1863-5; our alma mater gave him the honorary degree of Ph. D. in 1878. He has prepared twenty-one school reports and written much for educational journals. Has often been honored with official trusts, independently of party associations; "has always been a Democrat of the old school; is a liberal Congregationalist, with inherited Quaker tendencies."

Married, 1866, Oct. 23, Frances Letitia, daughter of Rev. William Demeritt, of Durham, N. H., who died, 1886, Dec. 28. Child: Elizabeth Letitia, born 1876, Oct. 26; graduated, Wellesley College, 1893; teacher, Fitchburg, Mass., High School, of English, Latin, and mathematics, since 1895.

3. ALLEN, HENRY WILDER, son of Hon. William Cutter and Lucy Maria (Holmes) Allen, was born in Alfred, Me., 1834, Oct. 18. Teacher Alfred Academy, 1854, and Alexandria Classical Seminary, Va., 1855. Read law with Hon. Daniel Goodenough, of Alfred, Seth J. Thomas, of Boston, and Mr. Justice Charles A. Rapallo, of New York, 1856-8, and began the practice of law in New York, March, 1858. Chief clerk in the District Attorney's office, 1859-62. On the retirement of Judge Waterbury from that office became his partner until appointed register in bankruptcy, by Chief Justice Chase, in 1868. Held this position until 1884, when he was named, by Gov. Grover Cleveland, judge of the Court of Common Pleas. In the fall of that year he was elected to the same office for a term of fourteen years, but died of paralysis, 1891, Oct. 14.

He was successively secretary, treasurer, and member of the board of governors of the Manhattan Club.

Twombly writes: "Allen was always quiet, self-contained, and undemonstrative, and was held in esteem by all who knew him. He did his work well, and his record, professional and official, was a creditable one."

4. BACON, HENRY MCCOBB, son of Horace and Mary Emery (Coffin) Bacon, was born in Biddeford, Me., 1829, March 1. After graduation Bacon was in business, in various places, before the war. He was a hospital steward, in the regular army, 1861-5, serving in the Columbian and Douglas Hospitals, and in the Medical Director's office. In business, Dover, N. H., 1865-72; in Lowell, Mass., with his brother, 1872-85, and there resides, at 107 Stevens St.

A residence of several years, in the neighborhood of Lowell, brought H. A. H. frequently into touch with Bacon. In business he was always careful, skilful, and accommodating, and the revival of college friendship was most agreeable. His business prospered, and he has now a pleasant home among congenial surroundings, and enjoys the respect and esteem of his neighbors.

He married, 1892, Nov. 25, Annie P., daughter of Stephen P. Sargent, and widow of his brother, Horace.

5. BADGER, BENJ. EVANS, son of Stephen Colby (D. C. 1823) and Naomi (Colby) Badger, was born in New London, N. H., 1832, Dec. 29. Deputy Secretary of State, 1855-6. Read law with his father; admitted to the bar in 1858, and has practised his profession in Concord since, being in partnership with his father until his death in 1872. A member of the Legislature in 1869 and 1870, and of the Constitutional Convention, 1876. Assistant justice of the police court, 1884-6, and justice since.

Married, 1855, Aug. 22, Rachel Owen, daughter of Robert Eastman, of Concord. Children: William Egbert, born 1858, July 3; graduated, Dartmouth College, 1880; now assistant engineer of the Locks & Canal Company, Lowell; is married and has two children. Gertrude Lee, born 1860, Oct. 23; married William A. Stone, Jr., assistant cashier First National Bank, Concord, and has two children. Estelle, born 1863, Dec. 31.

6. BAILEY, WILLIAM WALLACE, son of Thomas and Jemima (Smith) Bailey, was born in Hopkinton, N. H., 1829, Nov. 11. Read law with George and Foster, of Concord, and graduated Albany Law School, 1856. Began legal practice in Nashua, N. H., and there remains.

Married, 1858, Sept. 21, Mary Boardman, daughter of Alfred Greeley, of Nashua. Children: Marion Greeley, born 1859, Aug.

19; died 1867, July 12. Caroline Webster, born 1862, March 30; died 1891, Aug. 12. William Thomas, born 1869, Nov. 19; graduated, Dartmouth College, 1891, and is a student in Harvard Medical School. Helen Greeley, born 1873, March 9; has been a pupil at Wheaton Seminary.

Bailey has done faithful and good work in his profession and as a public man, and has the respect of his neighbors and the cordial esteem of all who know him. He has been on the wrong side, politically, to secure the preferment in New Hampshire, which would otherwise have been his beyond a doubt. He represented Nashua in the Legislature, 1863-4, and was a candidate for State Senator; for elector at large, in 1884, and for Congress in 1886. He was president of the Wilton Railroad, 1871-4; a director of the Nashua and Lowell Railroad since 1871, and its treasurer since 1891; a trustee of the New Hampshire Agricultural College, 1871-5; of the City Library, twenty-one years, and has just been appointed a trustee of the State Library; was a member of the New Hampshire Historical Society from 1872, and of the New England Historic Genealogical Society since 1885. President of the Nashua Savings Bank, fifteen years; and a director of the Indian Head National Bank, from 1894; president of the Hillsboro Mills Manufacturing Company; member, and for three years president, of the New Hampshire Library Association; and is president of the New Hampshire Society of the Sons of the American Revolution.

7. BURLEIGH, JOHN ADAMS, son of John Adams and Sarah Noble (Briard) Burleigh, was born in Somersworth, N. H., 1835, Feb. 8; was the youngest member of the class. Gilmanton Academy. Book-keeper, Somersworth Machine Company, 1855-7; cashier, Somersworth Bank, 1858-62; druggist, Hanover Street, Boston, 1862-70; again book-keeper of the Machine Company, 1871.

Married, 1856, Dec. 15, Georgiana, daughter of George W. Brasbridge, of Somersworth. A daughter, Georgia, born 1863, June 19; married, 1890, Jan. 1, Dr. Charles H. Call, and lives in Denver.

Died in New York City, 1872, July 2.

8. CAVERNO, CHARLES, son of Jeremiah and Dorothy Kingman (Balch) Caverno, was born in Strafford, N. H., 1832, Aug. 19. Gilmanton Academy. Teacher, Thetford Academy, 1854-5. Read

law at Albany Law School, and admitted to the bar, 1856. In the office of his uncle, Sullivan Caverno, at Lockport, N. Y., one year. Milwaukee, Wis., in legal practice, 1857-63; farmer, Lafayette, 1863-4; preacher, Waukesha, 1865, and, after attending a course of lectures in Chicago Theological Seminary, ordained, Congregational, at Lake Mills, 1866, Dec. 4; dismissed, 1871, June 27; acting pastor, Amboy, Ill., 1871-4; Lombard, 1874-88; Boulder, Col., since.

Married, 1859, Nov. 14, at Bellona, N. Y., Abbie H., daughter of Ithamar Smith, of Waitsfield, Vt., who died, 1886, Aug. 5.

Married, 1888, Sept. 11, Anna C., daughter of Newell Matson, of Lombard, Ill.

Children: Julia H., born 1862, Dec. 19; graduated, Smith College, 1887, and is now an instructor there. Xenophon, born 1865, Dec. 26; graduated, Wisconsin University, 1890. Prescott, born 1869, Aug. 9; died 1870, Aug. 17. Dorothea Ruth, born 1875, April 12; graduated Smith College, 1897.

"The first tract on divorce, published in this country, I wrote"; published by the American Tract Society, 1871. In 1889 it had grown to a "Treatise on Divorce" of two hundred and forty-three pages, and was issued in a Social Science series. He has also published, in 1896, "A Narrow Ax in Biblical Criticism," and in 1897 "Chalk Lines over Morals" and has ready for the press, books entitled, "The Commandments," and "The Communion." The following titles of articles in reviews and magazines will suggest that Caverno's studies have been extensive and varied: "The Intellectual Element in Matter," "Theistic Agnosticism Irrational," "The Isaiah Controversy," "The People and the Railroads," "Social Science and Woman Suffrage," "Life Insurance, Savings Banks, and the Industrial System," "The Abolition of the Jury System." The last four, and others, were published by the State of Wisconsin in the Proceedings of the Academy of Sciences.

Caverno was a prominent member of the National Council of Congregational Churches, at Syracuse, in 1895. In 1882, on the centennial anniversary of Daniel Webster's birth, he delivered an oration before a great assembly, in the State House at Madison, Wis., on the "Life and Character of Webster." The *State Journal* published a very full report and speaks in strong terms of its great ability and interest. He is described as "a close thinker, a ready writer, and an

eloquent speaker." He was a member of the Wisconsin Legislature, in 1861.

Of his book, "A Narrow Ax in Biblical Criticism," the *Independent* says: "The author's 'narrow ax' has been made thin and narrow by grinding it well and often on the stones of criticism, and that he has a certain broad generalizing way of looking at things which is of the highest value in summing up results and affixing values. He goes astray often enough to show that he is not up in the technical reading of his subject; but his general principles of judgment are sound, and his book is full of meat. The chapter on Job is capital, fresh, pithy and very much *ad rem*. His critical principles of interpretation are broad, and make an impression of him as a man who does not exhaust himself on trifles, and who has learned that the true art of biblical interpretation is to shift the controversy away from trifles and negatives to points of solid and permanent importance."

He has prepared for this volume a résumé of our class experiences during the four memorable years of college life. Classmates will find the chapter in another place, and will enjoy the review, with so competent a guide.

9. CHADWICK, GEORGE HENRY, son of Samuel and Mary Ann (Merrill) Chadwick, was born in Portland, Me., 1831, July 13. Studied medicine with Dr. Gilman Davies, of Portland, and at Albany Medical College, graduating 1857. In medical practice, New York City, 1857-8; in Portland, after. Member of the Common Council, 1861-2.

Married, 1860, May 12, Martha Gerrish, daughter of Rufus Read, of Portland, who died, 1883, July 2. One child died in infancy.

Died of heart disease, 1888, Feb. 25.

Our classmate explains the discontinuance of his public life. He "declined to accept the position of alderman, which was offered, to which he was well suited in heart and body; viz., honesty and one hundred and eighty-four avoirdupois. Like the Quakers, he did not believe in fighting and consequently has held no military positions. He did, however, spend much time in the hospitals in and around Washington, during the late war, as a volunteer surgeon; and, although his name may not appear in military records, nevertheless he did his duty. He delivered an address before the Maine Medi-

cal Association, in 1867, upon the "Scepticism of the Medical Profession," published with the "Transactions" of the Society.

He died in the Roman Catholic faith.

10. CHARLTON, EDWIN AZRO, son of Walter and Mindwell (Moulton) Charlton, was born in Littleton, N. H., 1828, Sept. 29. Moor's Indian Charity School. Principal, Haverhill Academy, 1854-5; Gilmanton Academy, 1855-6, and 1862-3; Union School, Lockport, N. Y., 1857-61; Schenectady, 1861-2, and 1863-8, as city superintendent; principal, High School and city superintendent, Auburn, 1868-70; president, State Normal School, Platteville, Wis., 1870-8; editor and proprietor of the *Brodhead Independent*, until death, of bronchitis, 1896, Nov. 14.

Married, 1862, March 20, Helen Elizabeth, daughter of Hon. Alfred Holmes, of Lockport, N. Y. Children: Walter Holmes, born, 1866, Jan. 4; died, 1875, September. Winifred Holmes, born 1874, May 13; graduated, Wisconsin Normal School, 1893, and is a senior in Beloit College.

Charlton published in 1855, at Claremont, "New Hampshire as it is," an 8vo volume, which does credit to his diligence and literary skill, and had a fair success. As editor of the *Brodhead Independent* he had raised the paper to a large circulation, and his work speaks well for our classmate's ability and character. He has twice been a clerk in the Legislature, in 1879 and 1895.

Professor Beck, his associate for years in the Normal School, says of Charlton: "He was a man who did not wear his heart upon his sleeve, and long and intimate acquaintance was necessary to a fair appreciation of his worth. His clear insight, strong common sense and transparent sincerity made him a valuable counsellor. His generosity extended to every one but himself, and selfishness had no place in his nature. His delicate thoughtfulness for others has grateful remembrance in many hearts."

And Caverno writes: "Charlton made a brave fight in life on a narrow margin of health. Almost all his days since graduation were passed in physical distress. He made a true and honorable demonstration in life. He was an embodiment of uprightness. He had in life the love of his classmates and the esteem of his pupils. Brave and good was Edwin A. Charlton."

11. CLARK, JOSEPH, son of Joseph and Hannah (Cook) Clark, was born in Campton, N. H., 1826, April 2. Kimball Union Academy. Read law with Hon. N. B. Bryant, of Plymouth; in practice there until 1875, San Francisco after. Captain Company A, Sixth New Hampshire Regiment, in the war.

Married, 1855, Aug. 30, Polly Chandler, daughter of Hon. John N. Thompson, of Holderness. Children: Joseph Ai, born 1856, June 14; died 1872, June 27. Charlotte Hannah, born 1859, June 26; died 1863, Nov. 23. Anna Josephine, born 1861, Oct. 12. Bertha Evangeline, born 1865, Oct. 19; died 1867, Aug. 16.

Clark writes of himself, "Since coming to California, have given special attention to mining law. Have learned practically chemistry, mineralogy, metallurgy and assaying, as applied to the precious metals; and am interested in gold mining on my own account."

His address is 231 Fair Oak Street, San Francisco.

12. CLIFFORD, NATHAN JAMES, son of Judge Nathan and Hannah (Ayer) Clifford, was born at Newfield, Me., 1832, Jan. 12. Studied law with his father; was a clerk in the Custom House in New York; clerk of the United States Circuit Court, Massachusetts District, several years.

Married, 1861, April 2, Sarah A., daughter of Samuel A. Gilman, of Boston.

Died at Portland, 1869, Aug. 16, from injuries to the brain, by being thrown from his carriage at Swampscott, Mass., a year or two before.

A friend who knew him well writes:—

"A gentleman of refinement and cultivation; exceedingly graceful and attractive address and manner, and of handsome person. A man of wide and various reading, and of quick, keen intelligence, he was naturally a graceful speaker and had cultivated himself in the art. His appointment as clerk of the court withdrew him from active practice of his profession, for which he had full and special qualifications."

13. COBB, LEVI HENRY, son of Levi and Calista S. (Bugbee) Cobb, was born in Cornish, N. H., 1827, June 30. Kimball Union Academy. Graduated, Andover Theological Seminary, 1857. Ordained, North Andover, Mass., 1857, Oct. 28; dismissed, 1864,

Oct. 3; superintendent colored schools, Memphis, Tenn., 1864-5; instructor, Kimball Union Academy, 1865-7; installed, Springfield, Vt., 1867, May 2; dismissed, 1874, May 3; superintendent of Home Missions for Minnesota, 1874-81; general missionary secretary for the Rocky Mountain District, 1881-2; secretary American Congregational Union, now the Congregational Church Building Society, since, with office at 59 Bible House, New York. Our alma mater conferred the honorary D. D. in 1881. Member of the International Congregational Council in London, June, 1891. Member of the Anthropological Society and of the American Institute of Christian Philosophy in New York. Corporate member of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions since 1872. Sometime trustee of Kimball Union Academy,¹ of Carleton College, Northfield, Minn., and of Rollins College, Florida. Editor of "Church Building Quarterly"; has published biographies of Dr. E. A. Knight and Deacon O. Locke, of Springfield.

Married, 1858, Jan. 12, at Malone, N. Y., Harriet Jane, daughter of Russell Herrick, of Essex, Vt. Children: Mary Abbie, born 1859, March 7; married, 1884, Sept. 8, Rev. Eugene F. Hunt. Harriet Elizabeth, born 1860, March 16; died 1881, Oct. 2. George Henry, born 1863, Jan. 20; graduated, Amherst College, 1885, and College of Physicians and Surgeons, New York, 1888; was a medical assistant at New York Hospital and a student in Vienna, Austria, 1888-91; is now practising medicine in New York City with distinguished ability and success; married, 1890, Jan. 28, Laura Dayton Sprague, of South Orange, N. J., and has two sons, Samuel Henry and Edward Sprague. Nellie Maria, born 1868, Jan. 18; died, 1872, June 23.

"Life in college was a struggle between ambition, poverty, mathematics, languages, logic, rhetoric, history, and success . . . got all I could carry of all but the last, and some of that." Cobb's last remark deserves to be repeated and emphasized in this record. In his missionary secretaryships he has always proved himself the right man in the right place. He has done and is still doing such admirable work as has made his name a familiar one among the Congregational churches from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Nor, in his two pastorates, did he give any less evidence of fitness for his great work. He was an earnest and instructive preacher; and, as a pastor, he found the way to the hearts of men, and bound them to him and to his Master.

Joseph B. Clark, D.D., secretary of the Congregational Home Missionary Society, whose opportunities of knowing Cobb have been of the best, writes : —

“Dr. Cobb is emphatically a business secretary, and has little patience with the unbusinesslike methods of some churches and some church committees. Genial in manner, courteous in address, prompt and direct in all business dealings, winning and persuasive in his public appeals, he has secured and retains the affectionate regard of the brethren and the confidence of the churches in an unusual degree.

14. COLLAMORE, GEORGE ANTHONY, son of Dr. Anthony and Caroline (Hatch) Collamore, was born in Pembroke, Mass., 1833, Nov. 9. Hanover and Phillips Andover academies. Teacher, Colebrook, N. H., and in Culpepper County, Va., 1854-5; private tutor in King William County, 1855-7; attended medical lectures at Hanover, 1857; graduated in medicine, Harvard Medical College, 1859; practised medicine in West Bridgewater, Mass., 1859-61, and in Toledo, Ohio, after; except service in the army, August, 1862-5, July, as surgeon 100th Ohio Regiment.

Coroner, Lucas County, 1872-6; health officer, Toledo, 1879 and 1887-91; president Ohio State Medical Society, 1892. “Have written little, and that on medical subjects. Editor of medical journal for four years.”

Collamore ranks high in his profession, and his record is an honorable one. He does credit to his class and his alma mater.

Married, 1865, Sept. 19, Sarah J., daughter of Mitchell Hooper, of Bridgewater, Mass., who died 1873, Aug. 10.

Married, 1874, Jan. 15, Sarah A., daughter of Luther F. Gates, of Toledo, who died, 1886, Aug. 28.

Married, 1887, Nov. 22, Emma F. Gates, daughter of Dr. James G. Thorn, of Utica, N. Y.

Children: Ralph, born, 1875, Feb. 2, graduated Michigan University, 1897. Marion, born 1877, Dec. 4. Kenelm Winslow, born 1891, Aug. 13. George Thorn, born 1892, Nov. 25.

15. COMLEY, JOHN BEECHER, son of Thomas Comley, came from Providence, R. I. He must have been nearly, if not quite, the oldest man in the class. He disappeared soon after graduation, and was never heard of. We count him with the dead.

16. CRAM, CHARLES HILLIARD, son of John Shepherd and Clarinda (Gregg) Cram, was born in Hanover, 1832, March 22. After graduation, he went at once to Chicago. There he soon became a clerk, and, after a few years, partner in the large boot and shoe firm of Doggett, Bassett & Hills, and so remained until his sad death, 1881, March 21.

Married, 1856, April 30, at Alton, Ill., Harriet, daughter of Timothy K. Blaisdell, of Boston, Mass. Children: Clara, born 1857, Jan. 19; married, 1879, Oct. 9, Edward R. Bacon (H. C. 1878), who is in business in Chicago; four of five children living. Nathan Dow, born 1859, Aug. 9; graduated, Dartmouth College, 1881; married, 1884, March 13, Mary Queen, of Washington, D. C., where he was for some years assistant superintendent of schools; he is now with Silver, Burdett & Co., publishers, in Boston; two children. Charles Hilliard, born 1861, Nov. 12; married, 1896, April 15, Ysabel del Valle, of Camulos, Cal.; one daughter; lives in Fairmont, Cal. Harriet Blaisdell, born 1864, Aug. 26; Bradford Academy, Mass., two years; married 1889, Jan. Dr. Truman W. Miller; he was a surgeon in the army during the war; is president of the Polyclinic; and stands near the head of his profession in Chicago; one daughter. Bessie, born 1867, April 28; married, 1892, June 2, William C. Rennolds, of Chicago; one daughter. Tim Blaisdell, born 1869, April 26; Troy Polytechnic School, three years; is with Western Electric Company, of Chicago; married, 1895, May 22, Georgia E. Shores, of Brooklyn, N. Y.; one son. Rupert, born 1872, Feb. 10; married, 1895, Jan. 7, Cora Neidig, of Los Angeles, Cal.; is on the Oakdale ranch, Manzana, near that city; one daughter. Walter, born 1874, Jan. 10; is in a store with his brother Charles. Mildred, born 1876, Aug. 11. Margery, born 1878, March 11; died 1879, Feb. 20.

The circumstances of Cram's tragic death invest his memory with a tender and peculiar interest. His pleasant, happy home, on Belmont Avenue, Lake View, was invaded by an evil-minded young fellow, who rang the bell, was admitted to the sitting-room, and on Cram's approach drew a pistol and shot him through the heart. He then shot himself, and slayer and victim lay side by side in death.

The boy, for he was hardly more, had been, months before, an occasional mate of Brother Cram's children, at Sunday school and at

picnics; but, more than six months before he had been forbidden the house on account of evil developments of character.

The city was deeply moved by the horror. Pulpit and press reflected the impression it had made. The *Inter-Ocean* said of our classmate, "He has been intimately connected with educational matters in Chicago, having been a trustee of the old Mercantile Library, and at the time of his death was one of the Board of Trustees of the Athenæum. The Lake View schools owe their reputation largely to the labors of the deceased. Mr. Cram was a cultured man, possessing a fine artistic taste; he was a great reader and had a fine library. He was rather reserved, being remarkably quiet and peaceable."

Arthur Little, D. D., pastor of the New England church, in a sermon, says: "In our own neighborhood has occurred a scene which beggars description. It has no parallel, I think, in the annals of crime in this city." After allusion to the Crowninshield murder in Salem, and Daniel Webster's celebrated description of it, he proceeds:—

"I thought there never was or could be a crime so horrible. But now we have a strong man, in the prime of life, with a beautiful home and beautiful family around him, dependent upon his strength and wisdom for their happiness, after the toils and perplexities of the day are over, dismissing all care, not presuming that he had an enemy in the world, seeking the quiet and safety of his home,—giving an hour to relaxation and amusement with his wife and children, happy in their confidence and love. Favored, delightful hour! That evening seemed to furnish him about all that men aim to secure in this world. How infinitely remote from his mind any thoughts other than those of rest and innocent enjoyment with those he loved. When suddenly, under the guise of friendship or acquaintance, withholding his name, there gains admittance to his home a callow youth, dissolute, reckless, sentimental, light-headed, passionate, in moral nature and in conscience dead, mendacious, affecting to be burning with a spirit of revenge, assuming to have a wrong to be righted, law-defying, forgetful of the sacredness of life and of the laws of God,—a murderer,—who, without a word of warning, in the presence of the wife and children, in cold blood, quicker than the lightning-flash, as cruel and heartless as a Bashi Bazouk, shoots this gentle husband, loving father, honored citizen, and sends him, with-

out a moment's thought, into the presence of his Omniscient Judge ; and then, adopting the coward's expedient for eluding justice, takes his own life. . . . If there be on record a more reckless, causeless, utterly unjustifiable destruction of human life and happiness, it has escaped my notice."

17. CREHORE, JOHN DAVENPORT, son of Charles and Lucy (Bowker) Crehore, was born in Walpole, 1826, Nov. 22. Walpole Academy; Hancock Literary and Scientific Institution. Principal, Grammar and High School, Newton, Mass., 1855-6; took a course in civil engineering, at Lawrence Scientific School, Harvard College, 1856, and 1859-60; Central High School, Cleveland, O., 1856-8; law student, 1858-9; teacher, Washington University, St. Louis, Mo., 1860-3; in business, Cleveland, O., 1863-8. Much of his remaining life was devoted to the preparation of an important scientific work, which was published posthumously in 1886. He died of neuralgia of the bowels, 1884, Oct. 7.

Married, 1862, Dec. 30, Lucy, daughter of William Williams, of Cleveland. Children: William Williams, born 1864, Feb. 3; graduated, Yale College, 1886; married, 1888, July 11, Anna Ballard; has four children, and is a civil engineer, residing at Hackensack, N. J., with office at 39 Cortlandt Street, New York. Albert Cushing, born 1868, June 8; graduated, Yale College, 1890; married, 1894, July 10, Sara Humphrey, daughter of Rev. C. H. Buck, of Bristol, Conn.; assistant professor of physics, at Dartmouth, since 1892. Mary Louise, born 1870, March 8; graduated, Smith College, 1892; married, 1896, July 1, Frederick Bedell, Yale, 1890; assistant professor of physics in Cornell University.

His classmates do not need to be told of Crehore's mathematical eminence. His life justified our estimate of him. The "Mechanics of the Girder," is a monumental work. It is a volume of five hundred and seventy-five pages. From a notice of him, written by an associate in the Engineers' Club, John N. Stockwell, I quote: "He conceived the design of uniting in one great work the whole of the science of bridge building. . . . He has given an elaborate discussion of the various forms of trusses in common use. . . . Every arch and beam and brace and bolt must be of a definite size and shape in order to best fulfil the condition of maximum strength and minimum weight. . . . The 'Mechanics of the Girder' very fully

explains the theory by which the forces, acting upon a bridge, are distributed throughout the structure, and illustrates, by copious examples, the process by which the size and weight of any part of a bridge of any given form may be accurately calculated in order that the structure may sustain given weight, by the use of the minimum amount of materials in its construction. Our author has very fully developed the theory of twelve different kinds of girder, and has prepared elaborate tables of analytical formulæ, by means of which the less skilful mathematician can make the application to any case. . . . His solution of the equation of the fourth degree is unsurpassed by that of any of the great masters of science. It had always been the custom, in the solution of equations of the third and fourth degrees, to make the second term disappear as a preliminary part of the operation; but Mr. Crehore boldly attacked it without this simplification, and obtained a solution quite as simple and elegant. . . . He had a kindly, gentle nature, and an affectionate regard for all around him; a deep love of truth, and loathing of all false assumption. With a gayety never bordering on excess, a sympathy never exhausted, a kindly tact never forgotten, he was a rare companion."

And, after a visit, in 1880, Whitcomb writes: "His grasp of mind was something wonderful. Problems that mocked the agonizing efforts of others were by him tossed about as mere playthings."

It will interest classmates to know that Crehore's son, Professor Albert, D. C., of Dartmouth, is the author of an invention designed to revolutionize telegraphy. If it fulfils the expectations of Professor Crehore, his synchronograph will be capable of sending three thousand words a minute. Letters can be sent cheaply without waiting for the mails; and large newspapers can be issued simultaneously in distant cities.

18. CROSBY, HIRAM BENJAMIN, son of Hiram and Nancy Elizabeth (Carew) Crosby, was born in Norwich, Ct., 1831, Dec. 25. Read law with Hon. L. F. S. Foster, U. S. Senator, and has practised that profession, before the war in Norwich, since in New York. Elected city attorney, 1857; recorder, 1858; alderman, 1859; judge, city court, 1860.

Crosby enlisted as a private in the 18th Connecticut, and served three days in Company C. On the third day he was transferred to

the 21st Connecticut, of which Arthur H. Dutton, a West Point graduate, was colonel, and was on that day commissioned as adjutant. His several commissions were dated as follows: lieutenant and adjutant, Aug. 26, 1862; major, Sept. 3, 1862; lieutenant-colonel, June 8, 1864; colonel, June 28, 1864.

In 1862-3 he served on the staff of the Ninth Army Corps, Gen. O. B. Willcox commanding; and also on the staff of General Sedgwick, who succeeded General Willcox. At the battle of Fredericksburg, December, 1863, he was on the Ninth Army Corps staff, and met on the battlefield classmate Haskell, serving on General Gibbon's staff, — a romantic and touching incident; they had not met since graduation. Both were in the battle of Cold Harbor, June 3, 1864, in which Haskell was killed, leading a brigade in a bayonet charge on the enemy's work; they having met June 1.

Crosby won reputation as a military engineer, and was occupied as such, from the fall of 1863, in reconstructing the fortifications at Newburn and Little Washington and other points, and rejoined his regiment in the spring of 1864.

He is understood to have kept a full diary of his army life, which, no doubt, would be valuable contribution to army literature. At the time of the Gettysburg campaign he served on the staff of Major-General Dix, headquarters at White House, Va. General Dix was then operating against Richmond, assailing Lee's communications.

The following order his classmates will be happy to see in full: —

EXTRACT.

“Nor will the Commanding General suffer to pass unnoticed the 21st Regiment Connecticut Volunteers, the 4th Wisconsin Battery, and the New York Mounted Rifles, who crossed the Nansemond River, at Sleepy Hole, at midnight, all under the command of Major Hiram B. Crosby, who made a dashing attack at daylight on the left wing of Longstreet's Army, driving the enemy's forces from Chuckatuck and from thence some six miles to Reed's Ferry, which he seized, capturing many prisoners.

Such deeds prove the mettle of our men, and show that when well led they need fear no enemy.

By Command,

BRIG.-GEN. GEORGE W. GETTY.”

In several of the volumes of the printed record of the Rebellion are found references to Crosby's very honorable army service altogether creditable to himself, his classmates and the college. He, as a member of the Grand Army, was four times elected commander of the Sedgewick Post, Norwich, Ct. He is a member of the Loyal Legion, and since 1872 has been a member of the Union League Club. His family has resided since the war at Westchester.

He married, 1859, Sept. 15, Margaret Ackerman, of New York. Children: Hiram B., born 1872, July 24. Margaret Ackerman, born 1873, July 4. William Carew, born 1875, Oct. 9. John Spencer, born 1878, Feb. 6. Helen Bancroft, born 1879, Aug. 4. Thomas Gresham, born 1880, Nov. 26. Constance, 1883, Jan. 12. Alpheus, born 1885, Feb. 22. Gertrude, born 1888, May 30, died 1891, May 18. Elizabeth Ackerman, born 1891, April 6.

Eaton writes: Twombly, often a guest in his family, spoke in high terms of his home life, — called him “*καὶ γὰρ*,” a designation still retained by the children, — and remarked upon the facility with which the boys and girls used the Greek Testament. Crosby's Latin, Greek, and mathematics, once a task, are now his delight, especially the classics. He has read the Iliad and Odyssey entire, and his wife says he should have been a college president. He finds in these early studies a renewal of his youth. His children, taught especially at home, in addition to other advanced culture have gained a good knowledge of Latin and Greek; two sons are qualified to enter college but have chosen not to take a college course.

19. DANA, SAMUEL WOOD, son of Jedediah and Martha (Wood) Dana, was born in West Lebanon, N. H., 1827, Sept. 16. Kimball Union Academy. Studied at Dartmouth Medical College; graduated, College of Physicians, New York City, 1858, and has practised his profession since, in that city. Surgeon, New York City Dispensary, 1860-4.

Married, 1865, June 8, Helena, daughter of Asahel Raymond, of New York. Children: Russell Raymond, born 1866, June 16; married, 1892, June 1, Hattie Amanda Styles, and has two children. Helen Edith, born, 1868, April 20. Emma Lillian, born 1874, Dec. 15; graduated, New York Normal College, 1894.

Mason, whose opportunity of knowing the facts is of the best, writes: —

“ As a physician, Dana’s standing and success have always been excellent. He has kept up the habit of close study; and his acquaintance with both classical and general literature is extensive, his judgment is cultivated and sound; and now, more than forty years out of college, he reads with facility and enjoyment the Latin and Greek authors, and also the standard authors in German, French, Italian, and Spanish. He is thoroughly interested and posted in civil affairs, reforms, politics, and religion; and he keeps in sympathy with the best modern thought.”

His address is at 162 West 94th Street.

20. DOW, JUSTIN EDWARDS, son of Nathaniel Benjamin and Elizabeth (Tenney) Dow, was born in West Newbury, Mass., 1832, Dec. 17. Home, Pittsfield, N. H., from 1842. Gilmanton Academy; Yale College, 1850–1. Teacher at Pittsfield, 1854–5, where he read law with Lewis W. Clark, 1855–6; Albany Law School, 1856–7; and began legal practice in Burlington, Io., but soon became a teacher there, 1857–61, and superintendent of schools in that city, 1861–5; principal, High School, Peoria, Ill., 1865–9, and superintendent there, 1869–75; principal, High School, Boulder, Colo., 1876–7; professor Greek and Latin, Colorado State University, 1877–9; without charge, Chicago, 1879–82; principal, High School, Houston, Texas, 1882–4, and superintendent thereafter, until death.

Married, 1854, Dec. 18, Grace Fletcher, daughter of Josiah White, of Pittsfield, who died, 1878, Dec. 21.

Married, 1883, Aug. 22, Maria Theresa, daughter of Charles Frederick Spandau, of Chicago. No children.

Died of rheumatism of the heart, 1887, May 21.

The Texas “School Journal,” 1888, February, contains a eulogy on our classmate, given before the State Teachers’ Association, by W. S. Sutton, from which these extracts are culled:—

“ As a scholar, Professor Dow had no superior in Texas. There are many, perhaps, who were more familiar with special fields of study, but none had a more intimate acquaintance with the general domain of knowledge. Never boasting of his attainments, but ever diligently working to extend them, he gained the respect and the confidence of his associates. His fellow teachers in Texas were charmed with the modest, gentlemanly demeanor of the New England scholar, and

attested their esteem by electing him president of the Texas State Teachers' Association.

In the schoolroom he was perfectly at home. He was not a mere hearer of recitations; he was a teacher in the broadest sense of that term. An enthusiastic student himself, he found but little difficulty in persuading his pupils to strive for thorough scholarship. In discipline he was equally effective."

McKendree College conferred the honorary degree of Ph. D.

21. EATON, JOHN, son of John and Jeanette Collins (Andrews) Eaton, was born in Sutton, N. H., 1829, Dec. 5. Thetford Academy. Teacher, Cleveland, O., 1854-6; superintendent of schools, Toledo, 1856-9; student, Andover Theological Seminary, 1859-61. Ordained, 1861, Sept. 5, chaplain of the 27th Ohio Volunteers; twice taken prisoner; in November, 1862, appointed by General Grant superintendent of the colored people coming within his lines — the initial movement of the Freedmen's Bureau. In this position his administrative duties became very extensive. Colonel of the 63d Colored Infantry, and brevet brigadier-general; assistant commissioner of the Freedmen's Bureau, 1865. With his brother Lucien founded and edited the *Memphis Post*, 1866; State superintendent of public instruction, Tennessee, 1867-9; United States Commissioner of Education, 1870-86; president, Marietta College, 1886-91; resident since of Washington, at "The Concord," but spending his summers at Eaton Grange, his birthplace.

Married, 1864, Sept. 29, Alice Eugenia, daughter of Capt. James and Adeline (Quincy) Shirley, of Vicksburg, Miss. Children: James Shirley, born 1868, Aug. 1; entered Dartmouth, but graduated at Marietta College, 1889; A. M., Dartmouth; assistant, general office Southern Railway System, in Washington; in 1897, chief assistant in promoting the use of the Hollerith electrical tabulation of statistics. Elsie Janet, born 1871, Feb. 6; graduated, Painesville, O., Seminary; married, 1894, Sept. 6, Dr. C. William Newton, of Toledo, O. John Quincy, born 1873, July 14; graduated, Dartmouth, 1892; LL. B. and LL. M., Columbian University, Washington; in the service of the Interstate Commerce Commission. Charles Frederick, born 1877, Aug. 9; died 1878, June 15.

This outline will suggest, but does scant justice to, the distinguished services of Eaton. In the war his labors and supervision

included officers and agencies for carrying forward plans at Paducah, Cairo, all military posts, and wherever our army had possession, or industry was carried on under Union auspices, down the Mississippi to Natchez, up the White River to Duval's Bluff, and up the Arkansas to Fort Smith. His long career at the head of the Bureau of Education, and his labors in practically organizing that Bureau, have given him a foremost place among educators. The series of reports and papers issued under his supervision speak volumes for his industry, versatility, and statesmanlike grasp of his great subject. General Grant's insight into men was conspicuous in the place and promotion accorded to Eaton, who stood very near the great General and President. General Grant sent Eaton with a copy of his first Freedmen's report to President Lincoln, and he thus became the medium of communication between the General and President upon the subject of the negro. And later, when Lincoln was bitterly assailed, in connection with his second nomination, Eaton was sent by the President to General Grant to learn the General's views ; when Grant said it was as necessary that President Lincoln should be re-elected as that the armies be victorious in the field.

When Eaton became, in 1870, head of the Bureau of Education, it had no library, and only two clerks. Congress had refused to publish its reports. When he resigned it numbered thirty-eight assistants ; its library had reached eighteen thousand volumes ; its annual report was issued to the number of forty thousand volumes, and its issue of single circulars had reached as high as one hundred thousand copies, and it had been declared the most influential educational office in the world.

He represented the Interior Department in the Centennial Exhibition of 1876, and was chief of the Department of Education in the New Orleans Exposition, and president of the International Congress of Education there ; vice-president of the similar Congress at Havre, France. At the Columbian Exposition he served as a juror.

His addresses have been called for in every part of the country. He is a member of various societies, educational, scientific, and historical ; twice president of the American Social Science Association, and vice-president of the American Association for the Advancement of Science ; member of the Loyal Legion, president of the American Society of Religious Education, and president-elect of Sheldon Jackson College, Salt Lake City.

He received the degree of Ph. D. from Rutgers College in 1872, and LL. D. from alma mater in 1876; and was knighted by the Emperor of Brazil.

His published addresses are too numerous for record here, but one should be mentioned: his Eulogy on Professor and ex-Senator Patterson, delivered at Hanover, in June, 1894; thirty-three pages; an admirable discussion of the life and character of that distinguished man.

22. FARNSWORTH, SIMEON DOW, son of Simeon and Eleanor (Dow) Farnsworth, was born in Walden, Vt., 1827, April 30. Phillips Academy, Danville, and New Hampshire Conference Seminary, Tilton. Principal, High School, Concord, 1854-7; editor and publisher, *Manchester American*, 1858-65; also paymaster, with rank of Major, in the army; representative in the legislature from Manchester, 1867, and twice clerk of the House of Representatives; merchant in Manchester.

Died of consumption, in Prairie du Chien, Wis., 1868, March 6. He was on his way home from the West, where he had gone for his health.

Married, 1857, Oct. 1, Jane Ambrose, daughter of Deacon John Eastman, of East Concord, who died, 1862, May 24. Child: Joseph Eastman, born 1862, Jan. 31; married, 1890, Oct. 30, Laura Maas, of Austin, Texas. Is now general superintendent Southwestern Telegraph & Telephone Company, Dallas, Texas.

23. FAY, ERASTUS NEWTON, son of Hubbard Newton and Eunice (Willis) Fay, was born in Alstead, N. H., 1826, Feb. 4. Kimball Union Academy. Teacher, Wayland and Sudbury, Mass., and Waukegan and Peoria (six years), Ill. In business, Chicago, after 1867, in real estate, brokerage, and mining.

Married, 1856, April 3, Susan T., daughter of Welcome Howard, of North Bridgewater, now Brockton, Mass. Children: Mary Lillie, born 1857, Sept. 2; married John W. Jinnett; is a successful music-teacher. Charles H., born 1862, Sept. 18; married Anna V. Bradshaw, and is in business, Chicago.

Died of Bright's disease, 363 Claremont Ave., 1896, June 16.

24. FOLSOM, JOSEPH PITCHLYN, son of Jeremiah and Aiokli Folsom, was born at "Tooksukla, on Shuklinahcha River," in the "old Na-

tion," Miss., 1823, Aug. 17. Moor's Indian Charity School, Hanover, 1844-50. Folsom sent to Mussey, in 1885, a long and interesting autobiography, twenty-one octavo pages, but, alas, bringing the narrative down only to the leaving Hanover. The later story was promised "soon," but is not to be found. This would have told us something of what we would so gladly know of our Indian classmate's life and work among his people. Repeated and earnest appeals have been made to chief secretary and others for information, but in vain, and we can only glean a few items.

Folsom's grandfather was a white man. His mother died before the removal from Mississippi, which was in 1830. "Jo" helped his father on the farm and herded cattle. At the age of fourteen he began to attend a school, part of the year, at Wheelock. Later his father gave him his time and permission to attend a school at Norwalk. Here the wife of Rev. Alfred Wright, a missionary, found him. She had a request from Professor Hadduck to send to Hanover a Choctaw boy, who might have the benefit of Moor's Charity School fund, and Folsom was the fortunate boy to go. The story of his journey he details; took mumps in Boston, "a disease I had never heard of," and, in his misery, begged to be taken from the din of the city to his destination. As soon as possible, he took the cars for Concord, and there the stage for Hanover. Here he remained ten years. Then, after a tender farewell from good Dr. Lord, who had always felt a fatherly interest in Folsom, and for a long time gave him regular private instruction, he returned to his people, and spent his life.

He studied law, and was for many years a member of the Choctaw Council. His health was not good, and his letters to Mussey reflect his disabilities. He died in 1889, "beloved by the entire Choctaw race. He served his people faithfully, manly, honestly. He was ever on the alert for any improvement which could in the least contribute to the betterment of our people. He collected and codified our laws, opened up our neighborhood schools, planted a higher order of civilization, and taught our people self-respect and sobriety. We mourn his death." So writes W. N. Jones, principal chief from Caddo, in 1894; and we thank him for his testimony to the useful life and honorable record of Folsom, whom his classmates respected and loved.

The title of Folsom's book reads, "Constitution and Laws of the

Choctaw Nation, together with the Treaties of 1855, 1865, 1866. Published by authority and direction of the General Council, by Joseph P. Folsom, commissioned for the purpose. Chahta Tamaha, 1869. W. P. Lyon and Son, printers and publishers, New York."

25. FREEMAN, ANDREW WASHINGTON, son of John Mack and Matilda Ann (Morse) Freeman, was born in Brookfield, Vt., 1829, Oct. 3. Thetford Academy. Principal, Orange County Grammar School, Randolph, Vt., 1854-5; teacher, Rockford, Ill., 1856-7; Homer, 1858-9. Began the practice of dentistry at Mahomet, but soon removed to Chicago, where he has remained.

Married, 1855, Feb. 14, Aura Sophronia, daughter of Waldo W. Ingalls, of Brookfield. Children: Primus Pearl, born, 1855, Nov. 15; died, May, 1856. Alice Minerva, born, 1858, May 18; married, 1881, Sept. 14, John S. Meigs and lives in St. Johnsbury, Vt. Emma, born, 1862, September, and died in December. Stella Mildred, born, 1886, Dec. 19.

Freeman ranks well in his profession and maintains a serene and Christian spirit, in spite of very serious difficulties with which he has had to contend. An injury to his knee resulted in the loss of his right leg; and asthma has been for years a bitter foe, seldom giving him more than an hour or two of sleep at a time. But he has pushed bravely forward, and has high respect from those who know him best. His musical abilities and leadership were, for some years, of great service in Mr. Moody's "Tabernacle."

26. GILLIS, JOHN FULLER, son of Thomas Worcester and Rhoda (Fuller) Gillis, was born in Winthrop, Me., 1831, Aug. 3. Kimball Union Academy. In Cuba, winters of 1855 and '56, for his health; Knoxville, Tenn., in employ of (Iron) Manufacturing Company, 1856-9; Wheeling, Va., with his father in a cotton mill, 1859-60.

Died of consumption at Millbury, Mass., 1861, Oct. 15.

Gillis was endeared to his classmates for his refined and gentle nature. He had rare literary taste, and those who knew him best are assured, that with health and strength, he would have done the work of life faithfully and honorably.

27. GODDING, WILLIAM WHITNEY, son of Dr. Alvah and Mary (Whitney) Godding, was born at Winchendon, Mass., 1831, May 5. Phillips Andover Academy. He studied medicine with his father and graduated at Castleton Medical College, Vt., 1857; was assist-

ant physician at the New Hampshire Asylum for the Insane, at Concord, from June, 1859, to 1862; then practised at Fitchburg, Mass., to September, 1863. He then became assistant physician at the government hospital for the insane, at Washington, D. C. In the spring of 1870, he took charge of the State Asylum for the Insane at Taunton, Mass., which was doubled during his administration by the erection of new buildings, the number of inmates reaching over seven hundred. In the autumn of 1877, he was called to take charge of the great national asylum for the insane, known as St. Elizabeth, Washington, D. C. During the twenty years of his administration, the increase of responsibility has been very great. New lands have been added for outdoor work and new buildings of various types requiring the most thorough study of sanitary conditions as adapted to the insane. As an expert alienist, he is called in the numerous important cases on trial in the several courts of the United States located in the District of Columbia. The insane of the war and navy departments come under his supervision, and he has to pass upon their mental condition. The number under his care in a single year has reached over seventeen hundred, and the disbursements nearly half a million dollars. All these immense responsibilities he has carried on so faithfully, so attentive to their multifarious details, as well as their general supervision, that any complaint or unfavorable criticism is the rarest possible occurrence, although the insane and their friends are not slow to find faults, real or imagined. He has had to deal with a great number of our most prominent public men, and has received not only their approval but their hearty commendation. In Washington he is a favorite in literary and scientific circles. Among his professional associates in this country and in Europe, he is a trusted leader. His writings have been chiefly connected with insanity. It would be difficult to find one who has studied insanity on a larger scale, or reached wiser opinions in regard to its treatment. Having chosen that by-way of life, to work for those whose minds are clouded, he has sought to put himself in their place, and to do for them as he would have wished to have others do for him in like circumstances. He has favored what is known among the members of his profession as the liberal policy, making use of the largest liberty to the patient consistent with custodial care. He seeks to individualize every case. As a reward of his labors, he has seen many a touching instance of restoration. He

believes that all of this great responsibility should be carried forward with the most studious care. As a result he has a system of records most complete. More than any other institution of the kind in the country, there are those who have no relatives or friends. Among these, important cases are reserved for autopsy, and a careful examination is made with the scalpel and microscope, and the results studied in connection with the record of heredity and treatment of the patient to find if any lesson may be obtained therefrom for guidance in other cases, either to promote prevention or to secure restoration. Dr. Godding has one of his assistants devote his entire time under his direction to this laboratory work. Nowhere, perhaps, are these data, which have in them unmeasured possibilities for the scientific study of insanity, accumulating more rapidly. His alma mater conferred upon him the degree of LL. D. in 1896.

Married, 1860, Dec. 4, Ellen, daughter of Hon. Elijah Murdock, of Winchendon, Mass. Children: Mary P., born 1867, Feb. 22; Rowena M., born 1870, July 7; Alvah, born 1872, Nov. 8.

Dr. Godding published, in 1882, "Two Hard Cases," a small volume of two hundred and fifty-seven pages, devoted chiefly to a study of Guiteau. Of this and other literary work he tells the story thus: "I wrote 'Two Hard Cases' in self defence after the Guiteau trial, when men who stood high as experts in mental disease were unable to locate any insanity in that crank. The limited sale cured me of any more such altruistic efforts.

"*Pamphlets.* In view of the flood of such literature that has been poured out in these later days another age should hold me in grateful remembrance that I have written so few."

It is proper that classmates should recognize, in most of the above sketch, the hand of Eaton. With a neighborly familiarity of more than twenty-five years, he knows Godding and his work as no other classmate can, and has a right to speak.

Of what he has written, Godding himself says: "I have written a great many reports that have been duly labeled and embalmed as 'Government Documents.' They have never been opened by anybody in our time, but posterity will sit up nights reading the Joe Miller's that they contain."

It should be added that he has occasionally dallied with the muses, and at the fortieth anniversary of the class, in 1894, he read a poem, which will be found in the Appendix.

His family circle remains unbroken, his labors at the old stand unfinished. In his sixty-seventh year he knows with Emerson that —

“It is time to be old, to take in sail,”

but the frosts of age have as yet formed no ice about his heart; the years are crowded with work, and are not those of which he can truthfully say, “I have no pleasure in them.” The softened afternoon light has a cheerful glow looking towards sunset, and in this tried and faithful tabernacle of the old body he would fain abide until the evening bell calls to close the recorded page, confidently looking, after resting, to take up life’s second volume on a higher plane, with wider horizons.

28. GRAVES, GALEN ALLEN, son of Daniel and Polly Copeland (Allen) Graves, was born in Acworth, 1827, Aug. 13. Thetford Academy. Principal Walpole High School, 1854–6; and of Academy, Whitehall, N. Y., 1856–7; superintendent of schools, Battle Creek, Mich., 1857–8; professor of latin, Kalamazoo College, 1859; studied law, and admitted to bar, in Battle Creek, 1862; went to Iowa, 1865, and became superintendent of schools, at Cedar Falls, until 1870; same office, in Ackley, 1870–6; principal, Iowa City Academy, 1883–9; has a private school in Ackley, since.

Married, 1863, June 24, Alma, daughter of Jeremiah Munson, of Terrebonne, La. Children: Laura Munson, born 1866, March 11; graduated, Iowa University, 1888; teaching, Boone, Io. Ella Dunlevy, born 1870, April 19; graduated, Iowa University, 1890; teaching, Hampton, Io. William Allen, born 1875, March 22; graduated, Iowa University, 1896.

29. GREENE, RANNEY, son of Ranney and Parnella (Kelsey) Greene, was born in Randolph, Vt., 1831, March 28. Randolph, Royalton, and Kimball Union Academies. Teacher, Franklin, La., 1855; professor of languages, Jefferson College, Washington, Miss., 1856–9; at same time studied law, and was admitted to the bar at Natchez; in ship-chandlery, business, New Orleans, 1859–62; in the Confederate Army, during the war, lieutenant and captain in the Crescent regiment; was in the battle of Shiloh, and siege of Corinth, and in several other engagements; in 1863–4, was on staff duty, in the Conscript Bureau west of the Mississippi and in

Texas. After the war, settled in Houston, Texas, and, from 1867, was secretary of the Houston Direct Navigation Company.

Married, 1877, April 4, Caroline Minerva Evans, of Houston, died at Sedalia, Mo., of consumption, 1880, July 17.

Greene was a modest, scholarly, and brave man, ranking high in his class. He was sure to hear the call of duty and to obey it. The Houston *Telegram* closed a notice of his death, thus: "He shrank from ostentation. In his death the poor have indeed lost a friend. He was one of those who go through life quietly doing good, and serving their Master for the Master's sake, seeking no laudation save the plaudits of an approving conscience, and looking forward to another, a better, and a higher sphere for his reward."

30. HALL, DANIEL, son of Gilman and Eliza (Tuttle) Hall, was born in Barrington, N. H., 1832, Feb. 28. New Hampshire Conference Seminary. Clerk, New York Custom House, 1854-8; read law with Hon. D. M. Christie, Dover, 1858-60, and School Commissioner, Strafford County, 1859-60; clerk of Senate Naval Committee, Washington, 1861-2; aide-de-camp and captain in the regular army, on the staff of General Whipple and General Howard, 1862-3; provost marshal, first New Hampshire district, 1864-5; clerk of the Supreme Court for Strafford County, and judge of police court of Dover, 1866-74; reporter of decisions of the Supreme Court, 1876-7; naval officer at the port of Boston, 1877-86; in legal practice and in business, Dover, after.

He married, 1877, Jan. 25, Sophia, daughter of Jonathan T. Dodge, of Rochester, N. H. Child: Arthur Wellesley, born 1878, Aug. 30.

Hall was the ranking scholar of the class, and has been true to his scholarly habits. In politics he has not failed to be a 'scholar in politics.' In the army he did good service. He was in the battles of Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville. At Gettysburg, as Howard's corps was approaching, he sent Hall to General Reynolds, whose corps was in the advance, for information and orders. Reynolds was shot just after Hall left him, and Howard became the ranking officer until General Meade arrived. Approaching Cemetery Ridge Howard said, "This is the place to fight this battle," and ordered Hall to plant a battery on the crest, with Steinwehr's division in its support. This Hall did, and that battery remained in position through the three

days of the conflict. That order was one of the decisive points of the great battle.

Hall's position in the Senate Naval Committee gave him intimate acquaintance with its chairman and his fellow townsman, Hon. John P. Hale, and fitted him to be the eulogist of that senator, as he was in 1892, at the unveiling of his statue, in Concord.

He is a member of the New Hampshire Historical Society. He was a member of the Republican State Committee of New Hampshire for several years, and its chairman, 1873-6. In 1876 he was chairman of the New Hampshire delegation to the Republican National Convention in Cincinnati. His conduct of the naval office in Boston showed his ability and efficiency. It was distinctly free from partisanship, and on the plane of the best "civil service." Speaking for himself, he says, "I have never been a small politician, and do not bear that reputation. I have engaged in politics always from a high sense of duty, and have been guided in every hour and act by profound convictions, and cannot help feeling that I have contributed something to the development of the best sentiments in politics, and to organizing victory at important junctures."

Hall published, in 1892, a volume of addresses. It includes orations on Abraham Lincoln and John P. Hale, Ulysses S. Grant, John B. Gough, Daniel M. Christie, Gen. Edward F. Noyes, and at the dedication of the soldiers' and sailors' monument in Derry, N. H., in 1889; also address at a Parnell meeting in Dover. The book is an octavo of two hundred pages, and has a good likeness of our classmate.

He drafted the bill, and carried it through the Legislature, to establish the New Hampshire Soldiers' Home, at Tilton; has been and is a principal manager. Was commander of the Department of New Hampshire Grand Army of the Republic in 1892; is a trustee of the Dover Public Library, of the Strafford Savings Bank, and a director of the Strafford National Bank. He was, with Twombly, a trustee of Berwick Academy, and succeeds him as its president.

31. HARVEY, DANIEL BLISS, son of William and Amelia (Bliss) Harvey, was born in Lebanon, 1824, April 24. Royalton Academy. Teacher, Southampton, N. Y., 1854-6; Pembroke, N. H., 1856-8; professor of mathematics, Marshall College, Ga., 1858-61. Graduated, Albany Law School, 1862. In legal practice since at Hackensack, N. J.

Married, 1869, Feb. 20, Sara, daughter of Hon. David V. C. Crate, of Hackettstown, who died, 1889, Sept. 8.

Married, 1892, Sept. 29, Louise, daughter of J. G. Van Lassell, of Hackettstown.

One son, William D. B. Harvey, was born, 1871, March 29.

32. HASELTINE, GEORGE, son of Col. Richard and Rebecca (Gage) Haseltine, was born in Bradford, Mass., 1829, Aug. 17; worked on the farm and went to the district school, 1835-47; attended the New Hampshire Conference Seminary, 1848-50; entered the Wesleyan University, 1850, and exchanged to Dartmouth College, 1851; was elected class orator at graduation; graduated LL. B., the University of Albany, 1856; was admitted to the bar, 1855, in Albany and St. Louis; went to England, 1856, on law business, which was settled, 1859; studied patent law during this period; became editor, 1860, of *The London American*, of which journal he was a proprietor; wrote its editorials, 1860-1, which were extensively copied by the British press, and of which, the American minister, Hon. Charles Francis Adams, stated he "never read abler articles in *The London Times*"; resigned editorship, 1862, and gave exclusive attention to patent law practice; established, 1865, in London, a firm of patent solicitors, which acquired a business, unrivalled in Europe, and gained a world-wide reputation; was elected class president, 1869, resigned, 1879; engaged, 1870-71, with Thomas Webster, Q. C., the eminent barrister, in the agitation for patent-law reform, and his proposals were embodied in a patent bill by the Attorney-General, Sir John Holker; gave evidence, 1871, before the Parliamentary Select Committee on Patents, which evidence, in a condensed form, appeared in various publications, and "was made the basis of discussions," states an eminent German solicitor, "by our technical societies that led to the reform of the German Patent System"; was elected, 1871, Fellow of the Royal Society of Arts; received the honorary degree of LL. D., 1872, from the Chicago University; was one of the organizers and a member of the Vienna Patent Congress, 1873, in which he advocated the policy and justice of liberal patent laws; was visited in London, 1873, by classmate Gen. John Eaton, who states "he had won the position of leader in the patent reform movement, and among his friends were the most eminent of English barristers"; was counsel, 1862-76, in many

patent cases ; retired, 1876, from the London firm, of which he was the head, in impaired health, and returned to America ; rested 1877–81, during which period he twice visited Europe ; resumed work in New York, 1882, and acquired a foreign-patent practice, unequalled in America ; established, 1885, a patent firm, that has made a specialty of foreign business, in which firm he continues an active partner ; is a member of the Psi Upsilon Club, and a life member of the New England Society ; has never married and intends, he states, to be buried in Bradford, whose first settlers were his Puritan ancestors.

Address ; 247 Broadway, New York.

33. HASKELL, FRANK ARETAS, son of Aretas and Anna (Folsom) Haskell, was born in Tunbridge, Vt., 1828, July 13. Studied law at Madison, Wis., with Orton, Atwood, and Orton ; and practised law, at Madison, in partnership with Judge John P. Atwood, until the war. He promptly volunteered, and went to the front as Adjutant of the 6th Wisconsin Regiment ; his bravery and skill soon won notice and promotion, and he served on the staff successively of Generals Gibbon and Meade. His service at Gettysburg was very conspicuous, and in Carpenter's celebrated painting of that battle, Haskell is one of the most distinguished figures. His elaborate record of that great battle will be inserted in the appendix to this volume. Early in 1864 he assisted in raising the 36th Wisconsin Regiment, and returned to the field at its head as Colonel. His soldierly bearing and skill in organizing troops at Madison was greatly commended. He followed General Grant through the Wilderness ; but was killed instantly by a rebel bullet, fighting bravely at Cold Harbor, June 2. A commission, as Brigadier-General, was on its way to him, when he was killed, and, had his life been spared, higher honors, in both military and civil life, would very surely have been his.

Of Haskell, at Madison, Judge Braley, who knew him well there, writes : “ As a lawyer, he was gifted with much more than ordinary ability. He was strong, acute, logical, but modest and unpretentious. He was recognized as a young man of bright prospects, and had he lived, he would have won high rank in his profession. He was a true gentleman everywhere, at the bar, in the social circle and all other places. He could not be otherwise, for nature had formed

him so. . . . He was not only one of the bravest soldiers that Wisconsin sent to the war, but he was one of the coolest and most skilful of officers. He was an exact disciplinarian, an enthusiastic student of the military code. Before the war he was captain of our best military company; and, in that position, the same force of character, the same high martial bearing, and the same discipline distinguished him."

Of his conduct, at Gettysburg and elsewhere, the testimony is most emphatic. General Gibbon says: "There was a young man on my staff, who has been in every battle with me, and who did more than any other one man to repulse that last assault at Gettysburg, and he did the part of a general there." And he describes how Haskell, coming up at the critical moment, when the rebels had broken into the Union lines, "ordered all the troops of the division to the right; . . . they commenced firing upon the rebels as they were coming into our batteries, and took them in flank, and the rebels laid down their arms by hundreds." This has been recognized as the turning point of the battle.

Maj.-Gen. Hancock, corps commander, says: "I desire particularly to refer to the services of a gallant young officer, First Lieut. F. A. Haskell, A. D. C. to Brig.-Gen. Gibbon, who, at a critical period of the battle, when the contending forces were but fifty yards apart, believing that an example was necessary, and ready to sacrifice life, rode between the contending lines with the view of giving encouragement to ours, and leading it forward, he being, at the moment, the only mounted officer in a similar position. He was slightly wounded, and his horse was shot in several places."

34. HAZEN, HENRY ALLEN, son of Allen and Hannah Putnam (Dana) Hazen, was born in Hartford, Vt., 1832, Dec. 27. Phillips Academy, Danville, Vt., and Kimball Union Academy. Graduated, Andover Theological Seminary, 1857; ordained, with Henry Fairbanks, at St. Johnsbury, 1858, Feb. 17; acting pastor, Hardwick, Vt., 1858-9; Barton, 1860; Randolph, 1861-2; installed, Plymouth, N. H., 1863, Jan. 21, dismissed, 1868, July 15; installed, Lyme, 1868, Sept. 2, dismissed, 1870, Sept. 30; installed, Pittsfield, 1870, Dec. 3, dismissed, 1872, Nov. 30; installed, Billerica, Mass., 1874, May 2, dismissed, 1879, May 4; residence, since 1880, in Auburndale; clerk in secretary's department, A. B. C. F. M.,

1880-3 ; secretary of the National Council of Congregational Churches since ; associate editor, "Congregational Quarterly," 1876-8 ; editor Year Book, since 1883, also of the triennial "Minutes of the National Council," in all, twenty volumes to 1898 ; also secretary of the New Hampshire General Association, 1872-4, and editor of its Minutes ; and has had the same office and duty in Massachusetts since 1888 ; secretary of Andover Alumni Association, 1880-90, editing its annual Necrology, and its last General Catalogue, 1880 ; assistant secretary of the First International Congregational Council in London, 1891 ; and secretary of the committee of arrangements for the Second Council, to be held in Boston in 1899 ; a trustee of the New Hampshire Missionary Society, 1872-4 ; of Kimball Union Academy, 1869-86 ; and of the Howe School, Billerica, 1875-86 ; a director of the American Congregational Association since 1890 ; member of the New Hampshire and Vermont Historical Societies, and of the New England Historic Genealogical Society since 1875, and its corresponding secretary, 1892-3 ; received the honorary degree of D. D. from Marietta College, 1891.

He has published (1) Historical Manual of the Congregational church, Plymouth, N. H., 1865 ; (2) A Centennial Historical Discourse of same church, 1875 ; (3) The Ministry and Churches of New Hampshire, 1876 ; (4) The Pastors of New Hampshire, 1878 ; (5) The History of Billerica, Mass., 1883, 509 pages ; (6) New Hampshire and Vermont, an historical study ; being the annual address before the New Hampshire Historical Society, 1892.

Married, 1863, July 9, Charlotte Eloise, daughter of Dr. George Barrett Green, of Windsor, Vt., who died, 1881, Feb. 8.

Married, 1889, Aug. 31, Martha Bethia, daughter of George Warren Heath, of Boston.

Children : Mary, born 1864, Nov. 23 ; died 1865, Sept. 30. Emily, born 1866, Aug. 5 ; graduated, Smith College, 1889 ; teacher, Bridgeton, N. J., Pueblo, Col., and since 1894 in the Newton High School. Charlotte, born 1868, Nov. 6 ; graduated, Posse Gymnasium, Boston, 1894, and teacher of gymnastics and physical culture, Denver, Col., 1894-5, and at the Posse Gymnasium, 1896-7.

[For what follows Speare is responsible.]

He gave an address at a lawn party in London which was pronounced by President Northrop, University of Minnesota, one of the best of the session of the International Council.

As would be inferred from the foregoing list of editorial duties and official stations, Hazen fills a prominent place in most of the gatherings of the Congregational body. Conferences national, state, and local are greatly aided by his experience and knowledge of rules and methods. The Year Book appeared with unprecedented promptness, and fulness of clear presentation of events, names, and figures, when he became its editor. From his pen is much of this class history, and he has done the most in gathering material. Nothing delights him more than to gather, by prompt invitation, classmates for an impromptu reunion in Boston. His bodily framework betokens in unabated vigor the health and strength garnered in his daily walk from Hartford to Hanover, and there is probability of a long continuance of his diversified and eminent usefulness.

35. HEBARD, GEORGE DIAH ALONZO, son of Diah and Sarah (Avrill) Hebard, was born in Brookfield, Vt., 1831, Sept. 6, ten days after the death of his father. Bakersfield and Thetford Academies. Amherst College, 1850-3. Graduated, Union Theological Seminary, 1857; acting pastor, Clayville, N. J., 1857. Ordained, Clinton, Io., 1858, Sept. 22, and acting pastor Presbyterian church there, 1858-61; Iowa City, 1861-6, and of Congregational church there, 1866-9; Oskaloosa, 1869, until death, 1870, Dec. 14.

Married, 1856, May 13, Margaret E., daughter of Charles Marven, of Woodstock, N. B., who lives in Cheyenne, Wyo. Children: Frederic S., born 1857, March 8; graduated, Law School of Washington University, St. Louis, 1885; in legal practice, Cheyenne, Wyo., 1885-91, and in Chicago, after, where secretary of the Chicago Bar Association. Alice May, born 1859, Feb. 21; studied in Iowa State University; primary teacher in Cheyenne, Wyo., since 1884. Grace Raymond, born 1861, July 2; graduated, Iowa University, 1882; A. M., 1885; regent of Wyoming University and secretary of the Board since 1891. George Lockwood, born 1867, June 3; Denver University; in business in Chicago.

Dr. Magoun, President of Iowa College, said in the "Congregational Quarterly," July, 1871: "Mr. Hebard was an earnest, laborious, studious man, and an able, energetic, and successful minister of Christ. The intensity of his convictions, and his enthusiasm and self-denial in carrying them out, wore upon his slight physical strength. He was a somewhat vehement preacher, overtaxing often both lungs

and nerves ; direct, unhesitating, impulsive in address ; active, restless, and unsparing of himself in out-door and pastoral labors, and yet fond of certain early studies, the pursuit of which he habitually maintained. He was uncompromising and fearless on questions of duty. . . . He did not mean to rust out and he *did* mean to wear out in the service of the Master and his Church." A friend observes that he made it a practice to read French or German daily, and always read the Greek testament, pencil notes at the end, showing that he read it through every year and sometimes oftener. The last hours of his life he spoke French entirely.

36. HERRICK, STEPHEN SOLON, son of Lorenzo Dow and Zilpha Ann (Haskin) Herrick, was born in Randolph, Vt., 1833, Dec. 11. Orange County Grammar School and West Randolph Academy. Teacher, Flemingsburg, Ky., 1854-5 ; Grenada, Miss., 1855-6 ; Adams County, near Natchez, 1856-9 ; attended medical lectures, at Hanover, 1859, and at Louisiana University, New Orleans, 1859-61, receiving the degree of M. D. from the latter ; after practising a short time, resumed teaching in Adams County, Miss., until, in 1862, became assistant surgeon in the Confederate Army ; same, after January, 1863, in the navy, serving at the naval hospital, Mobile Station, and at the Navy Yard on the Tombigbee river. In medical practice, New Orleans, 1865-87, and San Francisco, after. Residence at 322 Haight Street.

Married, 1867, Sept. 20, Julia, daughter of Jesse and Elizabeth (Scholes) Cowand, of Bay St. Louis, Miss. Children : Charlotte Ball, born 1868, Aug. 18. Stephen Scholes, born 1870, April 15 ; in the employ of the Vulcan Iron Works and student in mechanical engineering. Alfred Cowand, born 1872, June 26 ; graduated, Coggs-well Polytechnic School, 1891 ; married, 1892, June 28, Henrietta T. Chamberlain, of Berkeley, Cal., and has had two sons, the older not living ; in business at Pasadena. Clarence Greene, born 1874, Aug. 25 ; graduated, Coggs-well Polytechnic School, 1893 ; married, 1896, Sept. 18, Rose Davies, of San Francisco ; in business, San Francisco. Cora Ruth Henrietta, born 1876, Nov. 4, graduated, Normal School, 1895, and is a teacher in the public schools, San Francisco. Annie Elizabeth, born, 1884, April 19.

Herrick was a visiting physician at the Charity Hospital, 1865-9 ; member of the State Board of Health, 1869-70, and its secretary,

1879-86; was a sanitary inspector, and gauger and inspector of illuminating oils; professor of chemistry, New Orleans School of Medicine, 1869-70, and of physics and chemistry, in Louisiana Agricultural and Mechanical College, 1876-7; delegate to the American Medical Association, 1869, and a member since 1894. He was active in organizing the New Orleans Medical and Surgical Association, Parish Medical Society, and the State Medical Society; was president of the first, in 1875, of the second, 1878-9; was corresponding secretary of the last, 1878-87, and member of the American Public Health Association, 1878-86. In San Francisco, assistant secretary, Board of Health, 1888-9; special sanitary inspector, State Board of Health, 1888 and '90. He did editorial work on the "New Orleans Medical and Surgical Journal," 1866-7, and 1878-82, and for the "Pacific Medical Journal" since; is now medical examiner for the Pacific Mutual Life Insurance Company. "Pater" has been a frequent contributor to various medical journals. A series of articles may be found in the "American Railroad Journal," 1882-6; also articles in Buck's Handbook of Hygiene, the American Supplement to the Encyclopedia Britannica, Wood's Reference Handbook of the Medical Sciences, Transactions of the American Public Health Association, of the American Medical Association, and the Biennial Reports of the California Board of Health.

The following titles of articles which Herrick has written will give his classmates some idea of the range and direction of his studies:—

(1) Early Blistering in Pneumonia and Pleurisy, 1872; (2) A National System of Quarantine, 1876; (3) Physiology of the Spermatozoa, 1878; (4) Railroad Sanitation, its Objects and Advantages, 1881; (5) Comparative Vital Movement of the White and Colored Races, 1882; (6) The Responsibility of Criminal Lunatics, 1883; (a review, in part, of Dr. Godding's "Two Hard Cases"); (7) A review of "Elements of Physiological Psychology," 1887; (8) National Health Service, 1888; (9) Sanitary Legislation, 1889; (10) The Plague Four Hundred Years Ago and Now, 1894; (11) Stirpiculture in Japan, 1894; (this is a letter apparently written from Tokio); (12) Some Cases in Ethics, 1895; (13) Pollution of Potable Waters, 1896.

Herrick's habits of diligent and faithful work, with which his classmates were familiar, have followed him, and explain the honor-

able rank he holds in his profession. Classmates will enjoy a glimpse of him, as he reveals himself in his last letter. It was written 1896, Dec. 30. . . . "It seems to me that we have exchanged grounds, in questions at national issue, since 1860, on the presumption that you supported the Lincoln and Hamlin ticket, as I did that of Bell and Everett. I then favored postponement of an 'irrepressible conflict,' as you do now, for I hold that the silver question is not settled, and can only be settled by its emancipation. Before 1900 the international plan may possibly become practicable, though it has failed repeatedly; in any case I expect further decline in all values, except that of gold, will be an object lesson more effective than rivers of ink, even in New England and Old England."

37. HERRICK, WILLIAM AUGUSTUS, son of William Hale and Lois (Kilham) Herrick, was born in Boxford, Mass., 1831, Jan. 6. Phillips Andover Academy. Teacher in same academy, 1854-5. Read law with Harvey Jewell, with Ranney & Morse, and at Harvard Law School. Practised his profession one year in Andover, and after in Boston. For several years he was associated with Hon. Isaac F. Redfield, formerly chief justice of Vermont.

Married, 1858, March 30, Harriet Peabody, daughter of Rev. Joshua Emery, of Weymouth, Mass. Children: William Hale, born 1860, Aug. 10; Harvard College, 1882; died 1887. Percy Manning, born 1862, Aug. 16. Margaret Emery, born 1864, July 10; married Professor Fletcher of Harvard College. Robert Welch, born 1868, April 26; Harvard College, 1894; is a professor in Chicago University. Agnes Peabody, born 1873, Feb. 15. Elizabeth Harriet, born 1878, May 24.

Died of heart and kidney disease, at his Boxford home, 1885, Sept. 7.

Herrick published, "The Powers, Duties, and Liabilities of Town and Parish Officers in Massachusetts," 1870; pages ; second edition, 1880. And edited "Kerr on Injunctions in Equity." Herrick was a modest, quiet, studious man. As a sound, judicious councillor, he ranked well and was highly esteemed, especially by those who knew him best.

38. HOWE, MILTON GROSVENOR, son of Joseph and Caroline (Hamblet) Howe, was born in Methuen, Mass., 1834, Aug. 16. Assistant engineer, Saratoga & Sackett's Harbor R. R., 1854-9; Maine Cen-

tral R. R., 1859; Houston & Texas Central, 1859-63; lieutenant and captain of engineers in the Confederate service, 1863-5; returned to the Houston & Texas Central R. R., assistant engineer, 1865-9; chief-engineer, 1869-77; engineer and superintendent 1877-85; receiver Houston East & West Texas R. R. 1885- also of Shreveport & Houston R. R.; vice-president and general manager of the united line since 1893.

Kimball writes: "In his college days he was a thorough mathematician, mastering with ease every proposition in mathematics that presented itself. He was accustomed to amuse himself with Weisbach Mechanics, demonstrating problems in his own way to see if they agreed with the author. He was familiar with calculating eclipses. He was able to read Latin and Greek with some proficiency, though he never had received any special instruction. He was captain of engineers in the Confederate service and constructed all the fortifications in Galveston in the war of the Rebellion. He has been spending the summer of 1897 North, seeking to restore his health, which was broken by his long service and untiring devotion to the construction and operation of railroads in Texas."

Married, 1873, Sept. 11, Jessie W., daughter of Andrew Briscoe, of Harrisburg, Texas. Child. Joseph Milton, born 1874, July 31.

39. KIMBALL, BENJAMIN AMES, son of Benjamin and Ruth (Ames) Kimball, was born in Boscawen, N. H., 1833, Aug. 22. Derry Academy. The scientific department in Dartmouth was opened in 1851, and he entered and graduated in the first class. As a boy he had a passion for railroading, and at the age of sixteen ran the "Gen. Stark," with a passenger train, from Nashua to Concord. After graduating he went at once into the employ of the Concord Railroad, as draughtsman and machinist; designed and built a locomotive, and became, in 1856, foreman of the motive power department. In 1858 he succeeded his brother John as master mechanic; was afterwards superintendent of the locomotive department till 1865. In emergencies he often acted as engineer, especially in the transportation of regiments to the war. In 1865 resigned and became a member of the firm of Ford & Kimball, manufacturers of car wheels, brass and iron castings; has remained in the business, at the same time keeping an official connection with the railroads and "been reasonably successful."

Space would fail for the recital here of all the positions held by Mr. Kimball, and his varied activities. He has been conspicuous and influential in all the railroad negotiations and changes which have been going on in New Hampshire. He was for years director and managing director of the Concord Railroad; is now director and president of the Concord & Montreal, of the Nashua, Acton & Boston, Manchester & North Weare, of the Pemigewasset Valley, of the Franklin & Tilton, and of the Tilton & Belmont railroads; also the Cushman Electric Company, and in the Concord Light and Power Company. He is also director in the New Boston, the Whitefield & Jefferson, and the Mt. Washington railroads. He has been a director of the Mechanics' National Bank from its organization in 1879, and its president since 1881; and trustee in several institutions of trust. He has been a member of the New Hampshire Historical Society since 1875, and its president, 1894-7. In 1893 he was appointed a visitor of the Chandler Scientific Department of the College, and has been instrumental in bringing that department into its present closer standing with the college. In 1894 he was appointed, by the trustees of Dartmouth College, a trustee, in place of B. F. Prescott, and in him our class has a worthy representative in the permanent Board of Government of our alma mater. He was a member of the Concord Water Board for six years, and three years its president; a member of the New Hampshire Constitutional Convention in 1876 and 1883, and of the House of Representatives in 1870; of the Governor's Council, 1885-7, and of the Commission which erected the State Library in 1890. He was a delegate at large to the Republican National Convention in 1892, and was a director in the Manufacturers' Mutual Fire Insurance Company from 1886.

A record like this speaks for itself and needs no added specifications as to the sagacity, the integrity, the varied abilities and the sterling character which Kimball brings to every position. A man's neighbors learn whom they can trust for honest and effective service.

Married, 1861, Jan. 19, Myra Tilton, daughter of Ira Elliott, of Sanbornton. One son, Henry Ames, born 1864, Oct. 19, has been for some years a member of the firm with his father.

40. KITTRIDGE, EDMUND WEBSTER, son of Dr. Rufus and Sarah (Underhill) Kittredge, was born in Chester, N. H., 1833, Nov. 29.

Gilmanton Academy and Boston Latin School. Read law with Judge Timothy Walker, of Cincinnati, and at the law school of Harvard College. Has lived in Cincinnati.

“ Mine has been a life of strictly professional work. I have held no public office, and received no honors, except the degree of LL. D. from old Dartmouth in 1894. . . . My life has been a reasonably happy one. I have enjoyed it. I have had no bitter enmities with any one; have experienced much kindly consideration from lawyers and others with whom I have been brought in contact. . . . My health has greatly and constantly improved. I am six feet tall, and weigh about two hundred pounds. . . . I have read a great deal outside of my profession for the mere sake of the intellectual enjoyment it has brought me. . . . Perhaps it will give you a better idea of the trend of my studies and thought to say that I regard Charles Darwin as having contributed more to the progress and development of knowledge than any other man who has lived in this century.

“ Age admonishes us all that our life is fleeting, and my regret and anxiety in its coming to an end relate entirely to the persons and relations I shall leave, and not to those that may be encountered. . . . Since I was thirty years old my physical health has greatly and constantly improved.”

Kittredge, by his ability and diligence in his profession, has won for himself a very high place at the bar of Cincinnati, and in certain lines of legal practice is regarded as a leading man in the city and the State.

He married, 1866, Feb. 20, Virginia Elizabeth, daughter of William Yates Gholson, of Cincinnati. Children: Elvira, born 1866, Dec. 24. Anna, born 1868, Aug. 19. William Gholson, born 1869, Oct. 22; entered Harvard, but his health prevented him from finishing his course; two years at Bonn, Germany. Edmund Yates, born 1871, Feb. 16; graduated Harvard College, 1894. Bernard Stallo, born 1874, Jan. 13. Elizabeth, born 1876, July 18; died, 1878, April 7; Daniel Wright, born, 1879, Sept. 2. Ben Webster, born, 1885, June 15.

41. LANG, DAVID RICKER, son of Sherburne and Mehitable (Ricker) Lang, was born in Bath, N. H., 1829, May 6. Newbury Seminary; read law with Hon. Harry Hibbard, of Bath, and graduated at the Albany Law School. He practised law at Bath, until

1864, when he removed to Orford, and there remained until death, which occurred 1875, Aug. 30.

A notice of Lang in the Grafton "Book of Biographies" says "He was extremely popular among his associates, a man of infinite jest and good humor, making friends by his cheerful and good-natured way of taking life. He was also much esteemed as a man of character and excellent judgment. He represented Bath in the Legislation in 1859-60, and Orford in 1867-8-9-71. He was appointed judge of probate in 1870.

Married, 1859, Josephine R. Smith. Children: Paul, born, 1860, July 1; some time a member of the class of 1882 in Dartmouth College. Hittie R., born 1862, Feb. 8; married, 1890, Oct. 25, Clarence H. Carr, of Orford. Edmund J., born 1864, March 16; a merchant in Wellington, Kan. Mary Augusta, born 1867, Dec. 6; died 1870, May 22. David R., born and died in infancy; Mary J., born 1872, June 25; married, 1893, Sept. 20, Charles Southard, of North Haverhill, N. H. David R., born 1875, April 6; employed in a railroad office in Boston.

42. LITTLE, LEVI, son of Richard and Mary Coffin (Pillsbury) Little, was born in Boscawen, N. H., 1830, July 18. Graduated, Andover Theological Seminary, 1857; acting pastor, Waquoit, Mass., 1857-8; Monument, 1859-60; ordained at Webster, N. H., 1862, Nov. 19; acting pastor, Danbury, N. H., 1862-5; home missionary, Presbyterian, Ridgway, Pa., 1865-71; without charge, Waquoit, after.

Married, 1860, Jan. 5, Susan Augusta, daughter of Charles Bourne, of Waquoit, who lives with three of her children there. Children: Richard Herbert, born 1860, Dec. 22; lives in Boston. Andrew Francis, born 1862, Nov. 7; died 1880, July. Dora, born 1864, Oct. 13; died 1869, June 20. Edward Augustine, born 1866, Nov. 15; married, 1889, Sept. 18, Bertha M. Putney, and lives in Webster, N. H. Charles, born 1869, Nov. 30. Edith May, born 1873, Jan. 3. Ellen Farrar, born 1875, Feb. 3. Lucy Taylor, born 1880, March 30; died April 12.

Published "Three Sermons" in a pamphlet.

Died of consumption, 1883, April 2.

Dr. Godding writes: —

"In his orbit he often touched me for a night and a day, and so

familiarized himself somewhat with institutions for the insane. He married somewhat early in his life as a preacher, and many children were born to him. He finally went to his wife's home on Cape Cod. I knew him perhaps as intimately as any living classmate, as we were students together in Phillips Academy, and in later years he was under my professional care. I know the struggle was a hard one. He was an accurate classical scholar and a close thinker on themes which delighted old Jonathan Edwards. He was kind-hearted yet fond of controversy. The eccentricity that was pronounced in college life grew more so as the years went on. His mind was active and he had abilities that should have made his work a success. 'Three Sermons,' which he published were creditable to his literary ability, but their publication was not a financial success. In this a shadow that afterwards darkened all his prospects was first apparent. The less the sermons sold the more he felt that the people must have them. His good traits, which were many, were as naught from the standpoint of worldly success, seemingly from the lack of what is called business sense; but it was more than this, it was a mental warp, that, with failing health, and the anxiety incident to the support of a family for which he had all of a father's fondness, resulted in his coming for a time under hospital care. This was the end of his active work. He, however, came out from the hospital and undertook to aid his sons in their work on the farm. But his days were numbered; a pulmonary disease developed rapidly, and, as he would have wished it, at home, in the midst of his family that were so much to him, with mind clear now and at peace from all troubling, and an unswerving faith in Him in whom he had believed, he passed to his rest and that better life for which he was accounted worthy."

43. MARSHALL, JONATHAN, third of eight sons of Moody and Sarah (Beard) Marshall, both of revolutionary stock, was born in East Weare, N. H., 1827, July 12. His "early education was obtained chiefly at home, by the fireside with his brothers, under the tuition of his mother, his father often giving lessons in arithmetic." Pembroke and Thetford, Vt., academies. Principal of Select Classical School, Lowell, Mass., 1854-7; Latin High School, Northampton, 1857-9; went to New York, 1860, and read law in the office of Hon. Levi S. Chatfield and A. K. Hadley; of John Raymond (Dartmouth College, 1834), and at the University Law School, receiving

the degree of LL. B. in 1862. Admitted to the bar in 1862, and is still in active practice of his profession, his office having long been at 247 Broadway. His practice has taken a wide range, in both State and Federal courts; in corporation; commercial, equity, and patent law. He has won and made some important precedents in patent law; has been the notary and of counsel for the Merchants Exchange National Bank for more than thirty years, and attorney for other banks and corporations. Was put forward, by leading members of the Bar, for United States Judge for the Southern District of New York, in 1881. Was a candidate on the Prohibition ticket, though not a member of that party, for judge of the Supreme Court of New York, in 1882. He is a member of the Pilgrim Society of Plymouth, Mass.; of the New England Society of New York, and, for eight years, one of its directors; of the New York Historical Society; of the Twilight Club of the New York State Bar Association; of the New York Law Institute; also of the Presbyterian Church.

Married, 1874, Dec. 24, Elizabeth, daughter of Gilbert Merritt, of Bedford, N. H. Children: Lilian, born 1880, March 13; died July 19. Agnes Elizabeth, born 1881, June 3. Reverends Elbridge and Lyman Marshall, Dartmouth College, 1850, and Thomas M., 1857, are his brothers.

Dr. Dana, who has been Marshall's neighbor in New York during their entire professional life, writes: "As a lawyer his reputation is both excellent and rare. His success has been substantial, genuine, and deserved. He has been conspicuous in the conduct of important trials; has had the management of large estates; and, out of a practice of a third of a century, he comes with a reputation for fairness, integrity, and fidelity worthy of high honor. As elements contributory to his success may be mentioned: First, a certain originality and felicity in hitting upon facts and ideas, in the development of his cases, novel, but of vital importance, which had escaped the notice of eminent legal associates; second, a keen perception of the right, and sympathy with it, always effective with a jury."

44. MASON, RUFUS OSGOOD, son of Capt. Rufus and Prudence (Woods) Mason, was born in Sullivan, 1830, Jan. 22. Thetford Academy. Union Theological Seminary, New York, 1854-6; teacher, Cleveland, O., 1856-7. Graduated, valedictorian, College of Physi-

cians and Surgeons, New York, 1859, and has practised medicine in New York City since. Acting assistant surgeon in the navy, 1861-4.

Residence, 348 West 58th Street.

Married, 1871, July 3, Marian Isabel, daughter of Thomas Goodwin, of New York. Children: Goodwin, born 1872, Oct. 3; died, 1873, Sept. 16. Ethel Osgood, born 1875, Nov. 12.

Mrs. Mason died, 1880, Dec. 16, and he married, 1886, April 27, Charlotte Louisa Quick Van der Veer, daughter of Peter Quick, of Franklin Park, N. Y., but brought up by her grandfather, Schenck Van der Veer, of Princeton, N. J., and she took his name.

Mason, besides his medical vocation, has found congenial avocation in subjects connected with psychical research. He has published: (1) Sketches and Impressions, Musical, Theatrical, and Social, from the After-Dinner Talk of Thomas Goodwin, 1887, pp. 294; (2) Duplex Personality, 1893, pp. 6; (3) Duplex Personality: its relations to Hypnotism and to Lucidity, 1895, pp. 19; (4) Alternating Personalities: their Origin and Medico-legal Aspects, 1896, pp. 12; (5) Telepathy, and the Subliminal Self: an account of recent investigations concerning Hypnotism, Automatism, Dreams, Apparitions, and Related Phenomena, 1897, pp. 336.

Contributions from his pen have appeared in the "American Journal of the Medical Sciences," "The Journal of Nervous and Mental Disease," "The Archives of Pediatrics," "The Medical Record," "The Analectic," "The North American Review," "Popular Science Monthly," "Lippincott's," "American Art Journal," "The Arena," "Penn Monthly," and others.

Mason was one of the lecturers at the Greenacre Assembly in Eliot, Me., in 1897, his subject being "The Voices and Visions of Joan of Arc."

Of Mason, Dana, who has been his neighbor for more than thirty years, writes: "Dr. Mason's professional life, both in the navy and in this city, has been highly honorable and successful. In the midst of arduous professional labors he has found time to woo the muses. His numerous contributions to journals and periodicals and his published volumes, not to mention the importance of their subject-matter, are marked by a lucid and pleasing style and a good literary finish.

He has also had the courage to undertake the investigation of certain recondite subjects, more or less akin to medicine, which have

only recently gained the serious attention of scientific men. In these studies he has been a pioneer, and is now an authority."

Of his "Telepathy," the *Hartford Courant* says, "The work of a scientist and not of a crank"; and the *Chicago Tribune*, "The spirit of his work is such as to deserve respectful attention from every scientific mind."

45. MATHES, EDWIN NATHANIEL, son of Jeremiah Mooney and Ann Elizabeth (Folsom) Mathes, was born in Portsmouth, 1834, Sept. 4. He read law one term at the Harvard Law School; with Albert R. Hatch at Portsmouth, and with Washburn & Marsh, Woodstock, Vt.; clerk and deputy collector, Portsmouth, 1857-61; in Boston, 1861-2, when mental night overtook him. He was admitted to the Concord Insane Asylum, 1862, Dec. 15, and died there, 1865, Sept. 28.

46. MORSE, GROSVENOR CLARKE, son of Loring and Mary (Dwinnell) Morse, was born in Acworth, 1827, April 19. Kimball Union Academy. Graduated, Andover Theological Seminary, 1857. Ordained at Sherborn, Mass., 1857, Sept. 14, and went at once to Kansas, where, in Emporia, his life was spent as a home missionary; during 1867-9 he supplied the church at Grasshopper Falls.

Married, 1857, Sept. 8, Abby P., daughter of Horace Barber, of Sherborn, Mass. Children: Park Lawrence, born 1860, Nov. 12; married, 1885, Oct. 6, Mary Luella Smith; two children; lives Emporia. Carrie Carpenter, born 1864, Jan. 3; studied at Kansas University and Wellesley College; married, 1891, Oct. 10, John O. Nicholson, a lawyer of Newton, Kan.; of two children, one is not living. Irving Haskell, born 1868, March 24; graduated, Kansas University, 1891; a sugar chemist, St. Patrick, La.

Died, 1870, July 13, accidentally, by the caving in of a well.

Richard Cordley, D. D., of Lawrence, Kan., a classmate at Andover, writes:

"There was no church to give him 'a call,' but he 'called' the church, and the church accepted the call and came into being at his word. He labored with great energy and little reward for several years. He gathered the people together, organized the church, carried on its services and most of its business. In erecting their house of worship he was himself the chief mover, going into the

woods to cut timber, and into the quarry to dig stone. But for his own personal efforts, in collecting money, and direct labor, the house could not have been built. A less courageous man would have abandoned the enterprise far short of success.

“ While engaged thus on his church he gave himself to every influence that tended to elevate man. The schools of this whole county felt his hand for good. The State Normal School here can be said almost to owe its existence to him. At first he labored for its establishment, and then still harder to give it a character worthy of its name and work. After it was established it was in peril from an attempt to impose on it a corps of incompetent teachers. To prevent this, Mr. Morse took a journey to Chicago on his own responsibility, to make sure of the acceptance of the proper man. It was before the days of railroads and such a journey was not a holiday excursion. I remember well his coming to Lawrence on his way, stopping at my house. It was a cold, bitter day, rain and sleet falling all day. When he came to my door he was sheeted in ice from head to foot, and his pony was hung with icicles. But neither storm nor cold could detain him. The business would not bear delay, for if the proper men were not secured at once, incompetent men would be forced in and the school ruined. The high character the school at once attained was due to his persistence. At his death, Emporia raised a monument to his memory, of native limestone, but he has a more enduring monument in the institution he fostered and in the influence he left behind him.” This school, in 1896, is said to be one of the largest normal schools in the world, having 1,736 pupils.

47. MURCH, EPHRAIM, son of Josiah and Olive (Whitney) Murch, was born in Unity, Me., 1830, April 8. Teacher in Virginia, 1854-60; one year in Essex County and one at Smithfield, Isle of Wight; one in Chesterfield County, and three years principal of Warren Green Academy, Warrenton. Professor of Natural Science, Bethel College, Russellville, Ky., 1860-1, when the college was suspended at the outbreak of the war, and Murch returned to Maine. Teacher, Jonesville, Mich., 1862-4; instructor Natural Science, High School, Louisville, Ky., 1864-8; of applied mathematics, in same, 1868-72, when the two chairs were consolidated and he held the position until 1888. His house, in Parkland, a suburb of Louisville, was demolished by a cyclone in 1890, fortunately with no injury to his family

of eight. Farmer, Charlestown, Ind., 1890-3. Since has lived on a ranch of 120 acres, near Red Bluff, Cal. (P. O., Eby.)

Married, 1856, Oct. 6, Esther Lavinia, daughter of John Winton, of Lowell, Mass., who died, 1897, July 24. Children, Evviva Estelle, born 1858, Feb. 3; married 1884, Aug. 15, William B. Pigg, M. D. Carrie Alma, born 1860, Feb. 14. Elma Irving, born 1861, May 29.

Murch was mayor of Parkland two years, and city engineer two years.

48. MURRAY, HARDING SMITH entered the Chandler School in 1852, from Halifax, N. S. "He returned to Nova Scotia, engaged in mercantile pursuits at Mabon, Cape Breton, was successful and died at Mabon in 1868, aged thirty-seven."

49. MUSSEY, REUBEN DELAVAN, son of Dr. Reuben Dimond and Hetty (Osgood) Mussey, was born in Hanover, 1833, May 30. His father was for many years a professor in the medical college, and eminent in his profession there, and later in Cincinnati. Byfield and Phillips Andover Academies. Teacher, Rockport, Mass., 1855. Employed on the *Boston Courier and Bee*, 1857-8, and *Cincinnati Gazette*, 1859; head of the "Wide Awakes," 1860, in Cincinnati; captain 19th regular infantry, Washington, 1861, and active among the volunteers in defence of the city; recruiting officer, Indianapolis, and soon joining the army, which became the "Army of the Cumberland." He was "the first officer of the regular army to volunteer to raise colored troops," and wished this inscription on his monument. Assigned to this duty at Nashville, in 1863, he assisted in raising ten regiments of infantry and two of heavy artillery, and in June, 1864, he became colonel of the 100th regiment of colored infantry.

In the spring of 1865 he visited Washington, having been intrusted by General George H. Thomas with business relative to his command. Before this was completed came the assassination of President Lincoln, and Colonel Mussey was assigned to duty as one of his secretaries by President Johnson, who conferred upon him the brevets of colonel in the regular army and brigadier-general of volunteers. In November he was relieved of duty.

Having studied law, he practised that profession in Washington, from January, 1867. His practice took a wide range. He was a

member of the commission to codify the laws of the district, and the "Married Woman's Property Act" he drew, and pushed to its adoption. He was also author and promoter of legislation liberalizing the divorce laws.

He was a member of the New Church, Swedenborgian, and his last public work, fitly, was in aiding to establish the first African Mission of that church. This has borne fruit in a flourishing colored church, and in the erection of a chapel in which is a tablet to the memory of General Mussey. Was one of the founders of the Manassas Industrial School for colored youth. He took pride in the fact that he had been a Republican from the birth of the party, and took an active part in the campaigns of Fremont, Lincoln, Grant, Hayes, Garfield, and Harrison. His literary ability found expression in much regular newspaper work as musical critic and general reporter, and in various sketches and essays. He was the class secretary from the first, and many of the memoranda embodied in this volume were gathered by him. Every class meeting before his death was arranged for by him. He was one of the organizers of the Dartmouth Association in Washington.

Married, 1861, Sept. 18, Lucinda Sparo, daughter of Levi and Lucinda Barrett, of Canaan, Me., who died, 1870, Jan. 13.

Married, 1871, June 14, Persis Ellen, daughter of Platt R. and Persis (Duty) Spencer, of Washington. His wife became his efficient partner and is his successor in legal practice at 470 Louisiana Avenue, N. W., Washington.

Children: Caroline Hetty, born in Nashville, 1864, August; died 1867, March. Dela Pollok, born in Media, Pa., 1866, May 29; graduated Massachusetts Normal Art School; teacher in drawing, Harvard University and Washington High School; is now in charge of the Art Department in one of the new high schools, New York City. Susan Victoria Barrett, born 1869, Dec. 14: died 1880, Feb. 10. Spencer, born 1872, Oct. 27; died 1891, April 22; in his freshman year at Lehigh University. After his death his class adopted his father as an honorary member. William Hitz, born 1873, Dec. 2; graduated, Lehigh University, 1896; an electrical engineer, in employ of Baldwin Locomotive Works, Philadelphia.

Our classmate died of dropsy, 1892, March 29.

An appreciative notice issued by the American Bar Association says that "The bar at the National Capital has lost one of its ablest and

most prominent members.” In argument, General Mussey conveyed in clear, cogent terms precisely what he meant, and was an interesting speaker. He had a fine physique and was one of the men whose appearance strikes one as you meet them on the street.

A report of the Army of the Cumberland gives a full and detailed statement of his honorable military service. He was one of its officers and a favorite speaker. He was a charter member, and for a time recorder, of the Potomac Commandery of the Loyal Legion.

Classmates will read with tender interest, a note received from Mrs. Mussey, and will be sure that it takes its color from justice as well as love. She writes : —

“ A prominent member of the local bar and an old friend has often said, ‘ General Mussey was a rare scholar ; he loved not only the highways but the by-ways of knowledge. There was no subject on which he had not thought and read, and his fund of information seemed inexhaustible. In the preparation of his cases he went to the very root of the law, and his briefs were exhaustive, as well as models of terse, good English. As I look back at him, he seems to me more and more as a rare example of a man noble and generous in all his impulses ; of a transparent honesty of purpose ; of rare intellectual attainments, and yet as humble as a child in his own appreciation of himself.’ ”

50. NUTE, LEANDER MONROE, son of David and Lavina (Cook) Nute, was born in Milton, N. H., 1831, April 16. Civil engineer, Saratoga & Sackett's Harbor Railroad, 1854, and in Iowa, 1855-61 ; manufacturer, Somersworth, N. H., after.

Married, 1858, Delia Forbush, of Farrington, N. H. Children : William M., born 1858, Nov. 24. Fannie E., born 1860, Sept. 12. Ella Lavina, born 1862, Dec. 22. Margarette M., born 1868, Oct. 28. Edith, born 1870, July 10.

Representative in the Legislature, 1875.

51. PIERCE, CLAUDIUS BUCHANAN, son of Edmund and Louisa (Stone) Pierce, was born in Barnard, Vt., 1829, April 10. Kimball Union Academy. Temperance lecturer in Illinois, 1855, and teacher in Texas, 1856. Graduated, Albany Law School, 1858, and practised law at Leavenworth, Kan., until 1865. Some time in partnership with

Hon. David J. Brewer, now one of the judges of the Supreme Court. He made a memorable expedition for his health to Denver, in the early days of that city. A member of the Leavenworth City Council, 1859-61, and City Attorney, 1861-3, and two years a State Senator, in 1863-4; in jobbing dry-goods trade, 1865-75; judge of Municipal Court, 1889-93; since, in law and mining brokerage, in Kansas City, Mo.

Married, 1864, Dec. 1, Mary E., daughter of William Fairchild, of Leavenworth. Children: Katherine Louisa, born 1867, Jan. 14; married, 1897, Jan. 7, Edward D. Latimer. William Edmund, born 1869, June 2; died 1888, Oct. 31, while a student at Oberlin College. Edwin De Forest, born 1873, July 3; drowned 1889, Feb. 11. Edward Beecher, born 1874, July 3; clerk, Memphis, Ft. Scott & Galveston Railway. George Perry, born 1879, July 31; clerk, Hannibal & St. Joseph Railway.

52. REED, JEDEDIAH HARRIS, son of Lyman and Marcia Ann (Harris) Reed, was born in Baltimore, Md., 1833, Aug. 2. Clerk in Boston, 1855-6; in business, Baltimore, 1856-63; in life insurance, New York, 1863-72; in Ames Plow Company, Boston, 1872-6; secretary, Mt. Auburn Cemetery Association, 1876-82; in business, Boston, after. His residence is at 115 Woburn Street, Reading, Mass.

Married, 1861, Feb. 20, Mary S., daughter of Solomon Corner, of Baltimore, Md. Children: Harris Corner, born 1861, Nov. 22; died 1865, March 13. Charles Arthur, born 1867, April 15; died 1868, July 15. Willard, born 1870, June 26; graduated, Harvard College, 1891; teacher, Sandwich, Mass., 1891-3; student, Harvard Theological School, 1893-5; teacher, Roxbury Latin School, 1897; married, 1896, March 28, Ferdinanda E. Wesselhoeft, and has one child.

53. ROBINSON, WILLIAM CALLYHAN, son of John Adams and Mary (Callyhan) Robinson, was born in Norwich, Ct., 1834, July 26. Norwich Academy, Williston Seminary, and Providence Conference Seminary. Wesleyan University, 1851-2, joining our class, Junior fall. Graduated, General Protestant Episcopal Seminary, N. Y., 1857. Missionary at Pittston, Pa., 1857-8; ordained priest, Scranton, 1859, Feb. 10, and rector there, 1859-62, when he be-

came a Roman Catholic. Studied law at Wilkesbarre with Hon. Hendrick B. Wright. New London, Conn., 1864, and New Haven, 1865-95, in legal practice and kindred pursuits; instructor, Yale Law School, 1869-72; professor of law in Yale University, 1872-95; dean of the School of Social Sciences (Law, Politics, and Economics) in the Catholic University of America, Washington, D. C., since.

Publications: (1) *Ebenezer Beriah Kelly*: an autobiography, 855; (2) *Elementary Law*, 1882; (3) *Clavis Rerum*, 1883; (4) *Law of Patents*, 3 Vols., 1890; (5) *Forensic Oratory*, 1893.

Editor, "New London Daily Chronicle," 1864; assistant editor, "Catholic World," 1869-70; to which he contributed articles on "The Doctrine of the Episcopal Church, concerning the Necessity of Episcopal Ordination," "The Philosophy of Conversion," "The Catholic Church and the Bible," "The Legend of St. Thomas," "A Ruined Life," "The Church of the Future," and several others.

He read a paper before the Social Science Association, at Saratoga, in 1881, on "The Diagnostics of Divorce."

Our alma mater gave Robinson the honorary degree of LL. D. in 1879, an honor most worthily bestowed.

He speaks for himself thus: "Usually acted and voted with the Democratic party; no strong attachments either way. I believe that, with the development of the nation, no party lines can remain fixed, and no party affiliations ought to control individual voters. In religion a Roman Catholic without reserve. Have been perfectly at rest, mentally, morally, and spiritually in that faith, enjoying the widest intellectual freedom with the most complete spiritual repose. In philosophy, a follower of St. Thomas Aquinas, subject to such modifications as the later progress of physical science requires. My general views are recited and explained in my book, 'Clavis Rerum.'"

The wide range of Robinson's studies, the logical cast of his mind, and the thorough and excellent work he has done as a legal instructor, are amply indicated in this record, and in the eminent positions which he has held so long and satisfactorily.

Married, 1857, July 2, in New York, Anna Elizabeth, daughter of Henry Haviland, of Boston, who died, 1889, Jan 3.

Married, 1891, March 31, Ultima Marie, daughter of Juan Smith, of San Remedios, near Cardenas, Cuba.

Children: Mary Magdalena, born 1858, April 16; died 1862,

May 3. Osmyn Bernard, born 1859, Aug. 20; died Sept. 10. Philip Neri, born 1864, Feb. 21; graduate Yale Law School, 1886; married, 1887, Oct. 27, Helen L. Babcock, of New York; has one daughter; he is registrar of the Catholic University. George Washington, born 1865, April 23; graduate Yale Law School, 1888, and is a lawyer in New Haven; married, 1889, Aug. 26, Martha Leland, and has two sons. Paul Skiff, born 1868, Feb. 8; graduate Sheffield Scientific School, 1889, and Yale Medical School, 1891, and is a physician in New Haven: married, 1893, April 2, Jennie Sterling, of Bridgeport, and has two sons. Thomas Raymund Joseph Dominic, born 1892, March 7. Richard William Celsus Januarius, born 1893, Sept. 19. Ultima Anna Mary, born 1895, Sept. 25.

54. SMITH, BAXTER PERRY, son of Moses and Mehitabel (Perry) Smith, was born in Lyme, 1829, Aug. 29. Agent, American Tract Society, 1854-61; was in the ranks of the Ninth New Hampshire Regiment, and did good service at Antietam and elsewhere; after the war lived in Boston, Brookline, Hanover, and Washington. He assisted Dr. Chapman extensively, in the preparation of his "Dartmouth Alumni," 1867, much the best volume of memoranda of college alumni ever issued before that time, and hardly surpassed since; and in 1878, with the assistance of Judge Crosby, of Lowell, he published, in a handsome octavo, 475 pages, a volume which will be his best monument, "A History of Dartmouth College." It traces the beginnings, embodies many scarce and important documents, and shows a scholarly research, marked by patience and zeal. It is a valuable contribution to the history of our alma mater.

Of this somewhat unfortunate classmate, Godding shall have the last word. He writes:—

"Baxter P. Smith had the natural affinity for me that his class of minds invariably manifest. Be it said to his credit, that he was in the war, to put down the rebellion. The battle of life went against him; mental shadows gathered about him like entangling cobwebs of the brain, and he came to Washington to die. Eaton and I found him sick in lonesome lodgings, and took him to the hospital. I saw him once there, and he was happy in the kindly care of his nurse. He died, 1884, Feb. 6. After life's fitful fever he sleeps well."

55. SMITH, CHARLES FRANKLIN, son of Oramel Hopkins and May (Goss) Smith, was born in Montpelier, Vt., 1833, April 18. Montpelier Academy. Studied law in his father's office, and was in practice in Chicago; two or three years in partnership with Judge Barron. He removed to Hancock, Mich., and was there married, but had no children. Very diligent inquiry brings no further information. He died of inflammatory rheumatism, 1864, April 23.

56. SMITH, JOHN BEZALEEL, son of Rev. Bezaleel, D. C. 1825, and Eliza Esther (Morrison) Smith, was born in Rye, 1831, March 27. Phillips Andover Academy. A pulmonary trouble compelled him to go South in his senior year. He spent the winter in Gainsville, Ala.; remained South two years, teaching as his enfeebled health permitted. He was absent when the class graduated, but received his degree of A. B. He returned North in 1856, and died at the home of his brother, H. Porter Smith, in Nashua, 1858, June 17. Bailey was with him when he died. His name stands first on the roll of our dead.

Smith was a brother beloved of his classmates, and reciprocated the feeling warmly. By his own request, his tombstone is inscribed, "He was a graduate of Dartmouth College, Class of 1854."

57. SPEARE, STEPHEN LEWIS BATES, son of Dr. Sceva and Jane (Merrill) Speare, was born in Corinth, Vt., 1834, May 6. Thetford, Springfield and St. Johnsbury Academies; Andover Theological Seminary from autumn, 1854, to spring, 1855. Taught at Bradford, Mass., 1855-6; in wholesale business, Haverhill, Mass., 1856-61; Chicago, Ill., 1861-7; in Theological Seminary, Chicago, 1867-8; resumed business, on account of health, in Chicago, till 1870; in Haverhill till 1873; chaplain Massachusetts State Prison, April, 1873, till November, 1877; ordained, 1874, Jan. 30. During first year of chaplaincy heard lectures at Andover Theological Seminary; pastor, Bangor, Me., 1878, until installed, 1879, June 3, dismissed, 1881, May 5; installed, Middlebury, Vt., 1881, June 24, dismissed, 1887, July; in mission work, Brooklyn, N. Y., 1888-9; acting pastor, Minneapolis, Minn., until installed, Pilgrim Church, 1890, May 14, dismissed, 1891, Dec. 24; without charge, Newton, Mass., after.

Married, 1856, Dec. 18, Abby Godfrey, daughter of Humphrey Hoyt, of Bradford, Mass. One daughter, Mary Lewis, born 1858,

Feb. 24; one infant daughter, Margaret Elizabeth, died 1869, Dec. 31.

Speare was long a member of the Monday Club, a company of ministers who published an annual volume of sermons on the Sunday-school lessons; and sermons from his pen appear in that series for fifteen years.

The Rev. Smith Baker, D. D., of East Boston, speaking from long acquaintance with Speare, says: —

“We found him an extensive and comprehensive reader, a careful and thorough student, accurate in the details of investigation, a patient and logical thinker seeking the foundations of truth; conservative in his views, firm in his convictions, fearless in the expression of his opinions, and radical in his methods; a lover of righteousness and an honest hater of all shams, but brotherly and tender-hearted as a woman in his friendships; a strong biblical and scholarly preacher, whose sermons were of special interest to the thoughtful and educated; loyal to Christ, and of the stuff of which martyrs are made.”

58. STEVENS, BELA NETTLETON, son of Hon. Josiah, and Fanny (Nettleton) Stevens, was born in Newport, N. H., 1832, Dec. 22. Studied medicine with Dr. Dixi Crosby, and graduated at the Medical College, 1859.

Dr. Godding, who knew Stevens and his work as no other class-mate had opportunity to do, must tell his brief story: —

“He was one of our youngest members. After graduating he studied medicine, and in 1859 became first assistant physician at the Government Hospital for the Insane at Washington, D. C. At the breaking out of the War of the Rebellion, still retaining his position as assistant in the Government Hospital, under his chief, Dr. C. H. Nichols, he, as Acting Assistant Surgeon, United States Army, took charge of the St. Elizabeth Army Hospital for sick and wounded soldiers, established on the grounds of the former hospital.

He had remarkable professional and executive ability, was thoroughly equipped both by education and temperament, and carried his double work with apparent ease and entire satisfaction to all. His efforts were untiring and the work was of a magnitude out of all proportion to his strength, but he never faltered and carried it on triumphantly to the end. He had a very extensive acquaintance

among the men whom the great struggle had brought together at Washington, and was universally popular and beloved. Had he lived he would have taken high rank in his profession; he was already doing so, when a malignant type of fever contracted in the line of his hospital duty ended his life, 1865, July 5. His illness was brief, but he was worn out with the exhausting work that went with that four years of heroic struggle, and a fatal termination was anticipated from the first. Stevens had an indomitable energy with a perfect enthusiasm for surgery.

His mental activity with its lightning-like execution was something wonderful. In that frail body was a will and nerve like iron, but it was the old story of a sword too sharp for its scabbard. Had he lived, — but it was ordered otherwise; the fever passed quickly to low delirium, and the life going out dashed down those bright hopes with all that rare promise unfulfilled. In his delirium he repeated again and again, ‘This will be all right,’ when it seemed to us all wrong. But might it not be that that ardent soul escaping from the lingering ills of threescore years and ten was even then passing beyond time, and, from the chilling damps and earth shadows of its brief life here was already entering upon the endless fruition and opportunity of that existence where

‘They shall no more say I am sick’:

and that the ‘all right’ of the delirium was only an echo from the other shore?”

59. TWOMBLY, HORATIO NELSON, son of Moses Knox and Phebe (Fogg) Twombly, was born in Berwick, Me., 1831, Jan. 25. He taught at Waukegan, Ill., from 1854 to 1856, reading law at the same time; was engineering in Minnesóta and Wisconsin in 1857; began to practice law at Prescott, Wis.; was district attorney for Pierce County, also lieutenant-colonel in the Wisconsin Militia; went to China, in 1860, as representative of the firm in which his uncles were partners, going and returning by Suez before the canal was completed. His uncle, Hiram Fogg, long resident in China, had died, and he settled the estate and made the arrangements to continue the business, remaining two years, for one of which he was the only resident partner. His labors and exposures proved too much for him, and he was compelled to return home for his health. Incidents of this residence give good proof of his talents and attainments.

It will be recalled that he was in China during the great Chinese Rebellion. The rebels were often in sight of Shanghai; indeed, he entered that city when it was beleaguered. Once he was instrumental in purchasing a steamer for Ward, and when that leader came down wounded, he was cared for, until his recovery, by Mr. Twombly in his house. For a time he was the only lawyer in Shanghai, and was much solicited. Especially did he aid both Burlingame and Seward. His travels during these years were extensive and aided him greatly in directing the large business under his care. His house brought out the first Japanese students who came to America and sent them to Monson Academy, he taking special interest in promoting their welfare. For a time he was personally extensively interested in American rubber and oil. In 1883 he accomplished one of his most difficult tasks. American capital had become interested, at a loss, in a railroad in Argentina, and he was selected to go and close it out. The journey was beset with many exposures, but he returned in safety to receive the congratulations of those interested. After the death of his uncle, Mr. W. H. Fogg, the principal owner in the company, Mr. Twombly settled his estate, and in 1884 became the president of the China and Japan Trading Company, which has a branch in London, besides its house in Shanghai and three in Japan, with correspondents at all the ports of China, having on its foreign staff more than fifty men. They deal in nearly all the goods exchanged between China and America. In 1887 he again spent six months abroad, visiting China, Japan, and Korea, studying the situation and advising and advancing the interests of the company. In 1888 their agent in London was sick, and he promptly visited there and cared for their business. In 1892 he made his third trip to the East, which occupied four months. The large business which he directed, and his well-known intelligence and excellence as an educated American gentleman, brought him not only into favorable relations on these trips with leading natives, but into association with the most prominent Americans and gentlemen from other countries, including ministers and consuls interested in questions connected with progress in that part of the world.

Mr. Twombly was a constituent member of the Union League Club, of New York, and was among its largest givers and most earnest promoters of efforts for the Union. He was one of the number who marched down Broadway to protect the first colored regiment in its

passage through the city. His modesty has been in the way of his accepting public office, but his fitness for public service was early discovered in Wisconsin. In New York city he was induced to run for the State Assembly. In the first instance he was prevented taking his seat, by fraud; in the second election he again received a majority of the votes and was counted in, running twelve hundred votes ahead of the State ticket. In this service he was associated with the Honorables Geo. West, S. J. Tilden, and others of eminence, and won their hearty esteem.

His high order of business ability was seen not only in the ready discharge of current demands, but in the special calls to adjust affairs that perplexed or confounded others. His numerous charities have found avenues through the usual channels, or those especially selected by himself, and have been so unostentatiously bestowed that one hand did not know what the other did. He was for many years one of the main supporters and active officers of the Homœopathic Hospital and Medical College, over which William Cullen Bryant was for a time the presiding trustee. In 1884, having been long helpful to Berwick Academy, he became the president of its Board of Trustees, and by his wisely directed efforts, his gifts of books and money, added not only to its means and general equipment, and especially its library, but impressed his views upon the elegant building recently erected by money given by his aunt from the estate of his uncle, W. H. Fogg, and promoted the efficiency of the instruction imparted, as is cordially testified by its faculty. The bell will especially recall his memory to future generations. In Alpha Delta Phi in his college course, his residence at their club, in New York, had at once been a pleasant substitute for a home, and afforded him the scholarly companionship of cultured men. He has been an ardent promoter of his alma mater, early establishing a scholarship and often opening a generous hand to aid in her needs. When questions arose in reference to her finances, he was one of a small committee selected to examine and report. His devotion to his class as a whole, and to its individual members in need, or engaged in the discharge of important duties, has been phenomenal, as all most cordially bear testimony. Their gathering at Delmonico's, in New York, 1885, Jan. 30, one of their largest and most cherished reunions, was due to him, he generously meeting the expenses of the entertainment. He was president of the class from that time until death. He was a member of the

Geographical Society, the New England Club, the University Club, the American Museum of Natural History, and the Metropolitan Museum of Fine Arts.

In July, 1896, Twombly suffered a stroke of paralysis. He sought friendly care and comfort in the home of his sister in Framingham, Mass., but he was restless, away from his familiar New York, and was carried tenderly back in October, but only to die in a few days, on the 17th. Four classmates, Cobb, Dana, Marshall, and Mason, shared in the sad privilege of bearing him to his rest.

As president of the class, his portrait appears as the frontispiece of this volume.

60. WHITCOMB, WILLIAM WINCHESTER, son of Deacon William and Alice (Converse) Whitcomb was born in Grafton, Vt. 1830, May 10; fitted for college under Moses Lyford, Townshend. Teacher, 1855-63, in Zanesville, Wilmington, and New Vienna, O. Licensed as a Baptist evangelist at Richfield, O., and ordained, 1862, Dec. 3. In 1865 moved to Oshkosh, Wis., and afterwards preached in Red Wing and Hastings, Minn.; Charles City, Ia.; Owatonna, Minn., Hastings again; Ironton, O., 1879-81; North Amherst, 1881-5; Piqua; Marshall, Mich.; Flushing and Chelsea; Philadelphia, Pa.; and is now in Greencastle, Ind.

Married, 1857, Nov. 3., Jennie C. daughter of Robert P. Finley, of Wilmington, O. Children: Mary H., born 1859, Sept. 3, died Sept. 17. Pearl Mae, born 1861, May 2; married 1881, Oct. 6, Clay Henry, and lives in Ironton, O.; two of three sons living. Jennie Morna, born 1865, March 6; teacher for several years in the Conservatory of Music, Albion, Mich.; married, 1895, Dec. 25, Rev. Charles H. Fenn, pastor of the Congregational church in Leavenworth, Kan. Will Higbee, born 1869, March 17, graduated Philadelphia College of Pharmacy, taking a prize, and is a druggist; married, 1896, June, Rose Abernethy, of Vicksburg, Mich., where he resides.

Classmates will not doubt the diligence and fidelity with which Whitcomb has labored in his various fields. He writes with deep feeling on the privilege of meeting the three Washington classmates in an extemporized reunion at Professor Robinson's in April last, the first reunion he had attended since leaving Hanover. "With what pride and gladness did I shake the hands and look upon the now venerable forms of those noble men. With tenacious grasp memory holds the 'boys' as I knew them forty-three years ago, and

yet my eyes behold these transformed from the freshness of college days to the beauty and glory of ripened manhood. Was it a vision? Such to me it seemed."

61. WOODWORTH, HORACE BLISS, son of Urial and Amanda (Allen) Woodworth, was born at Chelsea, Vt., 1830, March 1. Thetford Academy. Principal of Gilmanton Academy, N. H., one year; associate principal Thetford Academy, Vt., two years; principal, Chelsea Academy, Vt., three terms; student at Andover Theological Seminary, one year, but graduated Hartford Theological Seminary, 1861; ordained pastor of Congregational Church, Hebron, Conn., 1862, Feb. 28, dismissed, 1864, Dec. 29; installed, Ellington, Conn., 1865, Feb. 8, dismissed, 1869, Aug. 24; pastor, Charles City, Io., from September, 1869, to September, 1872; Decorah, Io., 1872-82; health failed and went to Davidson County, Dakota, 1882, and opened up a stock farm; health restored and enjoying a fair degree of prosperity. In 1885, elected to the chair of mathematics and physics, North Dakota University, at Grand Forks, and there remains. He has been, later, professor of psychology and ethics, and temporarily of history. Published, in 1896, *Civil Government in North Dakota*, a volume of 128 pages.

Married Phœbe Pierce Clark, of Lyme, N. H., 1857, Aug. 6. Children: Phœbe Alice, born 1859, Feb. 12; graduated Toledo High School; married, 1880, Aug. 31, Chas. M. Cooley, a graduate of Michigan University, and a lawyer in Minneapolis; Mrs. Cooley is supervisor of primary work in the public schools of that city. Hattie Louise, born 1862, May 25; married, 1890, Aug. 6, William A. Gordon, an Amherst graduate; in real estate and insurance at Grand Forks. Horace Clark, born 1869, Oct. 10; died 1870, Aug. 2.

Woodworth was one of the most genial, warm-hearted, and witty men in the class. The more men knew him, the more they were drawn to him. He was warmly loved as a pastor, popular and successful as a teacher, and an eminently useful man in every relation in life. The stamp of the college rests upon him as an educator. He is comprehensive, holding in high esteem "the best men have thought," yet with face to the front, looking to new additions to old possessions. "The passing years confirm my faith in the living God and in Jesus Christ. My guide book is the gospel of Him whose life was the light of men."

NON-GRADUATES.

62. ALEXANDER, MARCUS TULLIUS CICERO, son of Dr. Eldad and Dorcas (Hall) Alexander, was born in Danville, Vt., 1830, May 29. Phillips Academy, Danville. Left the class sophomore year. In California until 1857. Read law with Hon. Bliss N. Davis, but never practised. Represented Danville in the Legislature, 1862. Contributed to Mrs. Hemenway's Gazetteer, of Vermont, the chapter on Danville.

Married, 1860, Julia, daughter of James Guile, of Danville. One child, died in infancy.

Died of consumption, 1863, July 23.

63. BURNHAM, SAMUEL OLIVER, son of Prof. Charles G. [D. C. 1829] and Mary Ann (Burnham) Burnham, was born in Rahway, N. J., 1834, April 6. Phillips Academy, Danville, Vt., of which his father was principal. Left the class at the end of sophomore year, and graduated from Williams College, 1858. He went to Labrador in 1852; after his return he was in Kentucky and Texas three years as a civil engineer. He assisted his father in Pembroke Academy, and in the conduct of teachers' institutes, 1858-61. He was very popular and successful as a lecturer upon physical geography and kindred subjects. Enlisted in the Second New Hampshire Regiment, as second lieutenant; received a severe wound in his right leg, at Williamsburg, Ky., and was never able to return to the field; was promoted to captaincy for his bravery. He left home for the camp of the Veteran Reserve Corps, at Elmira, N. H., and after that was disbanded, in 1867, was never heard of.

64. CALDWELL, JOHN HALE, son of David S. and Abigail (Newman) Caldwell, was born in Byfield, Newbury, Mass., 1865, Dec. 6. He left the class during senior year, and spent his life on the farm, in his native town. He met a tragic death, at the hands of his insane wife, 1878, Dec. 31.

Married, 1865, Dec. 6, Lucy M., daughter of John Brown, of Danvers, Mass. No children.

65. CARLETON, LEVERETT, son of Joseph Warren and Lucy Ann Rust (Mills) Carleton, was born in Methuen, Mass., 1829, Sept. 10, and died there, 1863, Dec. 12. He left the class during the junior year, and died of consumption.

66. CHANDLER, JOHN McALLISTER, son of Adam and Sally (McAllister) Chandler, was born in Bedford, N. H., 1834, Nov. 3. Two years a member of the class. Lives in Manchester, N. H., where he was in business in the firm of Kidder & Chandler, and later has been, and still is, cashier of the Amoskeag National Bank.

Married, 1860, Dec. 20, Lavina Pease Foss, of Hopkinton. Children: Walter Eugene, born 1869, April 10; died July 26. Mary Frances, born 1870, Aug. 24.

67. DEWEY, JOHN W., son of Dr. John and Mary Persis (Carlisle) Dewey, was born in Guildhall, Vt., 1834, July 3. Thetford Academy. One year a member of the class, in the Chandler School. Was at West Point, 1854-6; entered the army, 1861, and was captain of the First company of Berdan's Sharpshooters; received honorable discharge in 1863. Commandant of a military Academy, Worcester, Mass., 1864-6; and at Newark, N. J., 1866-7; established the Minnesota Military Academy, at St. Paul, in 1874, and remained there till 1880; at Fort Benton, Mont., in government employ, 1880-7; since has lived at various places in the West; now in feeble health.

Married, 1858, April 26, Jennie Daniels.

Married, 1866, Nov. 27, Mary Ewer, who died, 1882.

Married, 1887, Aug. , Rena.

68. EMERY, JACOB KITTREDGE, son of Job and Abigail (Horne) Emery, was born in Berwick, Me., 1831, July 10. His health compelled him to leave the class not long before graduation. He was admitted to the Insane Asylum, Concord, in October, 1853, and discharged in May, 1854. Died in New York, 1859, March 12.

69. FLOYD, ALBION KEITH PARIS, son of Samuel and Anna (Thayer) Floyd, was born in Winthrop, Me., 1823, June 27. He left the class in 1851; studied law and practised in Buffalo and Niagara Falls, N. Y., where his home was at the time of his tragic death, which occurred in Venango County, Penn., 1865, Aug. 10. He

and a friend, with hundreds of others, were watching a new oil well, which had just been opened. Suddenly there was an awful explosion, and all about was a mass of flame. He, with many others, was fatally burned. He lingered in great agony eight days, conscious to the last.

Floyd was a man of mark in his profession; "physically one of the most commanding men I have ever seen"; "was gifted as an artist and an accomplished musician."

Married Olivia Ward, of Albion, N. Y.

70. GAMBELL, WILLARD PARKMAN, son of John and Hannah (Knapp) Gambell, was born in Ridgeway, N. Y., 1831, Dec. 2. His name drops from our roll the sophomore year. Graduated, Albany Law School, 1852. He began legal practice in Adrian, Mich., but removed in 1857 to Leavenworth, Kan., and there remained till death, 1868, Feb. 5.

He married, 1857, Nov. , Joanna Putnam, of Adrian, who died without issue a few years after.

Judge A. F. Callahan, of Leavenworth, his partner, writes:—

"His rise to distinction at the bar, and eminence as an orator and debater, was steady and continuous. He came to be regarded as pre-eminent at the Kansas bar. He was a judge of the Probate Court in 1861, and was, at the time of his death, a member of the Legislature, as he had been twice before; he was in the full tide of a splendid law practice, of a character to satisfy the ambition of any barrister, and one which yielded a fine income. I question whether, for fine legal mind, good sense, and solid judgment, he had an equal in the State, or if any man had more of the confidence of its citizens."

And Ex-Senator Ingalls writes: "He took very high rank in his profession."

71. GRAY, HARRISON, son of Josiah and Eunice (Fuller) Gray, was born in Danvers, Mass., 1827, Oct. 18. He left the class in 1851; graduated, Bowdoin College, 1854; read law but never practised the profession; did not marry.

Died in Danvers, 1878, Feb. 13.

72. HOBBS, DAVID LEAVITT, son of Moses L. and Fannie (Marston) Hobbs, was born in North Hampton, N. H., 1831, July 19. Phillips Exeter Academy. Dartmouth College, 1851-3.

Died of consumption, 1854, Oct. 3.

73. HOWE, RICHERAND, was born in Shelburne, N. H., 1833, Aug. 10, and died in Chicago, 1863, March 8. Left the class on account of sickness, during freshman year, but returned to graduate in 1855, and his record may be found in the excellent history of that class, by Rev. Moses T. Runnels.

74. JOHNSON, JOHN GEORGE, son of Dr. Samuel and Susannah (Baker) Johnson, was born in Andover, Mass., 1833, Oct. 10. Phillips Academy. After two years at Dartmouth, he went to Harvard College, where he graduated, 1854, and at the College of Physicians and Surgeons, 1857, New York. House surgeon, Bellevue Hospital; has long resided in Brooklyn, at 153 Joralemon St., and has gained success and eminence in his profession; has been surgeon of Long Island College Hospital, and was the first demonstrator of anatomy there. Surgeon for forty years of the Union Ferry Company, and twenty-five years of the City Railroad. The litigations of these and other corporations have often brought him into court as an expert, and hardly an important case for damages occurs in the city courts that he is not called, on one side or the other, as a surgical expert. He has performed many important and critical surgical operations. One was the exsection of the ankle joint; another, the removal, from the brain of a soldier, of a minnie ball, which had been lodged there six weeks. This was considered, in those days, a very wonderful success.

He is a member of the Medical Society of King's County; the New York Academy of Medicine; the Brooklyn Pathological Society; the New York Neurological Society, and the Society of Medical Jurisprudence. He has been a frequent contributor to the medical journals, and his articles have been often copied into foreign journals.

He married, 1858, May 5, Elizabeth C., daughter of James Holmes Ludlow, of New York.

He has kept his yacht for more than thirty years, and in the long days is on his wheel at four o'clock for a run through the park. "My love of nature, born in the country, has continued. When worn out with the worry of business, I go among the flowers, and study their rare forms and beauty." "I find that as soon as men get out of business, they get into the doctor's hands, and that the men who have most comfort in their old age have reasonable occupation." His health and vigor confirm his philosophy.

75. LANG, ALEXANDER, Jr., son of Alexander and Isabel (Warden) Lang, was born at Barnet, Vt., 1826, July 11. St. Johnsbury Academy. His death was the first in our class, as he lived but a few weeks after joining us, dying of typhoid fever, 1850, Oct. 20; he had very recently come into the joy of the Christian hope, and he died in the triumph of that faith. His memory is precious to all who knew him.

76. LOVERING, CHARLES GILMAN, son of Gilman and Sarah (Stevens) Lovering, was born at Raymond, N. H., 1827, March 8. Fitted for college at Kingston and Northfield Academies; entered freshman, spring term, and left college on account of sickness at the close of sophomore year; taught in academies at Raymond and Chester, N. H., Sandwich and Salem, Mass., Pittsfield, Exeter, White Hall and Assumption, Ill.; served as clerk in commissary department of the army during the latter part of the war.

Married, 1858, Sept. 30, Rachel S., daughter of James Sleeper, of Sandown, and had children: Carrie M., born 1860, Nov. 18; married, 1883, Dec. 20, W. S. Leavitt, of Manchester, N. H. Ella S., born 1862, Oct. 2. George Q., born 1865, June 12. Hattie M., born 1872, Feb. 6.

His health suffered from confinement in the school-room, and he has since engaged in farming and stock raising at Assumption, Ill. His son, George, is married, and a farmer in the same town.

77. NESMITH, GEORGE BROOKS, son of Hon. George W. and Mary M. (Brooks) Nesmith, was born in Franklin, 1831, Feb. 13. Preparatory study at New Hampton, Andover, Mass., and at St. Johnsbury, Vt. He died in our junior fall, of typhoid fever, 1852, Oct. 26; he was highly esteemed and beloved by his classmates, and his death produced a profound impression upon all the classes; his honored father was brought, by this event and its attendant circumstances, into intimate and special relation to the class, such as justifies and calls for the insertion here of the following notice, from the hand of Eaton:—

Nesmith, George Washington, son of Jonathan and Helena (Dickey) Nesmith, was born at Antrim, N. H., 1800, Oct. 23. He graduated at Dartmouth in 1820, and was made an honorary member of the class of '54, after the death of his son; he has been present at its reunions since graduation. His fatherly interest in the class has

been most filially reciprocated by its members; on this account these notes on his life are affectionately inserted. He read law with Parker Noyes, at Salisbury, and began to practise in Franklin in 1825. Familiar with Daniel Webster and his family from early life, he was more intimate with the great statesman than any other man in New Hampshire, and could give by far the best record of Websterian reminiscences. He became judge of the Supreme Judicial Court of the State in 1859, and continued in office until he arrived at the maximum age allowed by law — seventy years. But the labors and influence of Judge Nesmith have extended far beyond the requirements of his professional and official life. His influence in the political history of his State has been marked and prolonged. He has done much to develop the agricultural and manufacturing interests. He led in the introduction of railroads, and has been president of the Northern New Hampshire road; also president New Hampshire College of Agriculture and Mechanic Arts; also chief promoter and president New Hampshire Orphans' Home, located at Elms Farms, and a delightful memorial of the Webster family. He is also president of the Franklin Savings Bank, a trustee of Dartmouth College, and a most valuable contributor to the literature of the State, especially to the "Granite Monthly." The degree of LL. D. was conferred upon him by Dartmouth College in 1871. The historian of his birth-place appropriately remarks that "he stands among the best and noblest of the sons of New Hampshire."

So far, the record of Eaton, which must now be completed by saying that Judge Nesmith died, 1890, May 2, the last survivor, save one, of his class, honored and beloved as few men in New Hampshire have ever been. His interest in this Class Memorial was as deep and as often expressed as that of any member.

78. PAGE, WILLIAM ALPHONSO, son of Rev. John C. and Mary Ann (Eastman) Page, was born in Center Harbor, N. H., 1830, Aug. 12. Gilmanton Academy. One year a member of the class. Studied medicine and has practised that profession, in Sandwich, 1855-68; at Center Harbor since. Was eight years postmaster in Sandwich, and is town treasurer and justice of the peace in Center Harbor.

Married, 1856, July 31, Sarah L., daughter of Captain David Emery, who died, 1889, Feb. 13.

Married, 1893, Sept. 26, Maria Mooney, of Lowell, Mass.

79. SMITH, JOHN ADAMS, son of Andrew and Rachel (Maclay) Smith, was born in Massena, N. Y., 1827, Aug. 31. He moved to Thetford, Vt., at thirteen years of age, where he fitted for college under Hiram Orcutt, LL. D., and entered Dartmouth College, 1850. He taught in Lyme, N. H.; the winter of 1851-52 in Gloucester, Mass., and in 1852-53 he was assistant principal in Randolph Academy, Vermont, and left there on a Southern trip for the benefit of his health, but when he reached Savannah was so feeble that he decided to return, and died at Brooklyn, N. Y., 1853, July 11. He was one of nature's noblemen. Of fine physique, pleasant manners, most kindly disposition, genial and sparkling humor, earnest piety, he was everybody's friend, and won the favor of all. His funeral was attended by members of the class, and his death was deeply felt by all its members.

80. STATHAM, LAFAYETTE SHAKESPEARE, son of Dr. Augustin Davis and Lucy Bullock (Tate) Statham, was born in Danburg, Wilkes County, Ga., 1833, Dec. 1. He was two years a member of the class. Returning, in 1852, to the family home, then in Grenada, Miss., he remained there, relieving his father, who was much engaged in professional duties, from the care of his estate. He died of bilious colic, 1860, July 11.

In character and scholarly attainments Statham ranked high. His brother, Walter S. Statham, graduated at Dartmouth, in 1855, and died before Vicksburg, in 1862, a brigadier in the rebel army. His record, with much relating to the family, may be found in the good history of that class by Rev. M. T. Runnells.

81. VAN VECHTEN, SAMUEL LEONARD, son of Rev. Jacob and Maria (Van Dyck) Van Vechten, was born at Schenectady, N. Y., 1833, March 26. His health, always delicate, failed in 1851, his sophomore year in college, and he was obliged to leave his class. He remained a confirmed invalid for nearly ten years, and died of consumption, at his father's house in Albany, N. Y., 1861, Jan. 5. He was remembered by the class as a young man of pure character, high purposes, affectionate disposition, and gentle manners.



Sketch of Gettysburg Battle Field

July 1, 2, 3, & 4, 1863.

The positions at noon July 2.)

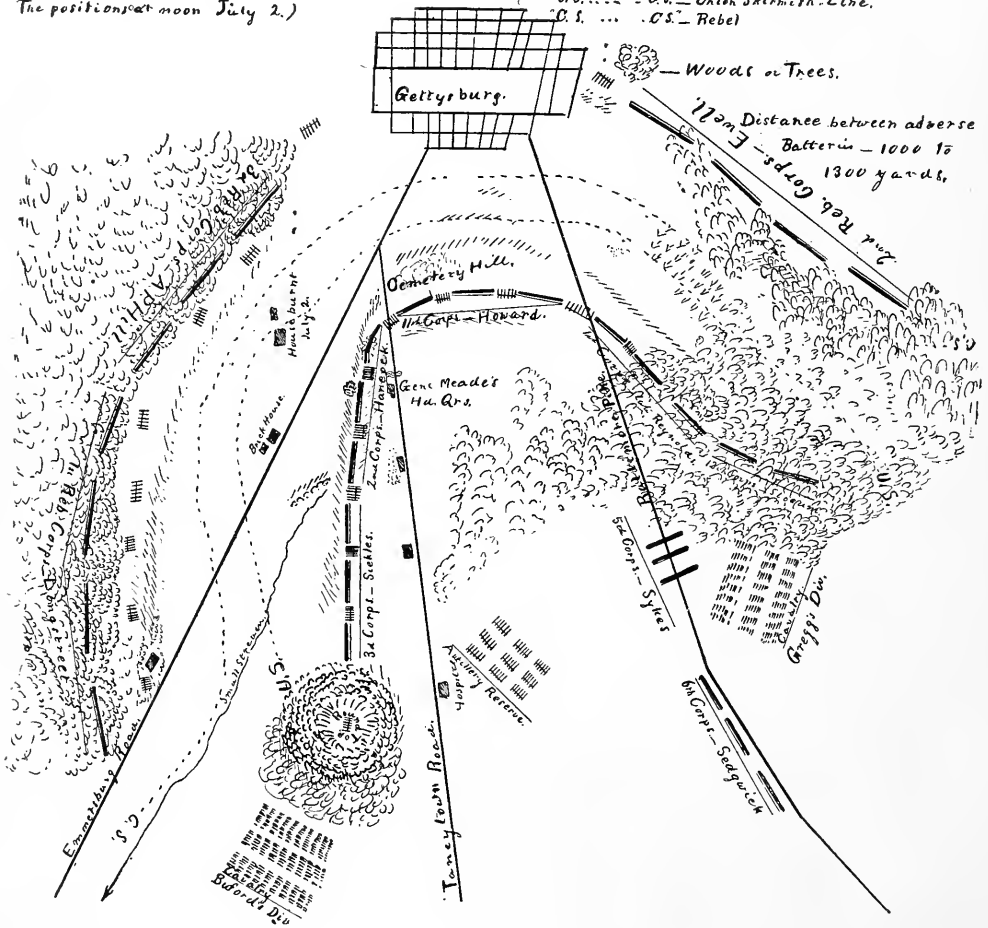


Explanations.

- Batteries, showing positions, but not their numbers
- U.S. ... — U.S. — Union Skirmish-Line.
- C.S. ... — C.S. — Rebel

Woods or Trees.

Distance between adverse Batteries — 1000 to 1300 yards.



THE BATTLE OF GETTYSBURG.*

AT THE HEADQUARTERS, SECOND CORPS D'ARMÉE.
ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, NEAR HARPER'S FERRY, JULY 16, 1863.

The great battle of Gettysburg is now an event of the past. The composition and strength of the armies, their leaders, the strategy, the tactics, the result, of that field are to-day by the side of those of Waterloo, — matters of history. A few days ago these things were otherwise. This great event did not so “cast its shadows before” as to moderate the hot sunshine that streamed upon our preceding march, or to relieve our minds of all apprehension of the result of the second great rebel invasion of the soil north of the Potomac.

No, — not many days since, at times we were filled with fears and forebodings. The people of the country, I suppose, shared the anxieties of the army, somewhat in common with us, but they could not have felt them as keenly as we did. We were upon the immediate theatre of events as they occurred from day to day, and were of them. We were the army whose province it should be to meet this invasion and repel it; on us was the responsibility for results, most momentous for good or ill, but yet in the future. And so in addition to the solicitude of all good patriots, we felt that our own honor as men and as an army, as well as the safety of the Capitol and the country, was at stake.

And what if that invasion should be successful, and in the coming battle

* This graphic narrative of the great battle of Gettysburg was prepared by our classmate Haskell, a few days after the event. Few men had such opportunity for exact knowledge of the occurrences on that momentous field, as our record of him elsewhere shows; and no one who had the opportunity has improved it as he did, and given the world so early, so minute, and so comprehensive a story of that critical and decisive conflict.

The narrative went, naturally, to the care of his family, and they have printed it in a pamphlet of seventy pages. We owe to their courtesy the opportunity to reproduce it here, and put it in the hands of every classmate. The wish and purpose to do this, whenever a class history should be printed, has been fixed for more than thirty years, and has gained strength with every class meeting. We set it here, primarily for our own gratification, in our love for Haskell, and the honor in which we hold his dear memory. But we do it with the assurance that our Alma Mater will thank us for this contribution to her military record, and that students of our country's history will find and appreciate its value. Hall, who also honored himself and the class in the part he took at Gettysburg, testifies to the surprising accuracy of Haskell's story in minute details. Had he lived, we cannot doubt that the years would have brought him to conspicuous service and honor. Dying, as he did, on the field of duty, the country will cherish his memory, and give him eminent place among her heroes.

Classmate Hall has read this, in proof, and an important foot-note on page 120 is signed by him.

the Army of the Potomac should be overpowered? Would it not be? When our army was much larger than at present, had rested all winter, and, nearly perfect in all its departments and arrangements, was the most splendid army this continent ever saw, only a part of the rebel force, which it now had to contend with, had defeated it, — its leader, rather, — at Chancellorsville! Now the rebel had his whole force assembled; he was flushed with recent victory; was *arrogant* in his career of unopposed invasion; at a favorable season of the year, his daring plans, made by no unskilled head, to transfer the war from his own to his enemy's ground, were being successful; he had gone days' march from his front before Hooker moved or was aware of his departure. Then I believe the army in general, both officers and men, had no confidence in Hooker, either in his honesty or ability. Did they not charge him personally with the defeat at Chancellorsville? Were they not still burning with indignation against him for that disgrace? And now again under his leadership they were marching against the enemy! And they knew of nothing, short of the providence of God, that could or would remove him. For many reasons, during the marches prior to the battle, we were anxious and at times heavy at heart.

But the Army of the Potomac was no band of school girls. They were not the men likely to be crushed or utterly discouraged by any mere circumstances in which they might find themselves placed. They had lost some battles, — they had gained some. They knew what defeat was, and what was victory. But here is the greatest praise that I can bestow upon them, or upon any army; with the elation of victory, or the depression of defeat, amidst the hardest toils of the campaign, under unwelcome leadership, at all times and under all circumstances, they were a reliable army still. The Army of the Potomac would do as it was told, always.

Well clothed and well fed, — there never could be any ground of complaint on these heads, — but a mighty work was before them. Onward they moved, — night and day were blended, — over many a weary mile, through dust and through mud, in the broiling sunshine, in the flooding rain, over steeps, through defiles, across rivers, over last year's battle fields, where the skeletons of our dead brethren by hundreds lay bare and bleaching, weary, without sleep for days, tormented with the newspapers and their rumors that the enemy was in Philadelphia, in Baltimore, in all places where he was not, — yet these men could still be relied upon, I believed, when the day of conflict should come. "*Haec olim meminisse juvabit!*" We did not then know this. I mention them now that you may see that in these times we had several matters to think about, and to do, that were not so pleasant as sleeping upon a bank of violets in the shade.

In moving from near Falmouth, Va., the army was formed in several columns, and took several roads. The Second Corps, the rear of the whole, was the last to move, and left Falmouth at daybreak on the 15th of June, and pursued its march through Aquia, Dumfries, Wolf Run Shoals, Centerville, Gainesville, Thoroughfare Gap, — this last we left on the 25th, marching back to Haymarket, where we had a skirmish with the cavalry and horse artillery of the enemy, — Gum Spring, crossing the Potomac at Edward's

Ferry, thence though Poolesville, Frederick, Liberty, and Uniontown. We marched from near Frederick to Uniontown, a distance of thirty-two miles, from eight o'clock A. M. to nine P. M., on the 28th. I think this is the longest march accomplished in so short a time by a corps during the war. On the 28th, while we were near this latter place, we breathed a full breath of joy and of hope. The providence of God had been with us—we ought not to have doubted it—General Meade commanded the Army of the Potomac!

Not a favorable time, one would be apt to suppose, to change the general of a large army on the eve of battle, the result of which might be to destroy the government and the country. But it should have been done long before; at all events, any change could not have been for the worse, and the administration, therefore, hazarded little in making it now. From this moment my own mind was easy concerning results. I now felt that we had a clear-headed, honest soldier to command the army, who would do his best always,—that there would be no repetition of Chancellorsville. Meade was not as much known in the army as many of the other corps commanders, but the officers who knew, all thought highly of him; a man of great modesty, with none of those qualities which are noisy and assuming, and hankering for cheap newspaper fame,—not at all of the “*gallant*” Sickles stamp. I happened to know much of General Meade. He and General Gibbon have always been very intimate, and I had seen much of him. I think my own notions concerning General Meade at this time were shared quite generally by the army; at all events, all who knew him shared them.

By this time, by reports that were not mere rumors, we began to hear frequently of the enemy and of his proximity. His cavalry was all about us, making little raids here and there, capturing now and then a few of our wagons, and stealing a good many horses, but doing us really the least amount possible of harm, for we were not by these means impeded at all, and this cavalry gave no information at all to Lee, that he could rely upon, of the movements of the Army of the Potomac. The infantry of the enemy was at this time in the neighborhood of Hagerstown, Chambersburg, and some had been at Gettysburg, possibly were there now. Gettysburg was a point of strategic importance; a great many roads, some ten or twelve at least, concentrated there, so the army could easily converge to, or, should a further march be necessary, diverge from, this point. General Meade, therefore, resolved to try to seize Gettysburg, and accordingly gave the necessary orders for the concentration of his different columns there. Under the new auspices the army brightened and moved on with a more majestic step toward the yet undefined field of conflict.

The First Corps, General Reynolds, already having the advance, was ordered to push forward rapidly, and take and hold the town, if he could; the rest of the army would assemble to his support. Buford's cavalry co-operated with this corps, and on the morning of the 1st of July found the enemy near Gettysburg and to the west, and promptly engaged him. The First Corps, having bivouacked the night before south of the town, came up rapidly to Buford's support, and immediately a sharp battle was opened

with the advance of the enemy. The First Division, General Wadsworth, was the first of the infantry to become engaged; but the other two, commanded respectively by Generals Robinson and Doubleday, were close at hand, and forming the line of battle to the west and northwest of the town, at a mean distance of about a mile away. The battle continued for some hours with various success, which was on the whole with us until near noon. At this time a lull occurred, which was occupied by both sides in supervising and re-establishing the hastily formed lines of the morning. New divisions of the enemy were constantly arriving and taking up positions, for this purpose marching in upon the various roads that terminate at the town, from the west and north. The position of the First Corps was then becoming perilous in the extreme, but it was improved at a little before noon by the arrival upon the field of two divisions of the Eleventh Corps, General Howard, these divisions commanded respectively by Generals Schurz and Barlow, who, by order, posted their commands to the right of the First Corps, with their right retired, forming an angle with the line of the First Corps. Between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, the enemy, now in overwhelming force, resumed the battle with spirit. The portion of the Eleventh Corps, making ineffectual opposition to the advancing enemy, soon began to fall back. General Barlow was badly wounded, and their retreat soon became a disorderly rout and panic. They were hotly pursued in their flight through the town, and, owing to their disorganized condition, large numbers fell into the hands of the enemy.

The First Corps, deprived of this support, out-flanked upon either hand, and engaged in front, was compelled to yield the field. Making its last stand upon what is called "Seminary Ridge," not far from the town, it fell back in considerable confusion, through the southwest part of the town, making brave resistance, however, but with considerable loss. The enemy did not see fit to follow, or to attempt to, further than the town, and so the fight of the 1st of July closed here. I suppose our losses during the day would exceed five thousand, of whom a large number were prisoners. Such usually is the kind of loss sustained by the Eleventh Corps. You will remember that the old "Iron Brigade" is in the First Corps, and consequently shared this fight, and I hear their conduct praised on all hands.

In the Second Wisconsin, Colonel Fairchild lost his left arm; Lieutenant-Colonel Stevens was mortally wounded, and Major Mansfield was wounded; Lieutenant-Colonel Collis, of the Seventh Wisconsin, and Lieutenant-Colonel Dudley, of the Nineteenth Indiana, were badly, dangerously wounded, the latter by the loss of his right leg above the knee.

I saw "John Burns," the only citizen of Gettysburg who fought in the battle, and I asked him what troops he fought with. He said, "Oh, I pitched in with them Wisconsin fellers." I asked what sort of men they were, and he answered: "They fit terribly, — the Rebs couldn't make anything of them fellers." And so the brave compliment the brave. This man was touched by three bullets from the enemy, but not seriously wounded.

But the loss of the enemy to-day was severe, also, — probably in killed and wounded as heavy as our own, but not so great in prisoners. Of these

latter the "Iron Brigade" captured almost an entire Mississippi brigade, however.

Of the events so far, of the 1st of July, I do not speak from personal knowledge. I shall now tell my introduction to these events.

At eleven o'clock A. M., on that day, the Second Corps was halted at Taneytown, which is thirteen miles from Gettysburg, south; and there, awaiting orders, the men were allowed to make coffee and rest. At between one and two o'clock in the afternoon, a message was brought to General Gibbon requiring his immediate presence at the headquarters of General Hancock, who commanded the corps. I went with General Gibbon, and we rode at a rapid gallop to General Hancock. At General Hancock's headquarters the following was learned: The First Corps had met the enemy at Gettysburg, and had possession of the town; General Reynolds was badly, it was feared mortally, wounded; the fight of the First Corps still continued. By General Meade's order, General Hancock was to hurry forward and take command upon the field of all troops there, or which should arrive there; the Eleventh Corps was near Gettysburg when the messenger who told of the fight left there, and the Third Corps was marching up, by order, on the Emmetsburg Road. General Gibbon — he was not the ranking officer of the Second Corps after Hancock — was ordered to assume the command of the Second Corps.

All this was sudden, and for that reason, at least, exciting; but there were other elements in this information that aroused our profoundest interest. The great battle that we had so anxiously looked for during so many days had at length opened. It was a relief, in some sense, to have these accidents of time and place established. What would be the result? Might not the enemy fall upon and destroy the First Corps before succor could arrive?

General Hancock with his personal staff, at about two o'clock P. M., galloped off towards Gettysburg. General Gibbon took his place in command of the corps, *appointing me his Acting Assistant Adjutant-General*. The Second Corps took arms at once, and moved rapidly towards the field. It was not long before we began to hear the dull booming of the guns; and as we advanced, from many an eminence or opening among the trees we could look out upon the white battery smoke puffing up from the distant field of blood and drifting up to the clouds. At these sights and sounds the men looked more serious than before, and were more silent; but they marched faster, and straggled less. At about five o'clock P. M., as we were riding along at the head of the column, we met an ambulance, accompanied by two or three wounded officers. We knew them to be staff officers of General Reynolds. Their faces told plainly enough what load the vehicle carried — it was the dead body of General Reynolds. Very early in the action, while seeing personally to the formation of the lines under fire, he was shot through the head by a musket or rifle bullet, and killed almost instantly. His death at this time affected us much, for he was one of the *soldier* generals of the army, — a man whose soul was in his country's work, which he did with a soldier's high honor and fidelity.

I remember seeing him after the first battle of Fredericksburg, — he then

commanded the First Corps, — and while Meade's and Gibbon's divisions were assaulting the enemy's works; he was the very beau ideal of the gallant general. Mounted upon a superb black horse, with his head thrown back and his great black eyes flashing fire, he was everywhere upon the field, seeing all things and giving commands in person. He died as many a friend, and many a foe, to the country have died in this war.

Just as the dusk of evening fell, from General Meade the Second Corps have orders to halt where the head of the column then was, and to go into position for the night. The Second Division (Gibbon's) was accordingly put in position upon the left of the (Taneytown) road, its left near the southeastern base of "Round Top," — of which mountain more anon, — and the right near the road; the Third Division was posted upon the right of the road, abreast of the Second; and the First Division in rear of these two, — all facing towards Gettysburg. Arms were stacked and the men lay down to sleep, — alas! many of them their last but the great final sleep upon the earth.

Late in the afternoon, as we came near the field, from some slightly wounded men we met, and occasional stragglers from the scene of operations in front, we got many rumors, and much disjointed information, of battle, of lakes of blood, of rout and panic and indescribable disaster; from all of which the narrators were just fortunate enough to have barely escaped, the sole survivors. These stragglers are always terrible liars!

About nine o'clock in the evening, while I was yet engaged in showing the troops their positions, I met General Hancock, then on his way from the front to General Meade, who was back towards Taneytown; and he, for the purpose of having me advise General Gibbon, for his information, gave me a quite detailed account of the situation of matters at Gettysburg, and of what had transpired subsequently to his arrival there.

He had arrived and assumed command there, just when the troops of the First and Eleventh Corps, after their repulse, were coming in confusion through the town. Hancock is just the man for such an emergency as this. Upon horseback, I think he was the most magnificent looking general in the whole Army of the Potomac, at that time. With a large, well-shaped person, always dressed with elegance, even upon that field of confusion, he would look as if he was "monarch of all he surveyed," and few of his subjects would dare to question his right to command, or do aught else but obey. His quick eye, in a flash, saw what was to be done, and his voice and his royal hand at once commenced to do it. General Howard had put one of his divisions — Steinwher's — with some batteries, in position, upon a commanding eminence at the "Cemetery," which, as a reserve, had not participated in the fight of the day; and this division was now of course steady. Around this division the fugitives were stopped, and the shattered brigades and regiments, as they returned, were formed upon either flank, and faced toward the enemy again. A show of order, at least, speedily came from chaos. The rout was at an end; the first and eleventh corps were in line of battle again, — not very systematically formed, perhaps, — in a splendid position, and in a condition to offer resistance, should the enemy be willing

to try them. These formations were all accomplished long before night. Then some considerable portion of the Third Corps — General Sickles — came up by the Emmittsburg road, and was formed to the left of the Taneytown road, on an extension of the line that I have mentioned; and all of the Twelfth Corps — General Slocum — arriving before night, the divisions were put in position, to the right of the troops already there, to the east of the Baltimore Pike. The enemy was in the town, and behind it, and to the east and west, and appeared to be in strong force, and was jubilant over his day's success. Such was the posture of affairs as evening came on of the 1st of July. General Hancock was hopeful, and in the best of spirits; and from him I also learned that the reason of halting the Second Corps in its present position was, that it was not then known where, for the coming fight, the line of battle would be formed — up near the town, where the troops then were, or farther back towards Taneytown. He would give his views on this subject to General Meade, which were in favor of the line near the town, — the one that was subsequently adopted, — and General Meade would determine.

The night before a great pitched battle would not ordinarily, I suppose, be a time for much sleep to generals and their staff officers. We needed it enough, but there was work to be done. This war makes strange confusion of night and day! I did not sleep at all that night. It would perhaps be expected, on the eve of such great events, that one should have some peculiar sort of feelings, something extraordinary, some great arousing and excitement of the sensibilities and faculties, commensurate with the event itself; this certainly would be very poetical and pretty, but so far as I am concerned, and I think I can speak for the army in this matter, there was nothing of the kind. Men who have volunteered to fight the battles of the country, had met the enemy in many battles, and had been constantly before them, as have the Army of the Potomac, were too old soldiers, and long ago too well have weighed chances and probabilities, to be so disturbed now. No, I believe the army slept soundly that night, and well; and I am glad the men did, for they needed it.

At midnight General Meade and staff rode by General Gibbon's headquarters, on their way to the field; and in conversation with General Gibbon, General Meade announced that he had decided to assemble the whole army before Gettysburg, and offer the enemy battle there. The Second Corps would move at the earliest daylight, and take up its position.

At three o'clock A. M., of the 2d of July, the sleepy soldiers of the Second Corps were aroused; before six the corps was up to the field, and halted temporarily by the side of the Taneytown road upon which it had marched, while some movements of other troops were being made, to enable it to take position in the order of battle. The morning was thick and sultry, the sky overcast with low, vapory clouds. As we approached, all was astir upon the crests near the Cemetery, and the work of preparation was speedily going on. Men looked like giants there in the mist, and the guns of the frowning batteries so big that it was a relief to know that they were our friends.

Without a topographical map, some description of the ground and localities is necessary to a clear understanding of the battle. With the sketch that I have rudely drawn, without scale or compass, I hope you may understand my description. The line of battle, as it was established on the evening of the 1st, and morning of the 2d of July, was in the form of the letter "U," the troops facing outwards, and the Cemetery, which is at the point of the sharpest curvature of the line, being due south of the town of Gettysburg. Round Top, the extreme left of the line, is a small, woody, rocky elevation, a very little west of south of the town, and nearly two miles from it. The sides of this are in places very steep, and its rocky summit is almost inaccessible. A short distance north of this is a smaller elevation called "Little Round Top." On the very top of Little Round Top we had heavy rifled guns in position during the battle. Near the right of the line is a small woody eminence, named "Culp's Hill." Three roads come up to the town from the south, which near the town are quite straight, and at the town the extreme ones unite, forming an angle of about sixty or more degrees. Of these the farthest to the east is the Baltimore Pike, which passes by the east entrance to the Cemetery; the farthest to the west is the Emmittsburg road, which is wholly outside of our line of battle, but near the Cemetery is within a hundred yards of it; the "Taneytown Road" is between these, running nearly due north and south, by the eastern base of Round Top, by the western side of the Cemetery, and uniting with the Emmittsburg road between the Cemetery and the town. High ground near the Cemetery is named "Cemetery Ridge."

The Eleventh Corps — General Howard — was posted at the Cemetery, some of its batteries and troops actually among the graves and monuments, which they used for shelter from the enemy's fire; its left resting upon the Taneytown road, and extending thence to the east, crossing the Baltimore Pike, and then bending backwards towards the southeast; on the right of the Eleventh came the First Corps, now, since the death of General Reynolds, commanded by General Newton, formed in a line curving still more to the south. The troops of these two corps were re-formed on the morning of the 2d, in order that each might be by itself, and to correct some things not done well during the hasty formation here the day before. To the right of the First Corps, and on an extension of the same line, along the crest and down the southeastern slope of Culp's Hill, was posted the Twelfth Corps — General Slocum — its right, which was the extreme right of the line of the army, resting near a small stream called "Rock Run." No changes that I am aware of occurred in the formation of this corps on the morning of the 2d. The Second Corps, after the brief halt that I have mentioned, moved up and took position, its right resting upon the Taneytown road, at the left of the Eleventh Corps, and extending the line thence, nearly half a mile, almost due south, towards Round Top, with its divisions in the following order, from right to left: the Third, General Alex. Hayes; the Second, (Gibbon's) General Harrow (temporarily); the First, General Caldwell. The formation was, in line by brigade in column, the brigades being in column by regiment, with forty paces interval between regimental lines, the

Second and Third having each one, and the First Division two brigades. There were four brigades in the First, similarly formed, in reserve, one hundred and fifty paces in the rear of the line of their respective divisions. That is, the line of the corps, exclusive of its reserves, was the length of six regiments, deployed, and the intervals between them, some of which were left wide for the posting of the batteries, and consisted of four common deployed lines, each of two ranks of men; and a little more than one third was in reserve.

The five batteries, in all twenty-eight guns, were posted as follows: Woodruff's Regular, six twelve-pound Napoleons, brass, between the two brigades in line of the Third Division; Arnold's "A," First Rhode Island, six three-inch Parrotts, rifled, and Cushing's Regular, four three-inch ordnance, rifled, between the Third and Second Divisions; Hazard's (commanded during the battle by Lieutenant Brown), "B," First Rhode Island, and Rhorty's New York, each six twelve-pound Napoleons, brass, between the Second and First Divisions.

I have been thus specific in the description of the posting and formation of the Second Corps, because they were works that I assisted to perform; and also that the other corps were similarly posted with reference to the strength of the lines, and the intermixing of infantry and artillery. From this, you may get a notion of the whole.

The Third Corps—General Sickles—the remainder of it arriving upon the field this morning, was posted upon the left of the Second, extending the line still in the direction of Round Top, with its left resting near Little Round Top. The left of the Third Corps was the extreme left of the line of battle, until changes occurred which will be mentioned in the proper place. The Fifth Corps—General Sykes—arriving on the Baltimore Pike about this time, was massed there near the line of battle, and held in reserve until sometime in the afternoon, when it changed position, as I shall describe.

I cannot give a detailed account of the cavalry, for I saw but little of it. It was posted near the wings, and watched the roads and movements of the enemy upon the flanks of the army, but further than this participated but little in the battle. Some of it was also used for guarding the trains, which were far to the rear. The artillery reserve, which consisted of a good many batteries, though I cannot give the number, or the number of guns, was posted between the Baltimore Pike and the Taneytown Road, on very nearly the centre of a direct line passing through the extremities of the wings. Thus it could be readily sent to any part of the line. The Sixth Corps—General Sedgwick—did not arrive upon the field until sometime after noon; but it was now not very far away, and was coming up rapidly upon the Baltimore Pike. No fears were entertained that "Uncle John," as his men call General Sedgwick, would not be in the right place at the right time.

These dispositions were all made early, I think before eight o'clock in the morning; skirmishers were posted well out all around the line, and all put in readiness for battle. The enemy did not yet demonstrate himself. With

a look at the ground now, I think you may understand the movements of the battle. From Round Top, by the line of battle, round to the extreme right, I suppose is about three miles. From this same eminence to the Cemetery extends a long ridge or hill — more resembling a great wave than a hill, however — with its crest, which was the line of battle, quite direct between the points mentioned. To the west of this, that is, towards the enemy, the ground falls away, by a very gradual descent, across the Emmittsburg Road, and then rises again, forming another ridge, nearly parallel to the first, but inferior in altitude, and something over a thousand yards away. A belt of woods extends partly along this second ridge, and partly farther to the west, at distances of from one thousand to thirteen hundred yards away from our line. Between these ridges, and along their slopes, that is, in front of the Second and Third Corps, the ground is cultivated, and is covered with fields of wheat, now nearly ripe, with grass and pastures, with some peach orchards, with fields of waving corn, and some farmhouses and their out-buildings along the Emmittsburg road. There are very few places within the limits mentioned where troops or guns could move concealed. There are some oaks, of considerable growth, along the position of the right of the Second Corps, — a group of small trees, sassafras and oak, in front of the right of the Second Division of this corps, also; and considerable woods immediately in front of the left of the Third Corps, and also to the west of, and near Round Top. At the Cemetery, where is Cemetery Ridge, to which the line of the Eleventh Corps conforms, is the highest point in our line, except Round Top. From this the ground falls quite abruptly to the town, the nearest point of which is some five hundred yards away from the line, and is cultivated, and checkered with stone fences. The same is the character of the ground occupied by, and in front of the left of the First Corps, which is also on a part of Cemetery Ridge. The right of this corps, and the whole of the Twelfth, are along Culp's Hill, and in woods, and the ground is very rocky, and in some places in front precipitous, — a most admirable position for defence from an attack in front, where, on account of the woods, no artillery could be used with effect by the enemy. Then these last three mentioned corps had, by taking rails, by appropriating stone fences, by felling trees, and digging the earth, during the night of the 1st of July, made for themselves excellent breast-works, which were a very good thing indeed. The position of the First and Twelfth Corps was admirably strong, therefore. Within the line of battle is an irregular basin, somewhat wooded and rocky in places, but presenting few obstacles to the moving of troops and guns, from place to place along the lines, and also affording the advantage that all such movements, by reason of the surrounding crests, were out of view of the enemy. On the whole this was an admirable position to fight a defensive battle, — good enough, I thought, when I saw it first, and better, I believe, than could be found elsewhere in a circle of many miles. Evils, sometimes at least, are blessings in disguise, for the repulse of our forces, and the death of Reynolds, on the 1st of July, with the opportune arrival of Hancock to arrest the tide of fugitives and fix it on these heights, gave us this position. Perhaps the position gave us the victory.

On arriving upon the field General Meade established his headquarters at a shabby little farmhouse on the left of the Taneytown Road, the house nearest the line and a little more than five hundred yards in rear of what became the centre of the position of the Second Corps, — a point where he could communicate readily and rapidly with all parts of the army. The advantages of this position, briefly, were these: the flanks were quite well protected by the natural defences there, — Round Top upon the left, and rocky, steep, untraversable ground upon the right. Our line was more elevated than that of the enemy, consequently our artillery had a greater range and power than theirs. On account of the convexity of our line, every part of the line could be reinforced by troops having to move a shorter distance than if the line were straight; further, for the same reason, the line of the enemy must be concave and consequently longer, and, with an equal force, thinner, and so weaker, than ours. Upon those parts of our line which were wooded, neither we nor the enemy could use artillery; but they were so strong by nature, aided by art, as to be readily defended by a small against a very large body of infantry. Where the line was open, it had the advantage of having open country in front; consequently, the enemy could not surprise us; we were on a crest, which, besides the other advantages that I have named, had this: the enemy must advance to the attack up an ascent, and must therefore move slower, and be, before coming upon us, longer under our fire, as well as more exhausted. These and some other things rendered our position admirable for a defensive battle.

So, before a great battle, was ranged the Army of the Potomac. The day wore on, the weather still sultry, and the sky overcast, with a mizzling effort at rain. When the audience has all assembled, time seems long until the curtain rises: so to-day. “Will there be a battle to-day?” “Shall we attack the rebel?” “Will he attack us?” These and similar questions, later in the morning, were thought and asked a million times.

Meanwhile, on our part all was put in the best state of readiness for battle. Surgeons were busy riding about, selecting eligible places for hospitals, and hunting streams and springs and wells. Ambulances and ambulance men were brought up near the lines, and stretchers gotten ready for use. Who of us could tell but that he would be the first to need them? The Provost Guards were busy driving up all the stragglers and causing them to join their regiments. Ammunition wagons were driven to suitable places, and pack mules bearing boxes of cartridges, and the commands were informed where they might be found. Officers were sent to see that the men had each his hundred rounds of ammunition. Generals and their staffs were riding here and there among their commands to see that all was right. A staff officer or an orderly might be seen galloping furiously in the transmission of some order or message. All, all was ready, and yet the sound of no gun had disturbed the air or ear to-day.

Here let me state that according to the best information that I could get, I think a fair estimate of the rebel force engaged in this battle would be a little upwards of a hundred thousand men of all arms. Of course we

cannot now know, but there are reasonable data for this estimate. At all events there was no disparity of numbers in the two opposing armies. We thought the enemy to be somewhat more numerous than we, and he probably was. But if ninety-five men should fight with a hundred and five, the latter would not always be victorious, and slight numerical differences are of much less consequence in great bodies of men. Skilful generalship and good fighting are the jewels of war. These concurring are difficult to overcome; and these, not numbers, must determine this battle.

During all the morning, and the night, too, the skirmishers of the enemy had been confronting those of the Eleventh, First, and Twelfth Corps. At the time of the fight of the 1st he was seen in heavy force north of the town; he was believed to be now in the same neighborhood in full force. But from the woody character of the country, and thereby the careful concealment of troops, which the rebel is always sure to effect, during the early part of the morning almost nothing was actually seen by us of the invaders of the North. About nine o'clock in the morning, I should think, our glasses began to reveal them at the west and northwest of the town, a mile and a half away from our lines. They were moving toward our left, but the woods of Seminary Ridge so concealed them that we could not make out much of their movements. About this time some rifled guns in the Cemetery at the left of the Eleventh Corps opened fire — almost the first shots of any kind this morning; and when it was found they were firing at a rebel line of skirmishers merely, that were advancing upon the left of that and the right of the Second Corps, the officer in charge of the guns was ordered to cease firing, and was rebuked for having fired at all. These skirmishers soon engaged those of the right of the Second Corps, who stood their ground and were reinforced to make the line entirely secure. The rebel skirmish line kept extending farther and farther to their right, towards our left; they would dash up close upon ours, and sometimes drive them back a short distance, in turn to be repulsed themselves: and so they continued to do until their right was opposite the extreme left of the Third Corps. By these means they had ascertained the position and extent of our line, but their own masses were still out of view. From the time that the firing commenced, as I have mentioned, it was kept up by the skirmishers until quite noon, often briskly, but with no definite results further than those mentioned, and with no considerable show of infantry on the part of the enemy to support. There was a farmhouse and out-buildings in front of the Third Division of the Second Corps, at which the skirmishers of the enemy had made a dash and dislodged ours posted there; and from this their sharp-shooters began to annoy our line of skirmishers, and even the main line, with their long-range rifles. I was up to the line, and a bullet from one of the rascals hid there hissed by my cheek so close that I felt the movement of the air distinctly. And so I was not at all displeased when I saw one of our regiments go down and attack and capture the house and buildings and several prisoners, after a spirited little fight, and by General Hays' order, burn the buildings to the ground.

About noon the Signal Corps, from the top of Little Round Top, with their

powerful glasses, and the cavalry at our extreme left, began to report the enemy in heavy force making dispositions of battle to the west of Round Top and opposite to the left of the Third Corps. Some few prisoners had been captured, some deserters from the enemy had come in, and from all sources by this time we had much important and reliable information of the enemy, of his dispositions and apparent purposes. The rebel infantry consisted of three army corps, each consisting of three divisions. Longstreet, Ewell, — the same whose leg Gibbon's shell had knocked off at Gainesville on the 28th of August last year, — and A. P. Hill, each in the rebel service having the rank of lieutenant-general, were the commanders of these corps. Longstreet's division commanders were Hood, McLaws, and Pickett; Ewell's were Rhodes, Early, and Johnson; and Hill's were Pender, Heth, and Anderson. Stewart and Fitz Lee commanded divisions of the rebel cavalry. The rank of these division commands, I believe, was that of major-general. The rebel had about as much artillery as we did, but we never thought much of this arm in the hands of our adversaries. They have courage enough, but not the skill to handle it well. They generally fire too high, and their ammunition is assuredly of a very inferior quality. And of late we have begun to despise the enemy's cavalry, too; it used to have enterprise and dash, but in the late cavalry contests ours has always been victor, and so now we think that about all this *chivalry* is fit for is to steal a few of our mules occasionally and their negro drivers. The infantry of the rebel army, however, is good — to deny this is useless. I never had any desire to; and if one should count up, it would possibly be found that they have gained more victories over us than we have over them; and they will now, doubtless, fight well, even desperately. And it is not horses or cannon that will determine the result of this confronting of the two armies, but the men with the muskets must do it — the infantry must do the sharp work. So we watched all this posting of forces as closely as possible, for it was a matter of vital interest to us, and all information relating to it was hurried to the commander of the army. The rebel line of battle was concave, bending around our own, with the extremities of the wings opposite to or a little outside of ours. Longstreet's Corps was upon their right, Hill's in the centre; these two rebel corps occupied the second or inferior ridge to the west of our position, as I have mentioned, with Hill's left bending towards and resting near the town, and Ewell's was upon their left, his troops being in and to the east of the town. This last corps confronted our Twelfth, First, and the right of the Eleventh Corps. When I have said ours was a good *defensive* position, this is equivalent to saying that that of the enemy was not a good *offensive* one, for these are relative terms and cannot be both predicated of the respective positions of the two armies at the same time. The reasons that theirs was not a good offensive position are the same already stated of ours for defence. Excepting occasionally for a brief time during some movement of the troops, or when advancing to attack, their men and guns were kept constantly and carefully, by woods and inequalities of grounds, out of our view.

Noon is past, one o'clock is past, and, save the skirmishing that I have mentioned, and an occasional shot from our guns, at something or other of the nature of which the ones who fired it were ignorant, there was no fight yet. Our arms were still stacked, and the men were at ease. As I looked upon those interminable rows of muskets along the crests, and saw how cool and good-spirited the men were, who were lounging about on the ground among them, I could not, and did not, have any fears as to the result of the battle. The storm was near, and we all knew it by this time, which was to rain death upon these crests and down these slopes, and yet the men who could not, and would not, escape it, were as calm and cheerful generally, as if nothing unusual were about to happen! You see, these men were veterans, and had been in such places so often that they were accustomed to them. But I was well pleased with the tone of the men to-day; I could almost see the foreshadowing of victory upon their faces, I thought. And I thought, too, as I had seen the mighty preparations go on to completion for this great conflict, the marshalling of these two hundred thousand men and the guns, of the hosts that now but a narrow valley divided, that to have been in such a battle, and to survive on the side of the victors, would be glorious. Oh, the world is most unchristian yet!

Somewhat after one o'clock P. M. — the skirmish firing had nearly ceased now — a movement of the Third Corps occurred, which I shall describe. I cannot conjecture the reason of this movement. From the position of the Third Corps, as I have mentioned, to the second ridge west, the distance is about a thousand yards, and there the Emmitsburg road runs near the crest of the ridge. General Sickles commenced to advance his whole corps, from the general line, straight to the front, with a view to occupy this second ridge along and near the roads. What his purpose could have been is past conjecture. It was not ordered by General Meade, as I heard him say, and he disapproved of it as soon as it was made known to him. Generals Hancock and Gibbon, as they saw the move in progress, criticised its propriety sharply, as I know, and foretold quite accurately what would be the result. I suppose the truth probably is that General Sickles supposed he was doing for the best; but he was neither born nor bred a soldier. But this move of the Third Corps was an important one — it developed the battle; the results of the move to the corps itself we shall see. Oh, if this corps had kept its strong position upon the crest, and, supported by the rest of the army, had waited for the attack of the enemy!

It was magnificent to see these ten or twelve thousand men — they were good men — with their batteries, and some squadrons of cavalry upon the left flank, all in battle order, in several lines, with flags streaming, sweep steadily down the slope, across the valley, and up the next ascent, towards their destined position! From our position we could see it all. In advance Sickles pushed forward his heavy line of skirmishers, who drove back those of the enemy, across the Emmitsburg road, and thus cleared the way for the main body. The Third Corps now became the absorbing object of interest of all eyes. The Second Corps took arms; and the First Division of this

corps was ordered to be in readiness to support the Third Corps, should circumstances render support necessary. As the Third Corps was the extreme left of our line, as it advanced, if the enemy was assembling to the west of Round Top with a view to turn our left, as we had heard, there would be nothing between the left flank of the corps and the enemy; and the enemy would be square upon its flank by the time it had attained the road. So when this advance line came near the Emmittsburg road, and we saw the squadrons of cavalry mentioned come dashing back from their position as flankers, and the smoke of some guns, and we heard the reports, away to Sickles' left, anxiety became an element in our interest in these movements. The enemy opened slowly at first, and from long range; but he was square upon Sickles' left flank. General Caldwell was ordered at once to put his division — the First of the Second Corps, as mentioned — in motion, and to take post in the woods at the west slope of Round Top, in such a manner as to resist the enemy should he attempt to come around Sickles' left and gain his rear. The division moved as ordered, and disappeared from view in the woods, towards the point indicated, at between two and three o'clock P. M., and the reserve brigade — the First, Colonel Heath temporarily commanding — of the Second Division was thereupon moved up, and occupied the position vacated by the Third Division. About the same time the Fifth Corps could be seen marching by the flank from its position on the Baltimore Pike, and in the opening of the woods heading for the same locality where the First Division of the Second Corps had gone. The Sixth Corps had now come up, and was halted upon the Baltimore Pike. So the plot thickened. As the enemy opened upon Sickles with his batteries, some five or six in all, firing slowly, Sickles, with as many, replied, and with much more spirit. The artillery fire became quite animated, soon; but the enemy was forced to withdraw his guns farther and farther away, and ours advanced upon him. It was not long before the cannonade ceased altogether, the enemy having retired out of range, and Sickles, having temporarily halted his command, pending this, moved forward again to the position he desired, or nearly that.

It was now about five o'clock, and we shall soon see what Sickles gained by his move. First we have more artillery firing upon Sickles' left — the enemy seems to be opening again; and as we watched, the rebel batteries seem to be advancing there. The cannonade is soon opened again, and with great spirit upon both sides. The enemy's batteries press those of Sickles, and pound the shot upon them, and this time they in turn begin to retire to positions nearer the infantry. The enemy seems to be fearfully in earnest, this time. And what is more ominous than the thunder or the shot of his advancing guns, this time, in the intervals between his batteries, far to Sickles' left, appear the long lines and the columns of the rebel infantry, now unmistakably moving out to the attack. The position of the Third Corps became at once one of great peril, and it is probable that its commander by this time began to realize his true situation. All was astir now on our crest. Generals and their staffs were galloping hither and thither; the men were all in their places, and you might have heard the

rattle of ten thousand ramrods, as they drove home and "thugged" upon the little globes and cones of lead. As the enemy was advancing upon Sickles' flank, he commenced a change, or at least a partial one, of front, by swinging back his left and throwing forward his right, in order that his lines might be parallel to those of his adversary, his batteries meantime doing what they could to check the enemy's advance; but this movement was not completely executed before new rebel batteries opened upon Sickles' right flank — his former front — and in the same quarter appeared the rebel infantry also.

Now came the dreadful battle picture, of which we for a time could be but spectators. Upon the front and right flank of Sickles came sweeping the infantry of Longstreet and Hill. Hitherto there had been skirmishing and artillery practice — now the battle begins; for amid the heavier smokes and longer tongues of flame of the batteries, now began to appear the countless flashes, and the long, fiery sheets of the muskets, and the rattle of the volleys mingled with the thunder of the guns. We see the long gray lines come sweeping down upon Sickles' front, and mix with the battle smoke; now the same colors emerge from the bushes and orchards upon his right, and envelop his flank in the confusion of the conflict. Oh, the din and the roar, and these thirty thousand rebel wolf-cries! What a hell is there down that valley! These ten or twelve thousand men of the Third Corps fight well, but it soon becomes apparent that they must be swept from the field, or perish there where they are doing so well, so thick and overwhelming a storm of rebel fire involves them. But these men, such as ever escape, must come from that conflict as best they can. To move down and support them there with other troops is out of the question, for this would be to do as Sickles did, to relinquish a good position, and advance to a bad one. There is no other alternative, — the Third Corps must fight itself out of its position of destruction! What was it ever put there for?

In the meantime some other dispositions must be made to meet the enemy, in the event that Sickles is overpowered. With this corps out of the way, the enemy would be in a position to advance upon the line of the Second Corps, not in a line parallel with its front, but they would come obliquely from the left. To meet this contingency the left of the Second Division of the Second Corps is thrown back slightly, and two regiments, the Fifteenth Massachusetts — Colonel Ward — and the Eighty-second New York — Lieutenant Colonel Horton — are advanced down to the Emmitsburg road, to a favorable position nearer us than the fight has yet come, and some new batteries from the artillery reserve are posted upon the crest near the left of the Second Corps. This was all General Gibbon could do. Other dispositions were made, or were now being made, upon the field, which I shall mention presently. The enemy is still giving Sickles fierce battle, — or rather the Third Corps, for Sickles has been borne from the field minus one of his legs, and General Birney now commands, — and we of the Second Corps, a thousand yards away, with our guns and men, are, and must be, idle spectators of the fight. The rebel, as anticipated, tries to gain the left of the Third Corps, and for this purpose is now moving into the woods at the

west of Round Top. We knew what he would find there. No sooner had the enemy gotten a considerable force into the woods mentioned, in the attempted execution of his purpose, than the roar of the conflict was heard there also. The Fifth Corps and the First Division of the Second were there at the right time, and promptly engaged him; and then, too, the battle soon became general and obstinate. Now the roar of battle has become twice the volume that it was before, and its rage extends over more than twice the space. The Third Corps has been pressed back considerably, and the wounded are streaming to the rear by hundreds, but still the battle there goes on, with no considerable abatement on our part. The field of actual conflict was now from a point to the front of the left of the Second Corps, away down to the front of Round Top, and the fight rages with the greatest fury. The fire of artillery and infantry and the yells of the rebels fill the air with a mixture of hideous sounds.

When the First Division of the Second Corps first engaged the enemy, for a time it was pressed back somewhat, but under the able and judicious management of General Caldwell, and the support of the Fifth Corps, it speedily ceased to retrograde, and stood its ground; and then there followed a time, after the Fifth Corps became well engaged, when from appearances we hoped the troops already engaged would be able to check entirely, or repulse, the further assault of the enemy. But fresh bodies of the rebels continued to advance out of the woods to the front of the position of the Third Corps, and to swell the numbers of the assailants of this already hard pressed command. The men there begin to show signs of exhaustion,—their ammunition must be nearly expended,—they have now been fighting more than an hour, and against greatly superior numbers. From the sound of the fighting at the extreme left, and the place where the smoke rises above the tree-tops there, we know that the Fifth Corps is still steady, and holding its own there; and as we see the Sixth Corps now marching and near at hand to that point, we have no fears for the left,—we have more apparent reason to fear for ourselves. The Third Corps is being overpowered—here and there its lines begin to break,—the men begin to pour back to the rear in confusion,—the enemy are close upon them and among them,—organization is lost, to a great degree,—guns and caissons are abandoned and in the hands of the enemy,—the Third Corps, after a heroic, but unfortunate fight, is being literally swept from the field. That corps gone, what is there between the Second Corps and those yelling masses of the enemy? Do you not think that by this time we began to feel a personal interest in this fight? We did, indeed. We had been mere observers of all this,—the time was at hand when we must be actors in this drama.

Up to this hour General Gibbon had been in command of the Second Corps, since yesterday, but General Hancock, relieved of his duties elsewhere, now assumed command. Five or six hundred yards away the Third Corps was making its last opposition; and the enemy was hotly pressing his advantage there, and throwing in fresh troops whose line extended still more along our front, when Generals Hancock and Gibbon rode along the lines of their troops; and at once cheer after cheer—not rebel mongrel

cries, but genuine cheers — rang out along the line, above the roar of battle, for “Hancock” and “Gibbon,” and our “Generals.” These were good. Had you heard their voices, you would have known these men would fight. Just at this time we saw another thing that made us glad: we looked to our rear, and there, and all up the hillside, which was the rear of the Third Corps before it went forward, were rapidly advancing large bodies of men from the extreme right of our line of battle, coming to the support of the part now so hotly pressed. There was the whole Twelfth Corps, with the exception of about one brigade, that is, the larger portions of the divisions of Generals Williams and Geary, the Third Division of the First Corps — General Doubleday — and some other brigades from the same corps; and some of them were moving at the double quick. They formed lines of battle at the foot of the hill by the Taneytown road, and when the broken fragments of the Third Corps were swarming by them towards the rear, without haltering or wavering they came swiftly up, and with glorious old cheers, under fire, took their places on the crest in line of battle to the left of the Second Corps. Now Sickles’ blunder is repaired. Now, rebel chief, hurl forward your howling lines and columns! Yell out your loudest and your last, for many of your host will never yell, or wave the spurious flag again!

The battle still rages all along the left, where the Fifth Corps is, and the west slope of Round Top is the scene of the conflict; and nearer us there was but short abatement as the last of the Third Corps retired from the field, for the enemy is flushed with his success, — he has been throwing forward brigade after brigade, and division after division, since the battle began, and his advancing line now extends almost as far to the right as the right of the Second Division of the Second Corps. The whole slope in our front is full of them; and in various formation, in line, in column, and in masses which were neither, with yells, and thick volleys, they are rushing towards our crest. The Third Corps is out of the way. Now we are in for it. The battery men are ready by their loaded pieces. All along the crest is ready. Now Arnold and Brown — now Cushing and Woodruff and Rhorty! You three shall survive to-day! They drew the cords that move the friction primers, and gun after gun, along the batteries, in rapid succession, leaped where it stood, and bellowed its canister upon the enemy. The enemy still advance. The infantry open fire, — first the two advance regiments, the Fifteenth Massachusetts and the Eighty-second New York, then here and there throughout the length of the long line at the points where the enemy comes nearest, and soon the whole crest, artillery and infantry, is one continued sheet of fire. From Round Top to near the Cemetery stretches an uninterrupted field of conflict. There is a great army upon each side, now hotly engaged.

To see the fight, while it went on in the valley below us, was terrible; what must it be now when we are in it, and it is all around us, in all its fury? All senses, for the time, are dead but the one of sight. The roar of the discharges and the yells of the enemy all pass unheeded; but the impassioned soul is all eyes, and sees all things that the smoke does not

hide. How madly the battery men are driving the double charges of canister in those broad-mouthed Napoleons, whose fire seems almost to reach the enemy. How rapidly those long blue-coated lines of infantry deliver their file fire down the slope! But there is no faltering, — the men stand nobly to their work. Men are dropping, dead or wounded, on all sides, by scores and by hundreds; and the poor mutilated creatures, some with an arm dangling, some with a leg broken by a bullet, are limping and crawling towards the rear. They make no sound of complaint or pain, but are as silent as if dumb and mute. A sublime heroism seems to pervade all, and the intuition that to lose that crest, all is lost. How our officers in the work of cheering on and directing the men are falling! We have heard that General Zook and Colonel Cross, in the First Division of our corps, are mortally wounded, — they both commanded brigades, — now near us Colonel Ward of the Fifteenth Massachusetts, — he lost a leg at Ball's Bluff, — and Lieutenant-Colonel Horton of the Eighty-second New York, are mortally struck while trying to hold their commands, which are being forced back; Colonel Revere, Twentieth Massachusetts, grandson of old Paul Revere, of the Revolution, is killed, Lieutenant-Colonel Max Thoman, commanding Fifty-ninth New York, is mortally wounded, and a host of others that I cannot name. These were of Gibbon's division. Lieutenant Brown is wounded among his guns, — his position is a hundred yards in advance of the main line, — the enemy is upon his battery, and he escapes, but leaves three of his six guns in the hands of the enemy.

The fire all along our crest is terrific, and it is a wonder how anything human could have stood before it; and yet the madness of the enemy drove them on, clear up to the muzzles of the guns, clear up to the lines of our Infantry, — but the line stood right in their places. General Hancock with his aides rode up to Gibbon's division, under the smoke. General Gibbon, with myself, was near, and there was a flag dimly visible, coming towards us from the direction of the enemy. "Here, what are these men falling back for?" said Hancock. The flag was no more than fifty yards away, but it was the head of a rebel column, which at once opened fire with a volley. Lieutenant Miller, General Hancock's aide, fell twice, struck, but the general was unharmed, and he told the First Minnesota, which was near, to drive these people away. That splendid regiment, the less than three hundred that are left out of fifteen hundred that it has had, swings around upon the enemy, gives them a volley in their faces, and advances upon them with the bayonet. The rebels fled in confusion; but Colonel Colville, Lieutenant-Colonel Adams, and Major Downie are all badly, dangerously wounded, and many of the other officers and men will never fight again. More than two thirds fell.

Such fighting as this cannot last long; it is now near sundown, and the battle has gone on wonderfully long already. But if we will stop to notice it, a change has occurred. The rebel cry has ceased, and the men of the Union begin to shout there, under the smoke, and their lines to advance. See, the rebels are breaking! They are in confusion in all our front! The wave has rolled upon the rock, and the rock has smashed it. Let us shout too!

First upon their extreme left the rebels broke, when they had almost pierced our lines; thence the repulse extended rapidly to their right; they hung longest about Round Top, where the Fifth Corps punished them; but in a space of time incredibly short, after they first gave signs of weakness, the whole force of the rebel assault, along the whole line, in spite of waving red flags, and yells, and the entreaties of officers, and the pride of the chivalry, fled like chaff before the whirlwind, back down the slope, over the valley, across the Emmitsburg road, shattered, without organization, in utter confusion, fugitive into the woods, and victory was with the arms of the Republic. The great rebel assault, the greatest ever made upon this continent, has been made and signally repulsed, and upon this part of the field the fight of to-day is now soon over. Pursuit was made as rapidly and as far as was practicable; but owing to the proximity of night, and the long distance which would have to be gone over before any of the enemy, where they would be likely to halt, could be overtaken, further success was not attainable to-day. When the rebel rout first commenced, a large number of prisoners, some thousands at least, were captured; almost all their dead, and such of their wounded as could not themselves get to the rear, were within our lines; several of their flags were gathered up, and a good many thousand muskets, some nine or ten guns and some caissons lost by the Third Corps, and the three of Brown's battery — these last were in rebel hands but a few minutes — were all safe now with us, the enemy having had no time to take them off.

Not less, I estimate, than twenty thousand men were killed or wounded in this fight. Our own loss must have been nearly half this number, — about five thousand in the Third Corps, fully two thousand in the Second, and I think two thousand in the Fifth; and I think the losses of the First, Twelfth, and the little more than a brigade of the Sixth, — all of that corps which was actually engaged, — would reach nearly two thousand more. Of course it will never be possible to know the numbers upon either side who fell in this particular part of the general battle, but from the position of the enemy, and his numbers, and the appearance of the field, his loss must have been as heavy as, I think much heavier, than our own; and my estimates are probably short of the actual loss.

The fight done, the sudden revulsions of sense and feeling follow, which more or less characterize all similar occasions. How strange the stillness seems! The whole air roared with the conflict but a moment since, — now all is silent; not a gun-shot sound is heard, and the silence comes distinctly, almost painfully, to the senses. And the sun purples the clouds in the west, and the sultry evening steals on as if there had been no battle, and the furious shout and the cannon's roar had never shook the earth. And how look those fields — we may see them before dark — the ripening grain, the luxuriant corn, the orchards, the grassy meadows, and in their midst the rural cottage of brick or wood? They were beautiful this morning. They are desolate now, — trampled by the countless feet of the combatants, plowed and scarred by the shot and shell, the orchards splintered, the fences prostrate, the harvests trodden in the mud. And more dreadful than the sight

of all this, thickly strewn over all their length and breadth, are the habiliments of the soldier, — the knapsacks, cast aside in the stress of the fight, or after the fatal lead has struck; haversacks, yawning with the rations the owner will never call for; canteens of cedar of the rebel men of Jackson, and of cloth-covered tin, of the men of the Union; blankets and trousers, overcoats and caps, and some are blue and some are gray; muskets and ramrods, and bayonets and swords, and scabbards and belts, some bent and cut by shot and shell; broken wheels, exploded caissons, and limber boxes, and dismantled guns; and all these were sprinkled with blood; horses, some dead, a mangled heap of carnage, some alive with a leg shot clean off, or other frightful wound, appealing to you with almost more than brute gaze as you pass; and last, but not least numerous, many thousands of men. And there was no rebellion here now, — the men of South Carolina were quiet by the side of those of Massachusetts, some composed with upturned faces, sleeping the last sleep, some mutilated and frightful, some wretched, fallen, bathed in blood, survivors still, and unwilling witnesses of the rage of Gettysburg.

And yet with all this before them, as darkness came on, and the dispositions were made and the outposts thrown out for the night, the Army of the Potomac was quite mad with joy. No more light-hearted guests ever graced a banquet than were these men as they boiled their coffee and munched their soldier's supper to-night. Is it strange? Otherwise they would not have been soldiers. And such sights as all these will continue to be seen as long as war lasts in the world; and when war is done, then is the end, and the days of the millennium at hand.

— The ambulances commenced their work as soon as the battle opened. The twinkling lanterns through the night, and the sun of to-morrow, saw them still with the same work unfinished.

I wish that I could write, that with the coming on of darkness ended the fight of to-day, but such was not the case. The armies have fought enough to-day, and ought to sleep to-night, one would think; but not so thought the rebel. Let us see what he gained by his opinion. When the troops, including those of the Twelfth Corps, had been withdrawn from the extreme right of our line, in the afternoon, to support the left, as I have mentioned, thereby of course weakening that part of the line so left, the rebel Ewell, either becoming aware of the fact, or because he thought he could carry our right at all events, late in the afternoon commenced an assault upon that part of our line. His battle had been going on there simultaneously with the fight on the left. He had advanced his men through the woods, and in front of the formidable position lately held by the Twelfth Corps, cautiously, and to his surprise, I have no doubt, found our strong defenses upon the extreme right entirely abandoned. These he at once took possession of, and simultaneously made an attack upon our right flank, which was now near the summit of Culp's Hill, and upon the front of that part of the line. That small portion of the Twelfth Corps which had been left there, and some of the Eleventh Corps, sent to their assistance, did what they could to check the rebels; but could make but feeble resistance to

the overwhelming forces of the enemy. Matters began to have a bad look in that part of the field; a portion of the First Division of the First Corps was sent there for support, the Sixth Wisconsin among them, and this improved matters. But still, as we had but a small number of men there, all told, the enemy, with their great numbers, were having there too much prospect of success; and it seems that probably, emboldened by this, Ewell had resolved upon a night attack, upon that wing of the army, and was making his disposition accordingly. The enemy had not at sundown actually carried any part of our rifle pits there, save the ones abandoned; but he was getting troops assembled upon our flank, and all together, with our weakness there at that time, matters did not look as we would like to have them. Such was then the position of affairs, when the fight upon our left, that I have mentioned, was done. Under such circumstances it is not strange that the Twelfth Corps, as soon as its work was done upon the left, was quickly ordered back to the right, to its old position. There it arrived in good time; not soon enough, of course, to avoid the mortification of finding the enemy in the possession of a part of the works the men had labored so hard to construct, but in ample time before dark, to put the men well in the pits we already held, and to take up a strong defensible position, at right angles to and in rear of the main line, in order to resist these flanking dispositions of the enemy. The army was secure again. The men in the works would be steady against all attacks in front, as long as they knew that their flank was safe. Until between ten and eleven o'clock at night, the woods upon the right resounded with the discharge of musketry. Shortly after, or about dark, the enemy made a dash upon the right of the Eleventh Corps. They crept up the windings of a valley, not in a very heavy force, but, from the peculiar manner in which this corps does outpost duty, quite unperceived in the dark until they were close upon the main line. It is said,—I do not know it to be true,—that they spiked two guns of one of the Eleventh Corps' batteries, and that the battery men had to drive them off with their sabres and rammers, and that there was some fearful Dutch swearing on the occasion, — "*donner wetter*," among other similar impious oaths, having been freely used. The enemy here were finally repulsed by the assistance of Colonel Carroll's brigade of the Third Division of the Second Corps, and the One Hundred and Sixth Pennsylvania, from the Second Division of the same corps, was, by General Howard's request, sent there to do outpost duty. It seems to have been a matter of utter madness and folly upon the part of the enemy to have continued their night attack as they did, upon the right. Our men were securely covered by ample works, and even in most places a log was placed a few inches above the top of the main breast-work, as a protection to the heads of the men as they thrust out the pieces beneath it to fire. Yet in the darkness the enemy would rush up, clambering over rocks and among trees, even to the front of the works, but only to leave their riddled bodies there upon the ground, or to be swiftly repulsed headlong into the woods again. In the darkness the enemy would climb trees close to the works, and endeavor to shoot our men by the light of the flashes. When discovered a thousand bullets would whistle after them in the

dark, and some would hit, and then the rebel would make up his mind to come down.

Our loss was light, almost nothing, in this fight. The next morning the enemy's dead were thick all along this part of the line. Near eleven o'clock the enemy, wearied with his diastrous work, desisted; and thereafter until morning not a shot was heard in all the armies.

So much for the battle. There is another thing that I wish to mention, of the matters of the 2d of July. After evening came on, and from reports received, all was known to be going satisfactorily upon the right. General Meade summoned his corps commanders to his headquarters for consultation. A consultation is held upon matters of vast moment to the country, and that poor little farmhouse is honored with more distinguished guests than it ever had before, or than it will ever have again, probably. Do you expect to see a degree of ceremony and severe military aspect characterize this meeting, in accordance with strict military rules, and commensurate with the moment of the matters of their deliberation? Name it "Major-General Meade, commander of the Army of the Potomac, with his corps generals, holding a council of war, upon the field of Gettysburg," and it would sound pretty well, — and that was what it was; and you might make a picture of it and hang it up by the side of "Napoleon and his Marshals," and "Washington and his Generals," may be, at some future time. But for the artist to draw his picture from, I will tell how this council appeared. Meade, Sedgwick, Slocum, Howard, Hancock, Sykes, Newton, Pleasanton (commander of the cavalry), and Gibbon were the generals present. Hancock, now that Sickles is wounded, has charge of the Third Corps, and Gibbon again has the Second. Meade is a tall, spare man, with full beard, which with his hair, originally brown, is quite thickly sprinkled with gray, has a Romanish face, very large nose, and a white large forehead, prominent and wide over the eyes, which are full and large, and quick in their movements, and he wears spectacles. His *fibres* are all of the long and sinewy kind. His habitual personal appearance is quite careless, and it would be rather difficult to make him look well dressed. Sedgwick is quite a heavy man, — short, thick-set, and muscular, with florid complexion, dark, calm, straight-looking eyes, rather full, heavyish features, which, with his eyes, have plenty of animation when he is aroused. He has a magnificent profile, well cut, with the nose and forehead forming almost a straight line, curly, short chestnut hair and full beard, cut short, with a little gray in it. He dresses carelessly, but can look magnificently when he is well dressed. Like Meade, he looks and is honest and modest. You might see at once why his men, because they love him, call him "Uncle John," — not to his face of course, but among themselves. Slocum is small, rather spare, with black, straight hair and beard, which latter is unshaven and thin: large, full, quick, black eyes, white skin, sharp nose, wide cheek bones and hollow cheeks, and small chin. His movements are quick and angular, and he dresses with a sufficient degree of elegance. Howard is medium in size, has nothing marked about him, is the youngest of them all, I think; has lost an arm in the war, has straight brown hair and beard, shaves his

short upper lip, over which his nose slants down, dim blue eyes, and on the whole appears a very pleasant, affable, well-dressed gentleman. Hancock is the tallest and most shapely, and in many respects is the best looking officer of them all. His hair is very light brown, straight and moist, and always looks well; his beard is of the same color, of which he wears the moustache and a tuft upon the chin; complexion ruddy, features neither large nor small, but well cut, with full jaw and chin, compressed mouth, straight nose, full, deep blue eyes, and a very mobile, emotional countenance. He always dresses remarkably well, and his manner is dignified, gentlemanly, and commanding. I think if he were in citizen's clothes and should give commands in the army to those who did not know him, he would be likely to be obeyed at once, and without any question as to his right to command. Sykes is a small, rather thin man, well dressed and gentlemanly, brown hair and beard which he wears full, with a red, pinched, rough-looking skin, feeble blue eyes, large nose, with the general air of one who is weary and a little ill-natured. Newton is a well-sized, shapely, muscular, well-dressed man, with brown hair, with a very ruddy, clean-shaved, full face, blue eyes, blunt, round features, walks very erect, curbs in his chin, and has somewhat of that smart sort of swagger, that people are apt to suppose characterizes soldiers. Pleasanton is quite a nice looking dandy, with brown hair and beard, — a straw hat with a little jockey rim, which he cocks upon one side of his head with an unsteady eye that looks slyly at you, and then dodges. Gibbon, the youngest of them all, save Howard, is about the same size as Slocum, Howard, Sykes, and Pleasanton, and there are none of these who will weigh one hundred and fifty pounds. He is compactly made, neither spare nor corpulent, with ruddy complexion, chestnut brown hair, with a clean-shaved face, except his moustache, which is decidedly reddish in color, — medium-sized, well-shaped head, sharp, moderately jutting brows, deep blue, calm eyes, sharp, slightly aquiline nose, compressed mouth, full jaws and chin, with an air of calm firmness in his manner. He always looks well dressed. I suppose Howard about thirty-five, and Meade about forty-five years of age; the rest are between these ages, but not many are under forty. As they come to the council now there is the appearance of fatigue about them, which is not customary, but is only due to the hard labors of the past few days. They all wear clothes of dark blue, some have top boots and some not, and except the two-starred strap upon the shoulders of all save Gibbon, who has but one star, there was scarcely a piece of regulation uniform about them all. They wore their swords, of various patterns, but no sashes, — the army hat, but with the crown pinched into all sorts of shapes, and the rim slouched down and shorn of all its ornaments but the gilt band, — except Sykes, who wore a blue cap, and Pleasanton with his straw hat, with broad black band. Then the mean little room where they met, — its only furniture consisted of a large, wide bed in one corner, a small pine table in the centre, upon which was a wooden pail of water, with a tin cup for drinking, and a candle, stuck to the table by putting the end in tallow melted down from the wick; and five or six straight-backed, rush-bottomed chairs. The generals came in;

some sat, some kept walking or standing, two lounged upon the bed, some were constantly smoking cigars. And thus disposed, they deliberated, whether the army should fall back from its present position to one in rear which it was said was stronger; should attack the enemy on the morrow, wherever he could be found; or should stand there upon the horseshoe crest, still on the defensive, and await the further movements of the enemy. The latter proposition was unanimously agreed to. Their heads were sound. The Army of the Potomac would just halt right there, and allow the rebel to come up and smash his head against it, to any reasonable extent he desired, — as he had to-day. After some two hours this council dissolved, and the officers went their several ways.

Night, sultry and starless, droned on; and it was almost midnight that I found myself peering my way from the line of the Second Corps, back down to the general headquarters, which were an ambulance in the rear, in a little peach orchard. All was silent now but the sound of the ambulances as they were bringing off the wounded; and you could hear them rattle here and there about the field, and see their lanterns. I am weary and sleepy, almost to such an extent as not to be able to sit my horse. And my horse can hardly move, — the spur will not start him. What can be the reason? I know that he has been touched by two of their bullets to-day, but not to wound or lame him to speak of. Then, in riding by a horse that is hitched, I get kicked. Had I not a very thick boot, the blow would have been likely to have broken my ankle; it did break my temper as it was, and, as if it would cure matters, I foolishly spurred my horse again. No use, — he would only walk. I dismounted; I could not lead him along at all, so, out of temper, I rode at the slowest possible walk to the headquarters, which I reached at last. Generals Hancock and Gibbon were asleep in the ambulance. With a light I found what was the matter with "Billy." A bullet had entered his chest just in front of my left leg as I was mounted, and the blood was running down all his side and leg, and the air from his lungs came out of the bullet-hole. I begged his pardon mentally for my cruelty in spurring him, and should have done so in words if he could have understood me. Kind treatment as is due to the wounded he could understand, and he had it. Poor Billy! He and I were first under fire together, and I rode him at the Second Bull Run, and the First and Second Fredericksburg, and at Antietam after brave "Joe" was killed; but I shall never mount him again. Billy's battles are over.

"George, make my bed here upon the ground, by the side of this ambulance. Pull off my sabre and my boots, — that will do!" Was ever princely couch, or softest down, so soft as those rough blankets, there upon the unroofed sod? At midnight they received me for four hours' delicious, dreamless oblivion of weariness and of battle. So, to me, ended the 2d of July.

At four o'clock on the morning of the 3d I was awakened by General Gibbons pulling me by the foot, and saying, "Come, don't you hear that?" I sprang to my feet. Where was I? A moment and my dead senses and memory were alive again, and the sound of brisk firing of musketry to


the front and right of the Second Corps, and over at the extreme right of our line, where we heard it last in the night, brought all back to my memory. We surely were on the field of battle; and there were palpable evidences to my senses that to-day was to be another of blood. Oh, for a moment the thought of it was sickening to every sense and feeling! But the motion of my horse as I galloped over the crest a few minutes later, and the serene splendors of the morning now breaking through the rifted clouds and spreading over all the landscape soon reassured me. Come, day of battle! Up, rebel hosts, and thunder with your arms! we are all ready to do and to die for the Republic!

I found a sharp skirmish going on in front of the right of the Second Corps, between our outposts and those of the enemy; but save this—and none of the enemy but his outposts were in sight—all was quiet in all that part of the field. On the extreme right of the line the sound of musketry was quite heavy; and this I learned was brought on by the attack of the Second Division of the Twelfth Corps—General Geary—upon the enemy in order to drive him out of our works which he had sneaked into yesterday, as I have mentioned. The attack was made at the earliest moment of the morning when it was light enough to discern objects to fire at. The enemy could not use the works, but were confronting Geary in woods, and had the cover of many rocks and trees; so the fight was an irregular one, now breaking out and swelling to a vigorous fight, now subsiding to a few scattering shots; and so it continued by turns until the morning was well advanced, when the enemy was finally wholly repulsed and driven from the pits, and the right of our line was again re-established in the place it first occupied. The heaviest losses the Twelfth Corps sustained in all the battle occurred during this attack; and they were here quite severe. I heard General Meade express dissatisfaction at General Geary for making this attack, as a thing not ordered and not necessary, as the works of ours were of no intrinsic importance, and had not been captured from us by a fight, and Geary's position was just as good where he was during the night. And I heard General Meade say that he sent an order to have the fight stopped; but I believe the order was not communicated to Geary until after the repulse of the enemy. Later in the forenoon the enemy again tried to carry our right by storm. We heard that old rebel Ewell had sworn an oath that he would break our right. He had Stonewall Jackson's corps, and possibly imagined himself another Stonewall; but he certainly *hankered* after the right of our line, and so up through the woods, and over the rocks, and up the steeps, he sent his storming parties. Our men could see them now in the daytime. But all the rebel's efforts were fruitless, save in one thing—slaughter to his own men. These assaults were made with spirit and determination, but as the enemy would come up, our men, lying behind their secure defences, would just singe them with a blaze of their muskets, and riddle them, as a hail-storm the tender blades of corn. The rebel oath was not kept any more than his former one to support the Constitution of the United States. The rebel loss was very heavy indeed, here, ours but trifling. I regret that I cannot give more of the details of

this fighting upon the right; it was so determined upon the part of the enemy, both last night and this morning, — so successful to us. About all that I actually saw of it during its progress was the smoke, and I heard the discharges. My information is derived from officers who were personally in it. Some of our heavier artillery assisted our infantry in this by-firing, with the pieces elevated, far from the rear, over the heads of our men, at a distance from the enemy of two miles, I suppose. Of course they could have done no great damage. It was nearly eleven o'clock that the battle in this part of the field subsided, not to be again renewed. All the morning we felt no apprehension for this part of the line; for we knew its strength, and that our troops engaged, the Twelfth Corps and the First Division, Wadsworth's, of the First, could be trusted.

For the sake of telling one thing at a time, I have anticipated events somewhat, in writing of this fight upon the right. I shall now go back to the starting point, — four o'clock this morning, and, as other events occurred during the day second to none in the battle in importance, which I think I saw as much of as any man living, I will tell you something of them, and what I saw, and how the time moved on. The outpost skirmish that I have mentioned soon subsided. I suppose it was the natural escape of the wrath which the men had during the night hoarded up against each other. and which, as soon as they could see in the morning, they could no longer contain, but must let it off through their musket barrels at their adversaries. At the commencement of the war such firing would have awaked the whole army, and roused it to its feet and to arms; not so now. The men upon the crest lay snoring in their blankets, even though some of the enemy's bullets dropped among them, as if bullets were harmless as the drops of dew around them. As the sun arose to-day the clouds became broken, and we had once more glimpses of sky and fits of sunshine — a rarity — to cheer us. From the crest, save to the right of the Second Corps, no enemy, not even his outposts, could be discovered along all the position where he so thronged upon the Third Corps yesterday. All was silent there. The wounded horses were limping about the fields; the ravages of the conflict were still perfectly visible, — the scattered arms and the ground thickly dotted with the dead, — but no hostile foe. The men were roused early, in order that their morning meal might be out of the way in time for whatever should occur. Then ensued the hum of an army, not in ranks, chatting in low tones, and running about and jostling among each other, rolling and packing their blankets and tents. They looked like an army of rag-gatherers while shaking these very useful articles of the soldier's outfit, for you must know that rain and mud in conjunction have not had the effect to make them very clean, and the wear and tear of service have not left them entirely whole. But one could not have told by the appearance of the men that they were in battle yesterday and were likely to be again to-day. They packed their knapsacks, boiled their coffee, and munched their hard bread, just as usual, — just like old soldiers, who know what campaigning is; and their talk is far more concerning their present employment — some joke or drollery — than concerning what they saw or did yesterday.

As early as practicable the lines all along the left are revised and re-formed, this having been rendered necessary by yesterday's battle, and also by what is anticipated to-day. It is the opinion of many of our generals that the rebel will not give us battle to-day, that he had enough yesterday; that he will be heading towards the Potomac at the earliest practicable moment, if he has not already done so. But the better and controlling judgment is, that he will make another grand effort to pierce or turn our lines; that he will either mass and attack the left again, as yesterday, or direct his operations against the left of our centre, the position of the Second Corps, and try to sever our line. I infer that General Meade was of the opinion that the attack to-day would be upon the left, — this from the disposition he had ordered. I know that General Hancock anticipated the attack upon the centre.

The dispositions to-day upon the left are as follows: The Second and Third Divisions of the Second Corps are in the positions of yesterday; then on the left came Doubleday's — the Third Division and Colonel Stannard's Brigade of the First Corps; then Caldwell's, — the First Division of the Second Corps; then the Third Corps, temporarily under the command of Hancock, since Sickles' wound. The Third Corps is upon the same ground in part, and on the identical line where it first formed yesterday morning, and where, had it stayed instead of moving out to the front, we should have many more men to-day, and should not have been upon the brink of destruction yesterday. On the left of the Third is the Fifth Corps, with a short front and deep line; then comes the Sixth Corps, all but one brigade, which is sent over to the Twelfth. The Sixth, a splendid Corps, almost intact in the fight of yesterday, is the extreme left of our line, which terminates to the south of Round Top, and runs along its western base, in the woods, and thence to the Cemetery. This corps is burning to pay off scores made on the fourth of May, then back of Fredericksburg. Note well the position of the Second and Third Divisions of the Second Corps, — it will become important. There are nearly six thousand men and officers in these two divisions here upon the field. The losses were quite heavy yesterday, — some regiments are detached to other parts of the field, — so all told there are less than six thousand men now in the two divisions, who occupy a line of about a thousand yards. The most of the way along this line upon the crest was a stone fence, constructed from small rough stones, a good deal of the way badly fallen down; but the men had improved it and patched it with rails from the neighboring fences, and with earth, so as to render it in many places a very passable breastwork against musketry and flying fragments of shells. These works are so low as to compel the men to kneel or lie down generally to obtain cover. Near the right of the Second Division, and just by the little group of trees that I have mentioned there, this stone fence made a right angle, and extended thence to the front, about twenty or thirty yards, where with another less than a right angle it followed along the crest again. (Thus ) The lines were conformed to these breastworks and to the nature of the ground upon the crest, so as to occupy the most favorable

places,—to be covered, and still be able to deliver effective fire upon the enemy should he come there. In some places a second line was so posted as to be able to deliver its fire over the heads of the first line behind the works; but such formation was not practicable all of the way. But all the force of these two divisions was in line, in position, without reserves, and in such a manner that every man of them could have fired his piece at the same instant. The division flags—that of the Second Division being a white trefoil upon a square blue field, and of the Third Division a blue trefoil upon a white rectangular field—waved behind the divisions at the points where the generals of divisions were supposed to be; the brigade flags, similar to these but with a triangular field, were behind the brigades; and the national flags of the regiments were in the lines of the regiments. To the left of the Second Division, and advanced something over a hundred yards, were posted a part of Stannard's brigade, two regiments or more, behind a small bush-crowned crest that ran in a direction oblique to the general line. These were well covered by the crest, and wholly concealed by the bushes, so that an advancing enemy would be close upon them before they could be seen. Other troops of Doubleday's division were strongly posted in rear of these in the general line.

I could not help wishing all the morning that this line of the divisions of the Second Corps were stronger; it was, so far as numbers constitute strength, the weakest part of our whole line of battle. What if, I thought, the enemy should make an assault here to-day, with two or three heavy lines,—a great overwhelming mass,—would he not sweep through that thin six thousand? But I was not General Meade, who alone had power to send other troops there; and he was satisfied with that part of the line as it was. He was early on horseback this morning, and rode along the whole line, looking to it himself, and with glass in hand sweeping the woods and fields in the direction of the enemy, to see if aught of him could be discovered. His manner was calm and serious, but earnest. There was no arrogance of hope, or timidity of fear, discernible in his face; but you would have supposed he would do his duty conscientiously and well, and would be willing to abide the result. You would have seen this in his face. He was well pleased with the left of the line to-day, it was so strong with good troops. He had no apprehension for the right where the fight was now going on, on account of the admirable position of our forces there. He was not of the opinion that the enemy would attack the centre, our artillery had such sweep there, and this was not a favorite point of attack with the rebel; besides, should he attack the centre, the general thought he could reinforce it in good season. I heard General Meade speak of these matters to Hancock and some others, at about nine o'clock in the morning, while they were up by the line, near the Second Corps.

No further changes of importance, except those mentioned, were made in the disposition of the troops this morning, except to replace some of the batteries that were disabled yesterday, by others from the artillery reserve, and to brace up the lines well with guns, wherever there were eligible places, from the same source. The line is all in good order again, and we are ready for general battle.

Save the operations upon the right, the enemy, so far as we could see, was very quiet all the morning. Occasionally the outposts would fire a little, and then cease. Movements would be discovered which would indicate the attempt on the part of the enemy to post a battery; our Parrotts would send a few shells to the spot, then silence would follow. At one of these times a painful accident happened to us, this morning. First Lieutenant Henry Ropes, Twentieth Massachusetts, in General Gibbon's division, a most estimable gentleman and officer, intelligent, educated, refined, one of the noble souls that came to the country's defence, while lying at his post with his regiment, in front of one of the batteries, which fired over the infantry, was instantly killed by a badly made shell, which, or some portion of it, fell but a few yards in front of the muzzle of the gun. The same accident killed or wounded several others. The loss of Ropes would have pained us at any time, and in any manner; in this manner his death was doubly painful.

Between ten and eleven o'clock, over in a peach orchard in front of the position of Sickles yesterday, some little show of the enemy's infantry was discovered. A few shells scattered the gray-backs; they again appeared, and it becoming apparent that they were only posting a skirmish line, no farther molestation was offered them. A little after this some of the enemy's flags could be discerned over near the same quarter, above the top, and behind a small crest of a ridge. There seemed to be two or three of them—possibly they were guidons,—and they moved too fast to be carried on foot. Possibly, we thought, the enemy is posting some batteries there. We knew in about two hours from this time better about the matter. Eleven o'clock came. The noise of battle has ceased upon the right; not a sound of a gun or musket can be heard on all the field. The sky is bright with only the white fleecy clouds floating over from the west; the July sun streams down its fire upon the bright iron of the muskets in stacks upon the crest, and the dazzling brass of the Napoleons. The army lolls and longs for the shade, of which some get a hand's breadth from a shelter tent stuck upon a ramrod. The silence and sultriness of a July noon are supreme.

Now it so happened that just about this time of day a very original and interesting thought occurred to General Gibbon and several of his staff: that it would be a very good thing, and a very good time, to have something to eat. When I announce to you that I had not tasted a mouthful of food since yesterday noon, and that all I had had to drink since that time, but the most miserable, muddy, warm water, was a little drink of whiskey that Major Biddle, General Meade's aid-de-camp, gave me last evening, and a cup of strong coffee that I gulped down as I was first mounting this morning, and further, that, save the four or five hours in the night, there was scarcely a moment since that time but that I was in the saddle, you may have some notion of the reason of my assent to this extraordinary proposition. Nor will I mention the doubts I had as to the feasibility of the execution of this very novel proposal, except to say that I knew this morning that our larder was low; not to put too fine a point upon it, that we had nothing but some potatoes and sugar and coffee in the world. And I may as well say here,

that of such, in scant proportions, would have been our repast, had it not been for the riding of miles by two persons, one an officer, to procure supplies; and they only succeeded in getting some few chickens, some butter, and one huge loaf of bread, which last was bought of a soldier, because he had grown faint in carrying it, and was afterwards rescued with much difficulty, after a long race, from a four-footed hog which had got hold of and had actually eaten a part of it. "There is a divinity," etc. Suffice it, this very ingenious and unheard of contemplated proceeding, first announced by the general, was accepted, and at once undertaken by his staff. Of the absolute quality of what we had to eat, I could not pretend to judge, but I think an unprejudiced person would have said of the bread, that it was good; so of the potatoes, before they were boiled. Of the chickens, he would have questioned their age, but these were large and in good *running* order. The toast was good, and the butter,—there were those who, when coffee was given them, called for tea, and *vice versa*, and were so ungracious as to suggest that the water that was used in both might have come from near a barn. Of course it did not. We all came down to the little peach orchard where we had stayed last night, and, wonderful to see and tell, ever mindful of our needs, had it all ready, had our faithful John. There was an enormous pan of stewed chickens, and the potatoes and toast, all hot, and the bread and the butter, and tea and coffee. There was satisfaction derived from just naming them all over. We called John an angel, and he snickered and said he "knowed" we'd come. General Hancock is of course invited to partake, and without delay we commenced operations. Stools are not very numerous,—two in all,—and these the two generals have by common consent. Our table was the top of the mess chest. By this the generals sat; the rest of us sat upon the ground, cross-legged like the picture of a smoking Turk, and held our plates upon our laps. How delicious was the stewed chicken! I had a cucumber pickle in my saddle-bags, the last of a lunch left there two or three days ago, which George brought, and I had half of it. We were just well at it, when General Meade rode down to us from the line, accompanied by his staff, and by General Gibbon's invitation they dismounted and joined us. For the general commanding the Army of the Potomac, George, by an effort worthy of the person and the occasion, finds an empty cracker-box for a seat. The Staff officer must sit upon the ground with the rest of us. Soon Generals Newton and Pleasanton, each with an aide, arrive. By an almost superhuman effort a roll of blankets is found, which, upon a pinch, is long enough to seat these generals both, and room is made for them. The aides sit with us. And, fortunate to relate, there was enough cooked for us all, and from General Meade to the youngest second lieutenant we all had a most hearty and well-relished dinner. Of the "past" we were "secure." The generals ate and, after, lighted cigars, and under the flickering shade of a very small tree discoursed of the incidents of yesterday's battle, and of the probabilities of to-day. General Newton humorously spoke of General Gibbon as "this young North Carolinian," and how he was becoming arrogant and above his position because he had commanded a corps. General Gibbon retorted by saying that General Newton had not been long

enough in such a command, only since yesterday, to enable him to judge of such things.

General Meade still thought that the enemy would attack his left again to-day, towards evening; but he was ready for them. General Hancock, that the attack would be upon the position of the Second Corps. It was mentioned that General Hancock would again resume command of the Second Corps from that time, so that General Gibbon would again return to the Second Division. General Meade spoke of the Provost Guards, — that they were good men, and that it would be better to-day to have them in the ranks than to stop stragglers and skulkers, as these latter would be good for but little even in the ranks; and so he gave the order that all the Provost Guards should at once temporarily rejoin their regiments. Then General Gibbon called up Captain Farrel, First Minnesota, who commanded the Provost Guard of his division, and directed him for that day to join the regiment. “Very well, sir,” said the captain, as he touched his hat and turned away. He was a quiet, excellent gentleman, and thorough soldier. I knew him well, and esteemed him. I never saw him again. He was killed in two or three hours from that time, and over half of his splendid company were either killed or wounded.

And so the time passed on, each general now and then dispatching some order or message by an officer or orderly, until about half past twelve, when all the generals, one by one, first General Meade, rode off their several ways; and General Gibbon and his staff alone remained. We dozed in the heat, and lolled upon the ground, with half open eyes. Our horses were hitched to the trees, munching some oats. A great lull rests upon all the field. Time was heavy, and for want of something better to do, I yawned and looked at my watch; it was five minutes before one o'clock. I returned my watch to its pocket, and thought possibly that I might go to sleep, and stretched myself upon the ground accordingly. “*Ab uno disce omnes.*” My attitude and purpose were those of the general and the rest of the staff.

What sound was that? There was no mistaking it! The distinct, sharp sound of one of the enemy's guns, square over to the front, caused us to open our eyes and turn them in that direction, when we saw directly above the crest the smoke of the bursting shell, and heard its noise. In an instant, before a word was spoken, as if that was the signal gun for general work, loud, startling, booming, the report of gun after gun, in rapid succession, smote our ears, and their shells plunged down and exploded all around us. We sprang to our feet. In briefest time the whole rebel line to the west was pouring out its thunder and its iron upon our devoted crest. The wildest confusion for a few moments obtained among us. The shells came bursting all about. The servants ran terror-stricken for dear life, and disappeared. The horses hitched to the trees, or held by the slack hands of orderlies, neighed out in fright, and broke away and plunged riderless through the fields. The general at the first had snatched his sword, and started on foot to the front. I called for my horse; nobody responded. I found him tied to a tree near by, eating oats, with an air of the greatest composure, which, under the circumstances, even then struck me as exceed-

ingly ridiculous. He alone, of all beasts or men near, was cool. I am not sure but that I learned a lesson then from a horse. Anxious alone for his oats, while I put on the bridle and adjusted the halter, he delayed me by keeping his head down, so I had time to see one of the horses of our mess wagon struck and torn by a shell. The pair plunge,—the driver has lost the rein; horses, driver, and wagon go into a heap by a tree. Two mules close at hand, packed with boxes of ammunition, are knocked all to pieces by a shell.

General Gibbon's groom has just mounted his horse, and is starting to take the general's to him, when the flying iron meets him and tears open his breast; he drops dead, and the horses gallop away. No more than a minute since the first shot was fired, and I am mounted and riding after the general. The mighty din that now rises to heaven and shakes the earth is not all of it the voice of the rebellion; for our guns, the guardian lions of the crest, quick to awake when danger comes, have opened their fiery jaws and begun to roar,—the great hoarse roar of battle. I overtook the general half way up to the line. Before we reach the crest his horse is brought by an orderly. Leaving our horses just behind a sharp declivity of the ridge, on foot we go up among the batteries. How the long streams of fire spout from the guns! how the rifled shells hiss! how the smoke deepens and rolls! But where is the infantry? Has it vanished in smoke? Is this a nightmare or a juggler's devilish trick? All too real. The men of the infantry have seized their arms, and behind their works, behind every rock, in every ditch, wherever there is any shelter, they hug the ground, silent, quiet, unterrified, little harmed. The enemy's guns, now in action, are in position at their front of the woods, along the second ridge that I have before mentioned, and towards their right, behind a small crest in the open field, where we saw the flags this morning. Their line is some two miles long, concave on the side toward us, and their range is from one thousand to eighteen hundred yards. A hundred and twenty-five rebel guns, we estimate, are now active, firing twenty-four-pound, twenty, twelve, and ten-pound projectiles, solid shot and shells, spherical, conical, spiral. The enemy's fire is chiefly concentrated upon the position of the Second Corps. From the Cemetery to Round Top, with over a hundred guns, and to all parts of the enemy's line, our batteries reply, of twenty and ten-pound Parrotts, ten-pound rifled ordnance, and twelve-pound Napoleons, using projectiles as various in shape and name as those of the enemy. Captain Hazard, commanding the Artillery Brigade of the Second Corps, was vigilant among the batteries of his command, and they were all doing well. All was going on satisfactorily. We had nothing to do, therefore, but to be observers of the grand spectacle of battle. Captain Wessels, Judge Advocate of the division, now joined us, and we sat down just behind the crest, close to the left of Cushing's battery, to bide our time, to see, to be ready to act when the time should come, which might be at any moment. Who can describe such a conflict as is raging around us? To say that it was like a summer storm, with the crash of thunder, the glare of lightning, the shrieking of the wind, and the clatter of hailstones, would be weak. The thunder and lightning of these

two hundred and fifty guns, and their shells, when smoke darkens the sky, are incessant, all-pervading, in the air above our heads, on the ground at our feet, remote, near, deafening, ear-piercing, astounding; and these hail-stones are massy iron charged with exploding fire. And there is little of human interest in a storm; it is an absorbing element of this. You may see flame and smoke, and hurrying men, and human passion, at a great conflagration; but they are all earthly, and nothing more. Those guns are great infuriate demons, not of the earth, whose mouths blaze with snaky tongues of living fire, and whose murky breath, sulphur-laden, rolls around them and along the ground, the smoke of Hades. These grimy men, rushing, shouting, their souls in frenzy, plying the dusky globes and the igniting spark, are in their league, and but their willing ministers. We thought that at the second Bull Run, at the Antietam, and at Fredericksburg on the 11th of December, we had heard heavy cannonading; they were but holiday salutes compared with this. Besides the great ceaseless roar of the guns, which was but the background of the others, a million various minor sounds engaged the ear. The projectiles shriek long and sharp. They hiss, they scream, they growl, they sputter, — all sounds of life and rage; and each has its different note, and all are discordant. Was ever such a chaos of sound before? We note the effect of the enemy's fire among the batteries and along the crest. We see the solid shot strike axle, or pole, or wheel, and the tough iron and heart of oak snap and fly like straws. The great oaks there by Woodruff's guns heave down their massy branches with a crash, as if the lightning had smote them. The shells swoop down among the battery horses, standing there apart; a half dozen horses start, they tremble, their legs stiffen, their vitals and blood smear the ground. And these shot and shells have no respect for men either. We see the poor fellows hobbling back from the crest, or unable to do so, pale and weak, lying on the ground, with the mangled stump of an arm or leg dripping their life-blood away, or with a cheek torn open or a shoulder smashed. And many, alas! hear not the roar as they stretch upon the ground with upturned faces and open eyes, though a shell should burst at their very ears. We saw them but a moment since, there among the flame, with brawny arms and muscles of iron, wielding the rammer and pushing home the cannon's plethoric load.

Strange freaks these round shot play! We saw a man coming up from the rear with his full knapsack on, and some canteens of water held by the straps in his hands. He was walking slowly, and with apparent unconcern, though the iron hailed around him. A shot struck the knapsack, and it and its contents flew thirty yards in every direction; the knapsack disappeared like an egg thrown spitefully against the rock. The soldier stopped, and turned about in puzzled surprise, put up one hand to his back to assure himself that the knapsack was not there, and then walked slowly on again unharmed, with not even his coat torn. Near us was a man crouching behind a small disintegrated stone, which was about the size of a common water-bucket. He was bent up, with his face to the ground, in the attitude of a pagan worshipper before his idol. It looked so absurd to see him thus,

that I went and said to him: "Do not lie there like a toad, — why not go to your regiment and be a man?" He turned up his face with a stupid, terrified look upon me, and then without a word turned his nose again to the ground. An orderly that was with me at the time told me a few moments later, that a shot struck the stone, smashing it in a thousand fragments, but did not touch the man, though his head was not six inches from the stone. All the projectiles that came near us were not so harmless. Not ten yards away from us a shell burst among some small bushes, where sat three or four orderlies, holding horses. Two of the men and one horse were killed. Only a few yards off a shell exploded over an open limber box in Cushing's battery, and almost at the same instant another shell over a neighboring box. In both the boxes the ammunition blew up with an explosion that shook the ground, throwing fire and splinters and shells far into the air and all around, and destroying several men. We watched the shells bursting in the air, as they came hissing in all directions. Their flash was a bright gleam of lightning radiating from a point, giving place in a thousandth part of a second to a small, white, puffy cloud, like a fleece of the lightest, whitest wool. These clouds were very numerous. We could not often see the shell before it burst, but sometimes, as we faced towards the enemy, and looked above our heads, the approach would be heralded by a prolonged hiss, which always seemed to me to be a line of something tangible, terminating in a black globe, distinct to the eye, as the sound had been to the ear. The shell would seem to stop, and hang suspended in the air an instant, and then vanish in fire and smoke and noise. We saw the missiles tear and plow the ground. All in rear of the crest for a thousand yards, as well as among the batteries, was the field of their blind fury. Ambulances passing down the Taneytown road with wounded men were struck. The hospitals near this road were riddled. The house which was General Meade's headquarters was shot through several times, and a good many horses of officers and orderlies were lying dead around it. Riderless horses, galloping madly through the fields, were brought up, or down rather, by these invisible horse-tamers, and they would not run any more. Mules with ammunition, pigs wallowing about, cows in the pastures, whatever was animate or inanimate, in all this broad range, were no exception to their blind havoc. The percussion shells would strike and thunder, and scatter the earth, and their whistling fragments, the Whitworth bolts, would pound and ricochet, and bowl far away sputtering, with the sound of a mass of hot iron plunged in water; and the great solid shot would smite the unresisting earth with a sounding "thud," as the strong boxer crashes his iron fist into the jaws of his unguarded adversary.

Such were some of the sights and sounds of this great iron battle of missiles. Our artillery men upon the crest budged not an inch, nor intermitted; but, though caisson and limber were smashed, and guns dismantled, and men and horses killed, there, amidst smoke and sweat, they gave back without grudge or loss of time in the sending, in kind whatever the enemy sent, — globe and cone and bolt, hollow or solid, — an iron greeting to the rebellion, the compliments of the wrathful Republic.

An hour has droned its flight since first the roar began. There is no sign of weariness or abatement on either side. So long it seemed, that the din and crashing around began to appear the normal condition of nature there, and fighting man's element. The general proposed to go among the men, and over to the front of the batteries; so at about two o'clock he and I started. We went along the lines of the infantry as they lay there flat upon the earth a little to the front of the batteries. They were suffering little, and were quiet and cool. How glad we were that the enemy were no better gunners, and that they cut the shell fuses too long. To the question asked the men: "What do you think of this?" the replies would be, "Oh, this is bully"; "We are getting to like it"; "Oh, we don't mind this". And so they lay under the heaviest cannonade that ever shook the continent, and among them a thousand times more jokes than heads were cracked. We went down in front of the line some two hundred yards, and as the smoke had a tendency to settle upon a higher plane than where we were, we could see near the ground distinctly all over the field, as well back to the crest where were our own guns, as to the opposite ridge where were those of the enemy. No infantry was in sight save the skirmishers, and they stood silent and motionless, — a row of gray posts through the field on one side, confronted by another of blue.

Under the grateful shade of some elm trees, where we could see much of the field, we made seats of the ground and sat down. Here all the more repulsive features of the fight were unseen by reason of the smoke. Man had arranged the scenes, and for a time had taken part in the great drama; but at last, as the plot thickened, conscious of his littleness, and inadequacy to the mighty part, he had stepped aside and given place to more powerful actors. So it seemed; for we could see no men about the batteries. On either crest we could see the great flaky streams of fire, and they seemed numberless, of the opposing guns, and their white banks of swift convolving smoke; but the sound of the discharges was drowned in the universal ocean of sound. Over all the valley, the smoke, a sulphur arch, stretched its lurid space; and through it always, shrieking on their unseen courses, thickly flew a myriad of iron deaths. With our grim horizon on all sides round, toothed thick with battery flame, under that dissonant canopy of warring shells, we sat, and saw, and heard in silence. What other expression had we that was not mean, for such an awful universe of battle?

A shell struck our breastwork of rails up in sight of us, and a moment afterwards we saw the men bearing some of their wounded companions away from the same spot; and directly two men from there came down toward where we were, and sought to get shelter in an excavation near by, where many dead horses, killed in yesterday's fight, had been thrown. General Gibbon said to these men, more in a tone of kindly expostulation than of command: "My men, do not leave your ranks to try to get shelter here. All these matters are in the hands of God, and nothing that you can do will make you safer in one place than another." The men went quietly back to the line at once. The general then said to me: "I am not a member of any church, but I have always had a strong religious feeling; and

so, in all these battles, I have always believed that I was in the hands of God, and that I should be unharmed or not, according to his will. For this reason, I think it is, I am always ready to go where duty calls, no matter how great the danger."

Half past two o'clock, an hour and a half since the commencement, and still the cannonade did not in the least abate; but soon thereafter some signs of weariness and a little slacking of fire began to be apparent upon both sides. First we saw Brown's battery retire from the line, too feeble for further battle. Its position was a little to the front of the line. Its commander was wounded, and many of its men were so, or worse; some of its guns had been disabled, many of its horses killed; its ammunition was nearly expended. Other batteries in similar case had been withdrawn before, to be replaced by fresh ones, and some were withdrawn afterwards. Soon after the battery named had gone, the general started to return, passing towards the left of the division, and crossing the ground where the guns had stood. The stricken horses were numerous, and the dead and wounded men lay about, and as we passed these latter, their low, piteous call for water would invariably come to us, if they had yet any voice left. I found canteens of water near—no difficult matter where a battle has been—and held them to livid lips; and even in the faintness of death the eagerness to drink told of the terrible torture of thirst. But we must pass on. Our infantry was still unshaken, and in all the cannonade suffered very little. The batteries had been handled much more severely. I am unable to give any figures. A great number of horses have been killed,—in some batteries more than half of all. Guns had been dismounted, a great many caissons, limbers, and carriages had been destroyed, and usually from ten to twenty-five men to each battery had been struck, at least along our part of the crest. Altogether the fire of the enemy had injured us much, both in the modes that I have stated, and also by exhausting our ammunition and fouling our guns, so as to render our batteries unfit for further immediate use. The scenes that met our eyes on all hands among the batteries were fearful. All things must end, and the great cannonade was no exception to the general law of earth. In the number of guns active at one time, and in the duration and rapidity of their fire, this artillery engagement up to this time must stand alone and pre-eminent in this war. It has not been often, or many times, surpassed in the battles of the world. Two hundred and fifty guns, at least, rapidly fired for two mortal hours! Cipher out the number of tons of gunpowder and iron that made these two hours hideous.

Of the injury of our fire upon the enemy, except the facts that ours was the superior position, if not better served and constructed artillery, and that the enemy's artillery hereafter during the battle was almost silent, we knew little. Of course during the fight we often saw the enemy's caissons explode, and the trees, rent by our shot, crashing about his ears; but we can from them alone infer but little of general results. At three o'clock, almost precisely, the last shot hummed and bounded and fell, and the cannonade was over. The purpose of General Lee in all this fire

of his guns—we know it now, we did not at the time so well—was to disable our artillery and break up our infantry upon the position of the Second Corps, so as to render them less an impediment to the sweep of his own brigades and divisions over our crest and through our lines. He probably supposed our infantry was massed behind the crest and the batteries; and hence his fire was so high and the fuses to his shells were cut so long, too long. The rebel general failed in some of his plans in this behalf, as many generals have failed before, and will again. The artillery fight over, men began to breathe more freely, and to ask: “What next, I wonder?” The battery men were among their guns, some leaning to rest and wipe the sweat from their sooty faces; some were handling ammunition boxes and replenishing those that were empty. Some batteries from the artillery reserve were moving up to take the places of the disabled ones; the smoke was clearing from the crest. There was a pause between acts, with the curtain down, soon to rise upon the great final act and catastrophe of Gettysburg. We had passed by the left of the Second Division coming from the front; when we crossed the crest, the enemy was not in sight, and all was still. We walked slowly along in rear of the troops, by the ridge, cut off now from a view of the enemy or his position, and were returning to the spot where we had left our horses. General Gibbon had just said that he inclined to the belief that the enemy was falling back, and that the cannonade was only one of his noisy modes of covering the movement. I said that I thought that fifteen minutes would show that, by all his bowling, the rebel did not mean retreat. We were near our horses when we noticed Brigadier-General Hunt, Chief of Artillery of the army, near Woodruff’s battery, swiftly moving about on horseback, and apparently in a rapid manner giving some orders about the guns. Thought we, what could this mean? In a moment afterwards we met Captain Wessels, and the orderlies who had our horses; they were on foot leading the horses. Captain Wessels was pale, and he said, excited: “General, they say the enemy’s infantry is advancing.” We sprang into our saddles; a score of bounds brought us upon the all-seeing crest. To say that none grew pale and held their breath at what we and they then saw, would not be true. Might not six thousand men be brave and without shade of fear, and yet, before a hostile eighteen thousand, armed, and not five minutes’ march away, turn ashy white? None on that crest need now be told that *the enemy is advancing!* Every eye could see his legions, an overwhelming, resistless tide of an ocean of armed men, sweeping upon us! Regiment after regiment, and brigade after brigade, move from the woods and rapidly take their places in the lines forming the assault. Pickett’s proud division, with some additional troops, holds their right; Pettigrew’s (Heth’s) their left. The first line, at short interval, is followed by a second, and that a third succeeds; and columns between support the lines. More than half a mile their front extends; more than a thousand yards the dull gray masses deploy, man touching man, rank pressing rank, and line supporting line. Their red flags wave; their horsemen gallop up and down; the arms of eighteen thousand men, barrel and bayonet, gleam in the sun,—a sloping forest of

flashing steel. Right on they move, as with one soul, in perfect order, without impediment of ditch or wall or stream, over ridge and slope, through orchard and meadow and cornfield, magnificent, grim, irresistible. All was orderly and still upon the crest; no noise and no confusion. The men had little need of commands; for the survivors of a dozen battles knew well enough what this array in front portended, and, already in their places, they would be prepared to act when the right time should come. The click of the locks as each man raised the hammer to feel with his finger that the cap was on the nipple; the sharp jar as a musket touched a stone upon the wall when thrust, in aiming, over it; and the clinking of the iron axles, as the guns were rolled up by hand a little further to the front, were quite all the sounds that could be heard. Cap boxes were slid around to the front of the body; cartridge boxes opened; officers opened their pistol holsters. Such preparation, little more, was needed. The trefoil flags, colors of the brigade and divisions, moved to their places in rear; but along the lines in front, the grand old ensign that first waved in battle at Saratoga, in 1777, and which these people coming would rob of half its stars, stood up, and the west wind kissed it as the sergeants sloped its lance towards the enemy. I believe that not one above whom it then waved but blessed his God that he was loyal to it, and whose heart did not swell with pride towards it, as the emblem of the Republic, before that treason's flouting rag in front.

General Gibbon rode down the lines, cool and calm, and in an unimpassioned voice he said to the men: "Do not hurry, men, and fire too fast; let them come up close before you fire, and then aim low and steadily." The coolness of their general was reflected in the faces of his men. Five minutes had elapsed since first the enemy had emerged from the woods, — no great space of time, surely, if measured by the usual standards by which men estimate duration, — but it was long enough for us to note and weigh some of the elements of mighty moment that surrounded us: the disparity of numbers between the assailants and the assailed; that, few as were our numbers, we could not be supported or reinforced until support would not be needed, or would be too late; that upon the ability of the two trefoil divisions to hold the crest, and repel the assault, depended not only their own safety or destruction, but also the honor of the Army of the Potomac and defeat or victory at Gettysburg. Should these advancing men pierce our line, and become the entering wedge, driven home, that would sever our army asunder, what hope would there be afterwards, and where the blood-earned fruits of yesterday? It was long enough for the rebel storm to drift across more than half the space that had first separated it from us. None, or all, of these considerations either depressed or elevated us. They might have done the former, had we been timid; the latter, had we been confident and vain. But we were there waiting and ready to do our duty; that done, results could not dishonor us.

Our skirmishers open a spattering fire along the front, and, fighting, retire upon the main line — the first drops, the heralds of the storm, sounding upon our windows. Then the thunders of our guns, first Arnold's, then

Cushing's and Woodruff's and the rest, shake and reverberate through the air, and their sounding shells smite the enemy. The general said I had better go and tell General Meade of this advance. To gallop to General Meade's headquarters, to learn there that he had changed them to another part of the field, to despatch to him by the Signal Corps, in General Gibbon's name, the message, "The enemy is advancing his infantry in force upon my front," and to be again upon the crest, were but the work of a minute. All our available guns are now active, and from the fire of shells as the range grows shorter and shorter, they change to shrapnel, and from shrapnel to canister; but in spite of shells and shrapnel and canister, without wavering or halt, the hardy lines of the enemy continue to move on. The rebel guns make no reply to ours, and no charging shout rings out to-day, as is the rebel wont; but the courage of these silent men amid our shot seems not to need the stimulus of other noise. The enemy's right flank sweeps near Stannard's bushy crest, and his concealed Vermonters rake it with a well-delivered fire of musketry. The gray lines do not halt or reply, but withdrawing a little from that extreme they still move on. And so across all that broad, open ground they have come, nearer and nearer, nearly half the way, with our guns bellowing in their faces, until now a hundred yards, no more, divide our ready left from their advancing right. The eager men there are anxious to begin. Let them. First Harrow's breastworks flame, then Hall's, then Webb's. As if our bullets were the fire coals that touched off their muskets, the enemy in front halts and his countless level barrels blaze back upon us. The Second Division is struggling in battle. The rattling storm soon spreads to the right, and the blue trefoils are vying with the white. All along each hostile front, a thousand yards, with narrowest space between, the volleys blaze and roll; as thick the sound as when a summer hailstorm pelts the city roofs; as thick the fire as when the incessant lightning fringes a summer cloud. When the rebel infantry had opened fire our batteries soon became silent, and this without their fault, for they were foul by long previous use. They were the targets of the concentrated rebel bullets, and some of them had expended all their canister; but they were not silent before Rhorty was killed, Woodruff had fallen mortally wounded, and Cushing, firing almost his last canister, had dropped dead among his guns, shot through the head by a bullet. The conflict is left to the infantry alone. Unable to find my general when I had returned to the crest after transmitting his message to General Meade, and while riding in the search, having witnessed the development of the fight from the first fire upon the left by the main lines, until all of the two divisions were furiously engaged, I gave up hunting as useless,—I was convinced General Gibbon could not be on the field; I left him mounted; I could easily have found him now had he so remained, but now, save myself, there was not a mounted officer near the engaged lines,—and was riding towards the right of the Second Division, with purpose to stop there, as the most eligible position to watch the further progress of the battle, then to be ready to take part, according to my own notions, wherever and whenever occasion was presented. The conflict was tremendous, but I had seen

no wavering in all our line. Wondering how long the rebel ranks, deep though they were, could stand our sheltered volleys, I had come near my destination, when — great heaven! were my senses mad? — the larger portion of Webb's brigade. — my God, it was true, — there by the group of trees and the angles of the wall, was breaking from the cover of the works, and without order or reason, with no hand uplifted to check them, was falling back, a fear-stricken flock of confusion! The fate of Gettysburg hung upon a spider's single thread! A great, magnificent passion came on me at the instant; not one that overpowers and confounds, but one that blanches the face and sublimates every sense and faculty. My sword that had always hung idle by my side, the sign of rank only, in every battle, I drew, bright and gleaming, the symbol of command. Was not that a fit occasion and those fugitives the men on whom to try the temper of the Solingen steel? All rules and proprieties were forgotten, all considerations of person and danger and safety despised; for, as I met the tide of those rabbits, the damned red flags of the rebellion began to thicken and flaunt along the wall they had just deserted, and one was already waving over the guns of the dead Cushing. I ordered those men to "*halt*," and "*face about*," and "*fire*," and they heard my voice, and gathered my meaning, and obeyed my commands. On some unpatriotic backs, of those not quick of comprehension, the flat of my sabre fell, not lightly; and at its touch their love of country returned, and with a look at me as if I were the destroying angel, as I might have become theirs, they again faced the enemy. General Webb soon came to my assistance. He was on foot, but he was active, and did all that one could do to repair the breach or to avert its calamity. The men that had fallen back, facing the enemy, soon regained confidence and became steady. This portion of the wall was lost to us, and the enemy have gained the cover of the reverse side, where he now stormed with fire. But Webb's men, with their bodies in part protected by the abruptness of the crest, now sent back in the enemy's faces as fierce a storm. Some scores of venturesome rebels that, in their first push at the wall, had dared to cross at the further angle, and those that had desecrated Cushing's guns, were promptly shot down, and speedy death met him who should raise his body to cross it again. At this point little could be seen of the enemy, by reason of his cover and the smoke, except the flash of his muskets and his waving flags. Those red flags were accumulating at the wall every moment, and they maddened us as the same color does the bull. Webb's men were falling fast, and he is among them to direct and encourage; but however well they may now do, with that walled enemy in front, with more than a dozen flags to Webb's three, it soon becomes apparent that in not many minutes they will be overpowered, or that there will be none alive for the enemy to overpower. Webb has but three regiments, all small, — the Sixty-ninth, Seventy-first, and Seventy-second Pennsylvania; — the One Hundred and Sixth Pennsylvania, except two companies, is not here to-day, — and he must have speedy assistance, or this crest will be lost. Oh! where is Gibbon, — where is Hancock, — some general, anybody, with the power and the will to support this wasting, melting line? No general came, and no suc-

cor! I thought of Hayes upon the right; but from the smoke and roar along his front, it was evident he had enough upon his hands, if he stayed the inrolling tide of the rebels there. Doubleday upon the left was too far off, and too slow, and on another occasion I had begged him to send his idle regiments to support another line, battling with thrice its numbers, and this "Old Sumter Hero" had declined.

As a last resort I resolved to see if Hall and Harrow could not send some of their commands to reinforce Webb. I galloped to the left in the execution of my purpose, and as I attained the rear of Hall's line, from the nature of the ground there, and the position of the enemy, it was easy to discover the reason and the manner of this gathering of rebel flags in front of Webb. The enemy, emboldened by his success in gaining our line by the group of trees and the angle of the wall, was concentrating all his right against, and was further pressing, that point. There was the stress of his assault, — there would he drive his fiery wedge to split our line. In front of Harrow's and Hall's brigades he had been able to advance no nearer than when he first halted to deliver fire; and these commands had not yielded an inch. To effect the concentration before Webb, the enemy would march the regiment on his extreme right of each of his lines, by the left flank, to the rear of the troops, still halted and facing to the front, and so continuing to draw in his right. When they were all massed in the position desired, he would again face them to the front, and advance to the storming. This was the way he made the wall before Webb's line blaze with his battle flags, and such was the purpose then of his thick-crowding battalions. Not a moment must be lost. Colonel Hall I found just in rear of his line, sword in hand, cool, vigilant, noting all that passed, and directing the battle of his brigade. The fire was constantly diminishing now in his front, in the manner, by the movement of the enemy, that I have mentioned, drifting to the right. "How is it going?" Colonel Hall asked me as I rode up. "Well, but Webb is hotly pressed, and must have support, or he will be overpowered. Can you assist him?" "Yes." "You cannot be too quick." "I will move my brigade at once." "Good." He gave the order, and in briefest time I saw five friendly colors hurrying to the aid of the imperilled three; and each color represented true, battle-tried men, that had not turned back from rebel fire that day nor yesterday, though their ranks were sadly thinned. To Webb's brigade, pressed back as it had been from the wall, the distance was not great from Hall's right. The regiments marched by the right flank. Colonel Hall superintended the movement in person. Colonel Devereaux coolly commanded the Nineteenth Massachusetts, — his major, Rice, had already been wounded and carried off. Lieutenant-Colonel Macy, of the Twentieth Massachusetts, had just had his left hand shot off, and so Captain Abbott gallantly led over this fine regiment; the Forty-second New York followed their excellent colonel, Mallon. Lieutenant-Colonel Steele, Seventh Michigan, had just been killed, and this regiment, and the handful of the Fifty-ninth New York, followed their colors. The movement, as it did, attracting the enemy's fire, and executed in haste, as it must be, was difficult; but in reasonable time, and in order that is serviceable, if not

regular, Hall's men are fighting gallantly side by side with Webb's, before the all-important point. I did not stop to see all this movement of Hall's, but from him I went further to the left, to the First Brigade. General Harrow I did not see, but his fighting men would answer my purpose as well. The Nineteenth Maine, the Fifteenth Massachusetts, the Eighty-second New York, and the shattered old thunderbolt, the First Minnesota — poor Farrell was dying then upon the ground where he had fallen — all men that I could find, I took over to the right at the *double quick*. As we were moving to, and near, the other brigades of the division, from my position on horseback I could see that the enemy's right, under Hall's fire, was beginning to stagger and to break. "See," I said to the men, "see the '*chivalry*,' see the gray-backs run!" The men saw, and as they swept to their places by the side of Hall's and opened fire, they roared, and this in a manner that said more plainly than words, — for the deaf could have seen it in their faces, and the blind could have heard it in their voices, — *the crest is safe!*

The whole division concentrated, and changes of position. and new phases, as well on our part as on that of the enemy, having, as indicated, occurred, for the purpose of showing the exact present posture of affairs some further description is necessary. Before the Second Division the enemy is massed, the main bulk of his force covered by the ground that slopes to his rear, with his front at the stone wall. Between his front and us extends the very apex of the crest. All there are left of the White Trefoil Division, — yesterday morning there were three thousand eight hundred; this morning there were less than three thousand; at this moment there are somewhat over two thousand, — twelve regiments in three brigades, are below, or behind the crest, in such a position that by the exposure of the head and upper part of the body above the crest they can deliver their fire in the enemy's faces along the top of the wall. By reason of the disorganization incidental, in Webb's brigade, to his men having broken and fallen back, as mentioned, in the two other brigades to their rapid and difficult change of position under fire, and in all the division, in part, to severe and continuous battle, formation of companies and regiments in regular ranks is lost; but commands, companies, regiments, and brigades are blinded and intermixed, — an irregular, extended mass, — men enough, if in order, to form a line of four or five ranks along the whole front of the division. The twelve flags of the regiments wave defiantly at intervals along the front; at the stone wall, at unequal distances from ours of forty, fifty or sixty yards, stream nearly double this number of battle flags of the enemy. These changes accomplished on either side, and the concentration complete, although no cessation or abatement of the general din of conflict since the commencement had at any time been appreciable, now it was as if a new battle, deadlier, stormier than before, had sprung from the body of the old; a young phoenix of combat, whose eyes stream lightning, shaking his arrowy wings over the yet glowing ashes of his progenitor. The jostling, swaying lines on either side boil, and roar, and dash their foamy spray, two hostile billows of a fiery ocean. Thick flashes stream from the wall; thick volleys answer from the crest. No threats or expostulation now; only

example and encouragement. All depths of passion are stirred, and all combative fire, down to their deep foundations. Individuality is drowned in a sea of clamor; and timid men, breathing the breath of the multitude, are brave. The frequent dead and wounded lie where they stagger and fall; there is no humanity for them now, and none can be spared to care for them. The men do not cheer, or shout—they growl; and over that uneasy sea, heard with the roar of musketry, sweeps the muttered thunder of a storm of growls. Webb, Hall, Devereux, Mallon, Abbott, among the men where all are heroes, are doing deeds of note. Now the loyal wave rolls up as if it would overleap its barrier, the crest; pistols flash with the muskets. My “Forward to the wall!” is answered by the rebel counter-command, “Steady, men,” and the wave swings back. Again it surges, and again it sinks. These men of Pennsylvania, on the soil of their own homesteads, the first and only ones to flee the wall, must be the first to storm it. “Major, lead, *lead* your men over the crest,—they will follow!” “By the tactics, I understand my place is in the rear of the men.” “Your pardon, sir; I see *your* place is in rear of the men. I thought you were fit to lead. Captain Suplee, come on with your men.” “Let me first stop this fire in the rear, or we shall be hit by our own men.” “Never mind the fire in the rear; let us take care of this in front first.” “Sergeant, forward with your color. Let the rebels see it close to their eyes once more before they die.” The color sergeant of the Seventy-second Pennsylvania, grasping the stump of the severed lance in both his hands, waved the flag above his head, and rushed toward the wall. “Will you see your color storm the wall alone?” One man only started to follow. Almost half way to the wall, down go color bearer and color to the ground,—the gallant sergeant is dead. The line springs; the crest of the solid ground, with a great roar, heaves forward its maddened load,—men, arms, smoke, fire, a fighting mass; it rolls to the wall; flash meets flash; the wall is crossed; a moment ensues of thrusts, yells, blows, shots, an undistinguished conflict, followed by a shout, universal, that makes the welkin ring again; and the last and bloodiest fight of the great battle of Gettysburg is ended and won.

Many things cannot be described by pen or pencil; such a fight is one. Some hints and incidents may be given, but a description or picture, never. From what is told the imagination may for itself construct the scene; otherwise he who never saw, can have no adequate idea of what such a battle is.

When the vortex of battle passion had subsided, hopes, fears, rage, joy, of which the maddest and the noisiest was the last, and we were calm enough to look about us, we saw that, as with us, the fight with the Third Division was ended; and that in that division was a repetition of the scenes immediately about us. In that moment the judgment almost refused to credit the senses. Are these abject wretches about us, whom our men are now disarming, and driving together in flocks, the jaunty men of Pickett’s Division, whose steady lines and flashing arms, but a few moments since, were sweeping up the slope to destroy us? Are these red cloths that our men toss about in derision the “fiery Southern crosses,” thrice ardent, the

battle-flags of the rebellion that waved defiance at the wall? We know, but so sudden has been the transition we yet can scarce believe.

Just as the fight was over, and the first outburst of victory had a little subsided, when all in front of the crest was noise and confusion, prisoners being collected, small parties in pursuit of them far down into the field, flags waving, officers giving quick, sharp commands to their men, I stood apart for a few moments upon the crest, by that group of trees which ought to be historic forever, a spectator of the thrilling scenes around. Some few musket shots were still heard in the Third Division; and the enemy's guns, almost silent since the advance of his infantry, until the moment of his defeat, were dropping a few sullen shells among friend and foe upon the crest, — rebellion fosters such humanity. Near me, saddest sight of the many of such a field, and not in keeping with all this noise, were mingled, alone, the thick dead of Maine, and Minnesota, and Michigan, and Massachusetts, and the Empire and Keystone States, who, not yet cold, with the blood still oozing from their death wounds, had given their lives to the country upon that stormy field. So mingled upon that crest let their honored graves be. Look, with me, about us. These dead have been avenged already. Where the long lines of the enemy's thousands so proudly advanced, see now how thick the silent men of gray are scattered. It is not an hour since those legions were sweeping along so grandly, — now sixteen hundred of their fiery mass are strewn among the trampled grass, dead as the clods they load; more than seven thousand, probably eight thousand, are wounded, some there with the dead in our hands, some fugitive far towards the woods, among them Generals Pettigrew, Garnett, Kemper and Armistead, the last three mortally, and the last one in our hands, — "Tell General Hancock," he said to Lieutenant Mitchell, Hancock's aide-de-camp, to whom he handed his watch, "that I know I did my country a great wrong when I took up arms against her, for which I am sorry, but for which I cannot live to atone." Four thousand not wounded are prisoners of war; more in number of the captured than the captors. Our men are still "gathering them in." Some hold up their hands, or a handkerchief, in sign of submission; some have hugged the ground to escape our bullets, and so are taken; few made resistance after the first moment of our crossing the wall; some yield submissively with good grace, some with grim, dogged aspect, showing that, but for the other alternative, they would not submit to this. Colonels, and all less grades of officers, in the usual proportions, are among them, and all are being stripped of their arms. Such of them as escaped wounds and capture are fleeing, routed and panic-stricken, and disappearing in the woods. Small arms, more thousands than we can count, are in our hands, scattered over the field. And these defiant battle-flags, some inscribed with "First Manassas," "South Mountain," "Sharpsburg" (our Antietam), "Fredericksburg," "Chancellorsville," and many more names, our men have, and are showing about, *over thirty of them.*

Such was really the closing scene of the grand drama of Gettysburg. After repeated assaults upon the right and the left, where, and in all of

which, repulse had been his only success, this persistent and presuming enemy forms his chosen troops, the flower of his army, for a grand assault upon our centre. The manner and the result of such assault have been told, — a loss to the enemy of from twelve thousand to fourteen thousand, killed, wounded and prisoners, and of over thirty battle-flags. This was accomplished by not over six thousand men, with a loss on our part of not over two thousand five hundred killed and wounded.

Would to Heaven Generals Hancock and Gibbon could have stood there where I did, and have looked upon that field! It would have done two men, to whom the country owes much, good to have been with their men in that moment of victory, to have seen the results of those dispositions which they had made, and of that splendid fighting which men schooled by their discipline had executed. But they are both severely wounded, and have been carried from the field. One person did come that I was glad to see there; and he was no less than Major-General Meade, whom the Army of the Potomac was fortunate enough to have at that time to command it. See how a great general looked upon the field, and what he said and did, at the moment, and when he learned of his great victory.

To appreciate the incident I give, it should be borne in mind that one coming up from the rear of the line, as did General Meade, could have seen very little of our own men, who had now crossed the crest, and although he could have heard the noise he could not have told its occasion, or by whom made, until he had actually attained the crest. One who did not know results, so coming, would have been quite as likely to have supposed that our line there had been carried and captured by the enemy, so many gray rebels were on the crest, as to have discovered the real truth. Such mistake was really made by one of our own officers as I shall relate.

General Meade rode up, accompanied alone by his son, who is his aide-de-camp, — an escort, if select, not large for a commander of such an army. The principal horseman was no bedizened hero of some holiday review, but he was a plain man, dressed in a serviceable summer suit of dark blue cloth, without badge or ornament, save the shoulder straps of his grade, and a light, straight sword of a general, or general staff officer. He wore heavy high top boots and buff gauntlets, and his soft black felt hat was slouched down over his eyes. His face was very white, not pale, and the lines were marked and earnest, and full of care. As he arrived near me, coming up the hill, he asked in a sharp, eager voice, "How is it going here?" "I believe, General, the army is repulsed," I answered. Still approaching, and a new light began to come upon his face, of gratified surprise, with a touch of incredulity, of which his voice was also the medium, he further asked, "*What! is the assault entirely repulsed?*" his voice quicker and more eager than before. "It is, sir," I replied. By this time he was on the crest, and when his eye had for an instant swept over the field, taking in just a glance of the whole, — the masses of prisoners, the numerous captured flags, which the men were derisively flaunting about, the fugitives of the routed enemy disappearing with the speed of terror in the woods, — partly at what I had told him, partly at what he saw, he said impressively, and his face was

lighted, "Thank God." And then his right hand moved as if he would have caught off his hat and waved it; but this gesture he suppressed, and instead he waved his hand, and said "Hur-rah!" The son, with more youth in his blood, and less rank upon his shoulders, snatched off his cap and roared out his three "hurrahs" right heartily. The general then surveyed the field some minutes in silence. He at length asked who was in command. He had heard that Hancock and Gibbon were wounded, and I told him that General Caldwell was the senior officer of the corps, and General Harrow of the division. He asked where they were, but before I had time to answer that I did not know, he resumed, "No matter; I will give my orders to you, and you will see them executed." He then gave directions that the troops should be re-formed as soon as practicable, and kept in their places, as the enemy might be mad enough to attack again; he also gave directions concerning the posting of some reinforcements, which he said would soon be there, adding, "*If the enemy does attack, charge him in the flanks and sweep him from the field, — do you understand?*" The general, then a gratified man, galloped in the direction of his headquarters.

Then the work of the field went on. First the prisoners were collected and sent to the rear. "There go the men," the rebels were heard to say by some of our surgeons who were in Gettysburg, at the time Pickett's division marched out to take position — "there go the men that will go through your d—d Yankee lines for you." A good many of them did "*go through our lines for us*," but in a very different way from the one they intended, — not impetuous victors, sweeping away our thin line with ball and bayonet, but crest-fallen captives, without arms, guarded by the truce bayonets of the Union, with the cheers of their conquerors ringing in their ears. There was a grain of truth, after all, in this rebel remark. Collected, the prisoners began their dreary march, a miserable, melancholy stream of dirty *gray* to pour over the crest to our rear. Many of their officers were well-dressed, fine, proud gentlemen, such men as it would be a pleasure to meet when the war is over. I had no desire to exult over them, and pity and sympathy were the general feelings of us all over the occasion. The cheering of our men, and the unceremonious handling of the captive flags, were probably not gratifying to the prisoners, but not intended for taunt or insult to the men; they could take no exception to such practices. When the prisoners were turned to the rear and were crossing the crest, Lieutenant-Colonel Morgan, General Hancock's chief of staff, was conducting a battery from the artillery reserve towards the Second Corps. As he saw the men in gray coming over the hill, he said to the officer in command of the battery, "See up there; the enemy has carried the crest. See them come pouring over. The old Second Corps has gone, and you had better get your battery away from here as quickly as possible, or it will be captured." The officer was actually giving the order to his men to move back, when closer observation discovered that the graybacks that were coming had no arms, and then the truth flashed upon the minds of the observers. The same mistake was made by others.

In view of the results there that day, — the successes of the arms of the country, — would not the people of the whole country, standing then upon the crest with General Meade, have said with him, "Thank God"?

I have no knowledge, and little notion, of how long a time elapsed from the moment the fire of the infantry commenced until the enemy was entirely repulsed in this his grand assault. I judge, from the amount of fighting, that probably the fight was of nearly an hour's duration, but I cannot tell, and I have seen none who knew. The time seemed but a very few minutes when the battle was over.

When the prisoners were cleared away, and order was again established upon the crest, where the conflict had impaired it, until between five and six o'clock, I remained upon the field directing troops to their positions, in conformity to the orders of General Meade. The enemy appeared no more in front of the Second Corps; but while I was engaged as I have mentioned, further to our left some considerable force of the enemy moved out and made a show of attack. Our artillery, now in good order again, in due time opened fire, and the shells scattered the "*Butternuts*," as clubs do the gray snow-birds of winter, before they came within range of our infantry. This, save unimportant outpost firing, was the last of the battle.

Of the pursuit of the enemy, and the movements of the army subsequent to the battle, until the crossing of the Potomac by Lee, and the closing of the campaign, it is not my purpose to write. Suffice it, that on the night of the 3d of July the enemy withdrew his left, Ewell's corps, from our front, and on the morning of the 4th we again occupied the village of Gettysburg, and on that national day victory was proclaimed to the country; that floods of rain on that day prevented army movement of any considerable magnitude, the day being passed by our army in position upon the field, in burying our dead and some of those of the enemy, and in making the movements already indicated; that on the 5th the pursuit of the enemy was commenced, his dead were buried by us, and the corps of our army, upon various roads, moved from the battle-field.

With a statement of some of the results of the battle, as to losses and captures, and of what I saw in riding over the field when the army was gone, my account is done.

Our own losses in "killed, wounded, and missing" I estimate at *twenty-three thousand*. Of the "missing" the larger proportion were prisoners lost on the 1st of July. Our loss in prisoners, not wounded, probably was *four thousand*. The losses were distributed among the different army corps about as follows: In the Second Corps, which sustained the heaviest loss of any corps, a little over *four thousand five hundred*, of whom the "missing" were a mere nominal number; in the First Corps, a little over *four thousand*, of whom a good many were "missing"; in the Third Corps, *four thousand*, of whom some were "missing"; in the Eleventh Corps, *four thousand*, of whom the most were "missing"; and the rest of the loss, to make the aggregate mentioned, were shared by the Fifth, Sixth and Twelfth Corps and the cavalry. Among these the "missing" were few, and the losses of the Sixth Corps and the cavalry were light. I do not think the official reports will show my estimate of our losses to be far from correct, for I have taken great pains to question staff officers upon the subject, and have learned approximate numbers from them. We lost no gun or flag, that I have heard

of, in all the battle. Some small arms, I suppose, were lost on the 1st of July.

The enemy's loss in killed, wounded, and prisoners I estimate at *forty thousand*, and from the following data, and for the following reasons: So far as I can learn we took *ten thousand* prisoners, who were not wounded, — many more than these were captured, but several thousands of them were wounded. I have, so far as practicable, ascertained the number of dead the enemy left upon the field, approximately, by getting the reports of different burying parties. I think the dead upon the field were *five thousand*, almost all of whom, save those killed on the 1st of July, were buried by us, the enemy not having them in their possession. In looking at a great number of tables of killed and wounded in battles, I have found that the proportion of the killed to the wounded is as *one* to *five*, or more than five; rarely less than five. So with the killed at the number stated, *twenty-five thousand* would probably be wounded; hence the aggregate that I have mentioned. I think *fourteen thousand* of the enemy, wounded and unwounded, fell into our hands. Great numbers of his small arms, two or three guns, and forty or more — was there ever such bannered harvest? — of his regimental battle-flags, were captured by us. Some day, possibly, we may learn the enemy's loss, but I doubt if he will ever tell truly how many flags he did not take home with him. I have great confidence, however, in my estimates, for they have been carefully made, and after much inquiry, and with no desire or motive to over-estimate the enemy's loss.

The magnitude of the armies engaged, the number of the casualties, the object sought by the rebel, the result, will all contribute to give Gettysburg a place among the great historic battles of the world. That General Meade's concentration was rapid, — over thirty miles a day were marched by several of the corps, — that his position was skilfully selected, and his dispositions good, that he fought the battle hard and well, that his victory was brilliant and complete, I think all should admit. I cannot but regard it as highly fortunate to us, and commendable in General Meade, that the enemy was allowed the initiative, the offensive in the main battle; that it was much better to allow the rebel, for his own destruction, to come up and smash his lines and columns upon the defensive solidity of our position, than it would have been to hunt him, for the same purpose, in the woods, or to unearth him from his rifle-pits. In this manner our losses were lighter, and his heavier, than if the case had been reversed. And whatever the books may say of troops fighting the better who make the attack, I am satisfied that in this war, Americans, the rebels as well as ourselves, are best on the defensive. The proposition is deducible from the battles of the war, I think, and my observation confirms it.

But men there are who think that nothing was gained or done well in this battle, because some other general did not have the command, or because any portion of the army of the enemy was permitted to escape capture or destruction. As if one army of a hundred thousand men could encounter another of the same number, of as good troops, and annihilate it! Military men do not claim or expect this; but the sensational paragraphers do; the

doughty knights of purchasable newspaper quills; the formidable warriors from the brothels of politics; men of much warlike experience against — honesty and honor; of profound attainments in — ignorance; who have the maxims of Napoleon, whose spirit they as little understand as they do most things, to quote to prove all things; but who, unfortunately, have much influence in the country and with the government, and so over the army. It is very pleasant for these people, no doubt, at safe distances from guns, in the enjoyment of a lucrative office, or of a fraudulently obtained government contract, surrounded by the luxuries of their own firesides, where mud and flooding storms and utter weariness never penetrate, to discourse of battles, and how campaigns should be conducted, and armies of the enemy should be destroyed. But it should be enough, perhaps, to say that men here or elsewhere, who have knowledge enough of military affairs to entitle them to express an opinion on such matters, and accurate information enough to realize the nature and the means of this desired destruction of Lee's army, before it crossed the Potomac into Virginia, will be most likely to vindicate the Pennsylvania campaign of General Meade, and to see that he accomplished all that could have been reasonably expected of any general, of any army. Complaint has been, and is, made specifically against Meade, that he did not attack Lee near Williamsport, before he had time to withdraw across the river. These were the facts concerning the matter :

The 13th of July was the earliest day when such an attack, if practicable at all, could have been made. The time before this, since the battle, had been spent in moving the army from the vicinity of the field, finding something of the enemy, and concentrating before him. On that day the army was concentrated, and in order of battle, near the turnpike that leads from Sharpsburg to Hagerstown, Md., the right resting at or near the latter place, the left near Jones's Cross-roads, some six miles in the direction of Sharpsburg, and in the following order from left to right: the Twelfth Corps, the Second, the Fifth, the Sixth, the First, the Eleventh, — the Third being in reserve behind the Second.

The mean distance to the Potomac was some some six miles, and the enemy was between Meade and the river. The Potomac, swelled by the recent rain, was boiling and swift and deep, a magnificent place to have drowned all this rebel crew. I have not the least doubt but that General Meade would have liked to drown them all, if he could, but they were unwilling to be drowned, and would fight first. To drive them into the river, then, they must first be routed. General Meade, I believe, favored an attack upon the enemy at this time, and he summoned his corps commanders to a council upon the subject. The First Corps was represented by Wadsworth; the Second by William Hays; the Third by French; the Fifth by Sykes; the Sixth by Sedgwick; the Eleventh by Howard; the Twelfth by Slocum; and the cavalry by Pleasonton. Of the eight generals, three, Wadsworth, Howard and Pleasonton, were in favor of immediate attack; and five, Hays, French, Sykes, Sedgwick, and Slocum, were not in favor of attack until better information was obtained of the position and situation of the enemy. Of the *pros*, Wadsworth only temporarily represented the First Corps, in the brief

absence of Newton, who, had a battle occurred, would have commanded; Pleasonton, with his horses, would have been a spectator only; and Howard had lost so large a portion of the Eleventh Corps at Gettysburg, that he could scarcely have been relied upon to do effective work with his command. Such was the position of those who felt sanguinely inclined. Of the *cons*, were all of the fighting generals of the fighting corps save the First. This, then, was the feeling of these generals: All who would have had no responsibility or part, in all probability, *hankered* for a fight; those who would have had both part and responsibility, did not. The attack was not made. At daylight on the morning of the 14th, strong reconnoissances from the Twelfth, Second and Fifth Corps were the means of discovering that between the enemy, except a thousand or fifteen hundred of his rear-guard, who fell into our hands, and the Army of the Potomac, rolled the rapid unbridged river. The rebel general Pettigrew was here killed. The enemy had constructed bridges, had crossed during all the preceding night, but so close were our cavalry and infantry upon him in the morning that the bridges were destroyed before his rear guard had all crossed.

Among the considerations influencing these generals against the propriety of attack at that time were probably the following: The army was wearied and worn down by four weeks of constant forced marching or battle, in the midst of heat, mud, and drenching showers, burdened with arms, accoutrements, blankets, sixty to a hundred cartridges, and five to eight days' rations. What such weariness means, few save soldiers know. Since the battle the army had been constantly diminished by sickness or prostration, and by more straggling than I ever saw before. Poor fellows! they could not help it. The men were near the point where further efficient physical exertion was quite impossible. Even the sound of the skirmishing, which was almost constant, and the excitement of impending battle, had no effect to arouse for an hour the exhibition of their wonted former vigor. The enemy's loss in battle, it is true, had been far heavier than ours; but his army was less weary than ours, for in a given time since the first of the campaign it had marched far less, and with lighter loads. The rebels are accustomed to hunger and nakedness, customs to which our men do not take readily. And the enemy had straggled less, for the men were going away from battle, and towards home; and for them to straggle was to go into captivity, whose end they could not conjecture. The enemy were somewhere in position, in a ridgy, wooded country, abounding in strong defensive positions, his main bodies concealed, protected by rifle-pits and epaulements acting strictly on the defensive. His dispositions, his positions, even, with any considerable degree of accuracy, were unknown; nor could they be known, except by reconnoissances in such force, and carried to such extent, as would have constituted them attacks, liable to bring on at any moment a general engagement, and at places where we were least prepared, and least likely to be successful. To have had a battle there, then, General Meade would have had to attack a cunning enemy in the dark, where surprises, undiscovered rifle-pits and batteries, and unseen bodies of men, might have met his forces at every point. With his not greatly superior numbers, under such circumstances, had

General Meade attacked, would he have been victorious? The vote of those generals at the council shows their opinion. My own is, that he would have been repulsed with heavy loss, with little damage to the enemy. Such a result might have satisfied the bloody politicians better than the end of the campaign as it was; but I think the country did not need that sacrifice of the Army of the Potomac at that time, — that enough odor of sacrifice came up to its nostrils from the First Fredericksburg field to stop their snuffing for some time. I felt the probability of defeat strongly at the time, when we all supposed a conflict would certainly ensue; for always before a battle, at least it so appears to me, some dim presentiment of results, some unaccountable foreshadowing, pervades the army, — I never knew the result to prove it untrue, — which rests with the weight of conviction. Whether such shadows are cause, or consequence, I shall not pretend to determine; but when, as they often are, they are general, I think they should not be wholly disregarded by the commanders. I believe the Army of the Potomac is always willing, often eager, to fight the enemy, whenever, as it thinks, there is a fair chance for victory; that it always will fight, let come victory or defeat, whenever it is ordered so to do. Of course the army, both officers and men, had very great disappointment and very great sorrow that the rebel *escaped*, — so it was called, — across the river. The disappointment was genuine, at least to the extent that disappointment is like surprise; but the sorrow, to judge by looks, tones and actions, rather than by words, was not of that deep, sable character for which there is no balm. Would it be an imputation upon the courage or patriotism of this army if it was not rampant for fight at this particular time and under the existing circumstances? Had the enemy stayed upon the left bank of the Potomac twelve hours longer there would have been a great battle there near Williamsport, on the 14th of July. After such digression, if such it is, I return to Gettysburg.

As good generalship is claimed for General Meade in this battle, so was the conduct of his subordinate commanders good. I know and have heard of no bad conduct or blundering on the part of any officer, unless the unauthorized movement of General Sickles, on the 2d of July, may be so characterized.* . . . The Eleventh Corps was outnumbered and outflanked on the first day, and when forced to fall back from their position, did not do it with the firmness and steadiness which might have been expected of veteran

*Comrade Haskell, in his paper, at this point makes some severe strictures upon General Sickles for his disobedience of orders in advancing his corps beyond the general line of battle on July 2, and indulges in reflections upon that brave officer, who lost his leg then and there, which I am persuaded time would have modified in his own mind, and which, if living, he would eliminate entirely from the text of his splendid story. We have, therefore, without changing or varying in the slightest degree any statement of fact, taken the liberty to omit entirely two or three of his sentences, and to change and soften a harsh expression or two, here and elsewhere, in respect to General Sickles, in reference to some of the troops engaged in the battle, and in regard to some other mere matters of opinion which to-day have ceased to be of any interest. This is done in justice to Colonel Haskell, as well as to brave and deserving men who here "gave the last full measure of devotion." — D. H.

troops. With this exception, and some minor cases of very little consequence in the general result, our troops, whenever and wherever the enemy came, stood against them with storms of impassable fire. Such was the infantry, such the artillery. The cavalry did less, but it did all that was required.

The enemy, too, showed a determination and valor worthy of a better cause; their conduct in this battle even makes me proud of them as Americans. They would have been victorious over any but the best of soldiers. Lee and his generals presumed too much upon some past successes, and did not estimate how much they were due, on their part, to position, as at Fredericksburg, or on our part to bad generalship, as at the Second Bull Run and Chancellorsville.

The fight of the 1st of July we do not, of course, claim as a victory; but even that probably would have resulted differently had Reynolds not been struck. The success of the enemy in the battle ended with the 1st of July. The rebels were joyous and jubilant, — so said our men in their hands, and the citizens of Gettysburg, — at their achievements on that day. Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville were remembered by them. They saw victory already won, or only to be snatched from the “*raw Pennsylvania Militia*,” as they thought they were when they saw them run; and already the spires of Baltimore and the dome of the national capitol were forecast upon their glad vision, only two or three days’ march away through the beautiful valleys of Pennsylvania and “*my*” Maryland. Was there ever anything so fine before! How pleasant it would be to enjoy the poultry and the fruit, the meats, the cakes, the beds, the clothing, the whiskey, without price, in this rich land of the Yankee! It would indeed! But on the 2d of July something of a change came over the spirit of their dreams. They were surprised at results, and talked less and thought more, as they prepared supper that night. After the fight of the 3d, they talked only of the means of their own safety from destruction. Pickett’s splendid division had been almost annihilated, they said; and they talked not of how many were lost, but of who had escaped. They talked of those “Yanks” that had *clubs* on their flags and caps, — the trefoils of the Second Corps, that are like *clubs* in cards.

The battle of Gettysburg is distinguished in this war, not only as by far the greatest and severest conflict that has occurred, but for some other things that I may mention. The fight of the 2d of July, on the left, which was almost a separate and complete battle, is, so far as I know, alone in the following particulars: the numbers of men engaged at one time, and the enormous losses that occurred in killed and wounded, in the space of about two hours. If the truth could be obtained, it would probably show a much larger number of casualties in this, than my estimate in a former part of these sheets. Few battles of the war have had so many casualties altogether as those of the two hours on the 2d of July. The 3d of July is distinguished. Then occurred the “great cannonade,” — so we call it, and so it would be called in any war and in almost any battle. And besides this, the main operations that followed have few parallels in history, none in this war, of the magnitude and magnificence of the assault, single and simultaneous, the disparity of numbers engaged, and the brilliancy, completeness, and overwhelm-

ing character of the result in favor of the side numerically the weakest. I think I have not, in giving the results of this encounter, over-estimated the number or the losses of the enemy. We learned on all hands, by prisoners, and by their newspapers, that over two divisions moved up to the assault, — Pickett's and Pettigrew's, — that this was the first engagement of Pickett's in the battle, and the first of Pettigrew's save a light participation on the 1st of July. The rebel divisions usually number nine or ten thousand, or did at that time, as we understood. Then I have seen something of troops, and think I can estimate the number somewhat. The number of rebels killed here, I have estimated in this way: The second and third divisions of the Second Corps buried the rebel dead in their own front, and where they fought upon their own grounds. By count they buried over *one thousand eight hundred*. I think no more than about *two hundred* of these were killed on the 2d of July in front of the Second Division, and the rest must have fallen upon the 3d. My estimates that depend upon this contingency may be erroneous, but to no great extent. The rest of the particulars of this assault, our own losses and our captures, I know are approximately accurate. Yet the whole sounds like romance, a grand stage-piece of blood.

Of all the Corps d'Armée, for hard fighting, severe losses, and brilliant results, the palm should be, as by the army it is, awarded to the "*Old Second*." It did more fighting than any other corps, inflicted severer loss upon the enemy, in killed and wounded, and sustained a heavier like loss; and captured more flags than all the rest of the army, and almost as many prisoners as the rest of the army. The loss of the Second Corps in killed and wounded in this battle — there is no other test of hard fighting — was almost as great as that of all General Grant's forces, in the battles that preceded, and in, the siege of Vicksburg. Three eighths of the whole corps were killed and wounded. Why does the Western Army suppose that the Army of the Potomac does not fight? Was ever a more absurd supposition? The Army of the Potomac is grand! Give it good leadership — let it alone — and it will not fail to accomplish all that reasonable men desire.

Of Gibbon's white trefoil division, if I am not cautious, I shall speak too enthusiastically. This division has been accustomed to distinguished leadership. Sumner, Sedgwick, and Howard, have honored, and been honored by, its command. It was repulsed under Sedgwick at Antietam, and under Howard at Fredericksburg; it was victorious under Gibbon at the Second Fredericksburg, and at Gettysburg. At Gettysburg its loss in killed and wounded was over *one thousand seven hundred*, near one-half of all engaged; it captured *seventeen* battle-flags and *two thousand three hundred* prisoners. Its bullets hailed on Pickett's Division and killed or mortally wounded four rebel generals, — *Barksdale* on the 2d of July, with the three on the 3d, *Armistead*, *Garnett*, and *Kemper*. In losses, in killed and wounded, and in capture from the enemy of prisoners and flags, it stands pre-eminent among all the divisions at Gettysburg.

Under such generals as Hancock and Gibbon brilliant results may be expected. Will the country remember them? Attempts have been made to give the credit of *saving the day* at Gettysburg to this and that officer who

participated in the battle, and even the President is believed to have been deceived by unfounded claims. But in the light of this truthful narrative can either the President or the country be insensible of the transcendent merit of General Meade and his brave subordinates?

About six o'clock on the afternoon of the 3d of July, my duties done upon the field, I quitted it to go to the general. My brave horse *Dick* — poor creature! his good conduct in the battle that afternoon had been complimented by a brigadier, — was a sight to see. He was literally covered with blood. Struck repeatedly, his right thigh had been ripped open in a ghastly manner by a piece of shell, and three bullets were lodged deep in his body; and from his wounds the blood oozed and ran down his sides and legs, and with the sweat formed a bloody foam. *Dick's* was no mean part in that battle. Good conduct in men under such circumstances as he was placed might result from a sense of duty; his was the result of his bravery. Most horses would have been unmanageable, with the flash and roar of arms about, and the shouting. *Dick* was utterly cool, and would have obeyed the rein had it been a straw. To *Dick* belongs the honor of first mounting that stormy crest before the enemy, not forty yards away, whose bullets smote him; and of being the only horse there during the heat of the battle. Even the enemy noticed *Dick*, and one of their reports of the battle mentions the "*solitary horseman*," who rallied our wavering line. He enabled me to do twelve times as much as I could have done on foot. It would not be dignified for an officer on foot to run; it is entirely so, mounted, to gallop. I do not approve of officers dismounting in battle, which is the time of all when they most need to be mounted, for thereby they have so much greater facilities for being everywhere present. Most officers, however, in close action, dismount. *Dick* deserves well of his country, and one day should have a horse monument. If there be, "*ut sapientibus placet*," an equine elysium, I will send to Charon the brass coin, the fee for *Dick's* passage over, that on the other side of the Styx, in those shadowy clover fields, he may nibble the blossoms forever.

I had been struck upon the thigh by a bullet, which I think must have glanced, and partially spent its force, upon my saddle. It had pierced the thick cloth of my trousers and two thicknesses of underclothing, but had not broken the skin; leaving me with an enormous bruise, that for a time benumbed the entire leg. At the time of receiving it, I heard the thump, and noticed it and the hole in the cloth, into which I thrust my finger; and I experienced a feeling of relief, I am sure, when I found that my leg was not pierced. I think, when I dismounted from my horse after that fight, that I was no very comely specimen of humanity. Drenched with sweat, the white of battle, by the reaction, now turned to burning red, I felt like a boiled man; and had it not been for the exhilaration at results, I should have been miserable. This kept me up, however, and having found a man to transfer the saddle from poor *Dick*, who was now disposed to lie down by loss of blood and exhaustion, to another horse, I hobbled on among the hospitals in search of General Gibbon.

The skulkers were about, and they were as loud as any in their rejoicings

at the victory; and I took a malicious pleasure, as I went along and met them, in taunting the *sneaks* with their cowardice, and telling them — it was not true — that General Meade had just given the order to the Provost Guards to arrest and shoot all men they could find away from their regiments who could not prove a good account of themselves. To find the general was no easy matter. I inquired for both Generals Hancock and Gibbon, — I knew well enough that they would be together, — and for the hospitals of the Second Corps. My search was attended with many incidents that were provokingly humorous. The stupidity of most men is amazing. I would ask of a man I met: “Do you know, sir, where the Second Corps hospitals are?” “The Twelfth Corps hospital is there!” Then I would ask sharply: “Did you understand me to ask for the Twelfth Corps hospital?” “Then why tell me what I did not ask, or care to know?” Then stupidity would stare, or mutter about the ingratitude of some people for kindness. Did I ask for the generals I was looking for, they would announce the interesting fact, in reply, that they had seen some other generals. Some were sure that General Hancock or Gibbon was dead. They had seen his dead body. This was a falsehood, and they knew it. Then it was General Longstreet. This was also, as they knew, a falsehood.]

Oh, sorrowful was the sight to see so many wounded! The whole neighborhood in rear of the field became one vast hospital, of miles in extent. Some could walk to the hospitals; such as could not were taken upon stretchers, from the places where they fell, to selected points, and thence the ambulances bore them, a miserable load, to their destination. Many were brought to the buildings along the Taneytown road, and, too badly wounded to be carried further, died, and were buried there; Union and rebel soldiers together. At every house and barn and shed the wounded were; by many a cooling brook, on many a shady slope or grassy glade, the red flags beckoned them to their tented asylums; and there they gathered in numbers, a great army; a mutilated, bruised mass of humanity. Men with gray hair and furrowed cheeks, and soft-lipped, beardless boys, were there; for these bullets have made no distinction between age and youth. Every conceivable wound that iron and lead can make, blunt or sharp, bullet, ball and shell, piercing, bruising, tearing, was there; sometimes so light that a bandage and cold water would restore the soldier to the ranks again; sometimes so severe that the poor victim in his hopeless pain, remediless save by the only panacea for all mortal sufferings, invoked that. The men are generally cheerful, and even those with frightful wounds often are talking with animated faces of nothing but the battle and the victory; but some were downcast, their faces distorted with pain. Some have undergone the surgeon’s work; some, like men at a ticket office, awaiting patiently their turn, to have an arm or a leg cut off. Some walk about with an arm in a sling; some sit idly upon the ground; some at full length lie upon a little straw, or a blanket, with their brawny, now blood-stained, limbs bare, and you may see where the minie bullet has struck, or the shell has torn. From a small round hole upon many a manly breast the red blood trickles; but the pallid cheek, the hard-drawn breath and dim-closed eyes, tell how near the source of life it has gone.

The surgeons with coats off and sleeves rolled up, and the hospital attendants with green bands upon their caps, are about their work; and their faces and clothes are spotted with blood; and though they look weary and tired, their work goes systematically and steadily on. How much and how long they have worked, the piles of legs, arms, feet, hands, fingers, about, partially tell. Such sounds are heard, sometimes, — you would not have heard them upon the field, — as convince that bodies, bones, sinews, and muscles are not made of insensible stone. Near by appears a row of small fresh mounds placed side by side. They were not there day before yesterday; they will become more numerous every day.

Such things I saw as I rode along. At last I found the generals. General Gibbon was sitting in a chair that had been *borrowed* somewhere, with his wounded shoulder bare, and an attendant was bathing it with cold water. General Hancock was near by in an ambulance. They were at the tents of the Second Corps hospitals, which were on Rock Run. As I approached General Gibbon, when he saw me he began to "hurrah," and wave his right hand; he had heard the result. I said: "O General! long and *well* may you wave"; and he shook me warmly by the hand. General Gibbon was struck by a bullet in the left shoulder, which had passed from the front, through the flesh, and out behind, fracturing the shoulder blade, and inflicting a severe but not dangerous wound. He thinks he was the mark of a sharp-shooter of the enemy, hid in the bushes near where he and I had sat so long during the cannonade; and he was wounded and taken off the field before the fire of the main lines of infantry had commenced; he being, at the time he was hit, near the left of his division. General Hancock was struck a little later, near the same part of the field, by a bullet piercing and almost going through his thigh, without touching the bone, however. His wound was severe, also. He was carried back out of range, but before he would be carried off the field he lay upon the ground in sight of the crest, where he could see something of the fight, until he knew what would be the result. And there, at General Gibbon's request, I had to tell him and a large voluntary crowd of the wounded who pressed around, [now for the wounds they showed not rebuked for closing up to the generals, the story of the fight. I was nothing loath; and I must say, though I used sometimes before the war to make speeches, that I never had so enthusiastic an audience before. Cries of "good!" "glorious!" frequently interrupted me, and the storming of the wall was applauded by enthusiastic tears, and the waving of battered, bloody hands.

By the custom of the service, the general had the right to have me along with him, while away with his wound; but duty and inclination attracted me still to the field, and I obtained the general's consent to stay. Accompanying General Gibbon to Westminster, the nearest point to which railroad trains then ran, and seeing him transferred from an ambulance to the cars for Baltimore, on the 4th, the next day I returned to the field to his division, since his wounding in the command of General Harrow.

On the 6th of July, while my bullet bruise was yet too inflamed and sensitive for me to be good for much in the way of duty, — the division was then

halted for the day some four miles from the field on the Baltimore turnpike, — I could not repress the desire or omit the opportunity to see again where the battle had been. With the right stirrup strap shortened in a manner to favor the bruised leg, I could ride my horse at a walk without serious discomfort. It seemed very strange upon approaching the horse-shoe crest again not to see it covered with the thousands of troops, and the horses and guns; but they were all gone, — the armies, to my seeming, had vanished, — and on that lovely summer morning the stillness and silence of death pervaded the localities where so recently the shouts and the cannon had thundered. The recent rains had washed out many an unsightly spot and smoothed many a harrowed trace of the conflict; but one still needed no guide save eyes to follow the track of that storm which the storms of heaven were powerless soon to entirely efface. The spade and shovel, so far as a little earth for the human bodies would render their task done, had completed their work, — a great labor that, — but one still might see under some concealing bush or sheltering rock what once had been a man, and the thousands of stricken horses still lay scattered as they had died. The scattered small arms and accoutrements had been collected and carried away, almost all that were of any value; but great numbers of bent and splintered muskets, rent knapsacks and haversacks, bruised canteens, shreds of caps, coats, trousers of blue or gray cloth, worthless belts and cartridge boxes, torn blankets, ammunition boxes, broken wheels, smashed timbers, shattered gun carriages, parts of harness, — of all that men or horses wear or use in battle, — were scattered broadcast over miles of the field. From these one could tell where the fight had been hottest. The rifle-pits and epaulements, and the trampled grass, told where the lines had stood, and the batteries; the former being thicker where the enemy had been than those of our construction. No soldier was to be seen, but numbers of civilians and boys, and some girls, even, were curiously loitering about the field, and their faces showed, not sadness or horror, but only staring wonder or smirking curiosity. They looked for mementos of the battle to keep, they said, but their furtive attempts to conceal an uninjured musket or untorn blanket — they had been told that all property left here belonged to the government — showed that the love of gain was an ingredient, at least, of their motive for coming here. Of course there was not the slightest objection to their taking anything they could find now, but their manner of doing it was the objectionable thing. I could now understand why soldiers had been asked a dollar for a small strip of old linen to bind their own wounds and not be compelled to go off to the hospitals.

Never elsewhere upon any field have I seen such abundant evidences of a terrific fire of cannon and musketry as upon this. Along the enemy's position, where our shells and shot had struck during the cannonade of the Third, the trees had cast their trunks and branches as if they had been icicles shaken by a blast; and graves of the rebels' making, and dead horses, and scattered accoutrements, showed that other things besides trees had been struck by our projectiles. I must say that, having seen the work of their guns upon the same occasion, I was gratified to see these things. Along the slope of Culp's Hill, in front of the position of the Twelfth, and the First Division of

the First Corps, the trees were almost literally peeled, from the ground up some fifteen or twenty feet, so thick upon them were the scars the bullets had made. Upon a single tree, in several instances not over a foot and a half in diameter, I actually counted as many as two hundred and fifty bullet marks. The ground was covered by the little twigs that had been cut off by the hail-storm of lead. Such were the evidences of the storm under which Ewell's bold rebels assaulted our breastworks on the night of the 2d and the morning of the 3d of July. And those works looked formidable, zig-zagging along those rocky crests, even now, when not a musket was behind them. What madness on the part of the enemy to have attacked them! All along through those bullet-stormed woods were interspersed little patches of fresh earth raised a foot or so above the surrounding ground. Some were very near the front of the works, and near by upon a tree, whose bark had been smoothed by an axe, written in red chalk, would be the words, not in fine hand-writing: "*75 Rebels buried here*"; "*54 Rebs there*," and so on. Such was the burial, and such the epitaph, of many of those famous men, once led by the mighty Stonewall Jackson. Oh, this damned rebellion will make brutes of us all, if it is not soon quelled! Our own men were buried in graves, not trenches; and upon a piece of board, or stave of a barrel, or bit of cracker box, placed at the head, were neatly cut or pencilled the name and regiment of the one buried in each. This practice was general; but of course there must be some exceptions, for sometimes the cannon's load had not left enough of a man to recognize or name. The reasons here for the more careful interment of our own dead than such as was given to the dead of the enemy are obvious, and I think satisfactory: Our own dead were usually buried not long after they fell, and without any general order to that effect. It was a work that the men's hearts were in, as soon as the fight was over, and opportunity offered, to hunt out their dead companions, to make them a grave in some convenient spot, and decently composed, with their blankets wrapped about them, to cover them tenderly with earth, and mark their resting place. Such burials were not without as scalding tears as ever fell upon the face of confined mortality. The dead of the enemy could not be buried until after the close of the whole battle. The army was about to move, — some of it was already upon the march before such burial commenced. Tools, save those carried by the pioneers, were many miles away with the trains, and the burying parties were required to make all haste in their work in order to be ready to move with their regiments. To make long, shallow trenches; to collect the rebel dead, often hundreds in a place, and to cover them hastily with a little earth, without name, number, or mark, save the shallow mound above them, — their names, of course, they did not know, — was the best that could be done. I should have been glad to have seen more formal burial even of these men of the rebellion, both because hostilities should cease with death, and of the respect I have for them as my brave, though deluded, countrymen. I found fault with such burial at the time, though I knew that the best was done that could be under the circumstances; but it may perhaps soften somewhat the rising feelings upon this subject of any who may be disposed to share mine, that under similar circumstances,

had the issue of the battle been reversed, our own dead would have had no burial at all at the hands of the enemy; but, stripped of their clothing, their naked bodies would have been left to rot, and their bones to whiten, upon the top of the ground where they fell. Plenty of such examples of rebel magnanimity are not wanting; and one occurred on this field too. Our dead that fell into the hands of the enemy on the 1st of July had been plundered of all their clothing, but they were left unburied, until our own men buried them after the rebels had retreated, at the end of the battle.

All was bustle and noise in the little town of Gettysburg as I entered it on my tour of the field. From the afternoon of the 1st to the morning of the 4th of July, the enemy was in possession. Very many of the inhabitants had, upon the first approach of the enemy, or upon the retirement of our troops, fled their homes, and the town, not to return until after the battle. Now the town was a hospital, where gray and blue mingled in about equal proportions. The public buildings, the court house, the churches, and many private dwellings, were full of wounded. There had been in some of the streets a good deal of fighting; and shells had riddled the houses from side to side. And the rebels had done their work of pillage there, too. In spite of the smooth-sounding general order of the rebel commander, enjoining a sacred regard for private property, — the order was really good, and would sound marvellously well abroad, or in history, — all stores of drugs and medicine, of clothing, tinware, and all groceries, had been rifled and emptied, without pay or offer of recompense. Libraries, public and private, had been entered, and the books scattered about the yards, or destroyed. Great numbers of private dwellings had been entered and occupied without ceremony, and whatever was liked had been appropriated, or wantonly destroyed. Furniture had been smashed and beds ripped open, and apparently unlicensed pillage had reigned. Citizens and women who had remained had been kindly relieved of their money, their jewelry, and their watches, — all this by the high-toned chivalry, the army of the magnanimous Lee! Put these things by the side of the acts of the “vandal Yankees,” in Virginia, and then let mad rebeldom prate of honor! But the people, the women and children that had fled, were returning, or had returned, to their homes, — such homes! — and amid the general havoc were restoring, as they could, order to the desecrated firesides. And the faces of them all plainly told that, with all they had lost, and bad as was the condition of all things they found, they were better pleased with such homes than with wandering houseless in the fields, with the rebels there. All had treasures of incidents; of the battle, and of the occupation of the enemy, — wonderful sights, escapes, witnessed encounters, wounds, the marvellous passage of shells or bullets, — which, upon the asking, or even without, they were willing to share with the stranger. I heard of no more than one or two cases of personal injury received by any of the inhabitants. One woman was said to have been killed while at her wash-tub, sometime during the battle; but probably by a stray bullet, coming a very long distance, from our own men. For the next hundred years Gettysburg will be rich in legends and traditions of the battle. I rode through the cemetery on “Cemetery Hill.”

How those quiet sleepers must have been astounded in their graves when the twenty-pound Parrott guns thundered over them, and the solitary shot crushed their grave-stones! The flowers, roses, and creeping vines, that pious hands had planted to bloom and shed their odors over the ashes of dear ones gone, were trampled upon the ground, and black with the cannon's soot. A dead horse lay by the marble shaft, and over it the marble finger pointed to the sky. The marble lamb that had slept its white sleep on the grave of a child now lies blackened upon a broken gun carriage. Such are the incongruities and jumbings of battle.

I looked away to *the group of trees*, — the rebel gunners know what ones I mean, and so do the survivors of Pickett's Division, — and a strange fascination led me thither. How thick are the marks of battle as I approach, — the graves of the men of the Third Division of the Second Corps, the splintered oaks, the scattered horses; seventy-one dead horses were on a spot some fifty yards square, near the position of Woodruff's Battery, and where he fell.

I stood solitary upon the crest by "*the trees*," where less than three days ago I had stood before; but now how changed is all the eye beholds. Do these thick mounds cover the fiery hearts that in the battle rage swept the crest and stormed the wall? I read their names, — them, alas, I do not know, — but I see the regiments marked on their frail monuments, — "20th Mass. Vols.," "69 P. V.," "1st Minn. Vols.," and the rest, — they are all represented, and, as they fought, commingle here. So I am not alone, — these, my brethren of the fight are with me. Sleep, noble brave! The foe shall not desecrate your sleep. Yonder thick trenches will hold them. As long as patriotism is a virtue, and treason a crime, your deeds have made this crest, your resting place, hallowed ground.

But I have seen and said enough of this battle. The unfortunate wounding of my general so early in the action of the 3d of July, leaving important duties, which in the unreasoning excitement of the moment I in part assumed, enable me to do for the successful issue something which under other circumstances would not have fallen to my rank or place. Deploring the occasion for taking away from the division in that moment of its need its soldierly, appropriate head, so cool, so clear, I am yet glad, as that was to be, that his example and his tuition have not been entirely in vain to me, and that my impulses then prompted me to do somewhat as he might have done had he been on the field. The encomium of officers, so numerous, and some of so high rank, generously accorded me for my conduct upon that occasion, — I am not without vanity, — were gratifying. My position as a staff officer gave me an opportunity to see much — perhaps as much as any one person — of that conflict. My observations were not so particular as if I had been attached to a smaller command; not so general as may have been those of a staff officer of the general commanding the army, but of such as they were, — my heart was there and I could do no less than write about them, — in the intervals between marches, and during the subsequent repose of the army, at the close of the campaign, I have put somewhat upon these pages. I make no apology for the egotism, if such there is, of this account; it is

not designed to be a history, but simply *my account*, of the battle. It should not be assumed, if I have told of some occurrences, that there were not other important ones. I would not have it supposed that I have attempted to do full justice to the good conduct of the fallen, or the survivors, of the First and Twelfth Corps. Others must tell of them, — I did not see their work.

A full account of *the battle as it was*, will never, can never, be made. Who could sketch the changes, the constant shifting of the bloody panorama! It is not possible. The official reports may give results, as to losses, with statements of attacks and repulses; they may also note the means by which results were obtained, which is a statement of the number and kind of the force employed; but the connection between means and results, the mode, the battle proper, these reports touch lightly. Two prominent reasons at least exist which go far to account for the general inadequacy of these official reports, or to account for their giving no true idea of what they assume to describe: the literary infirmity of the reporters, and their not seeing themselves and their commands as others would have seen them. And factions, and parties, and politics, the curse of this Republic, are already putting in their unreasonable demands for the foremost honors of this field. "General Hooker won Gettysburg." How? Not with the army in person, or by infinitesimal influence — leaving it almost four days before the battle, when both armies were scattered, and fifty miles apart! Was ever claim so absurd? Hooker, and he alone, won the result at Chancellorsville. "General Howard won Gettysburg." "Sickles saved the day." Just Heaven, save the poor Army of the Potomac from its friends! It has more to dread, and less to hope, from them than from the red bannered hosts of rebellion. The States prefer each her claim for the sole brunt and winning of the fight. "Pennsylvania won it," — "New York won it." Did not old Greece, or some tribe from about the sources of the Nile, win it? For modern Greeks — from Cork — and African Hannibals were there. Those intermingled graves along the crest, bearing the names of every loyal State save one or two, should admonish these geese to cease their cackle. One of the armies of the country won the battle; and that army supposes that General Meade led it upon that occasion. If it be not one of the lessons that this war teaches, that we have a country, paramount, and supreme over faction and party and State, then was the blood of fifty thousand citizens shed on this field in vain. For the reasons mentioned, of this battle, greater than Waterloo, a history, just, comprehensive, complete, will never be written. By and by, out of the chaos of trash and falsehood that the newspapers hold, out of the disjointed mass of reports, out of the traditions and tales that come down from the field, some eye that never saw the battle will select, and some pen will write, what will be named *the history*. With that the world will be, and if we are alive we must be, content.

Already, as I rode down from the heights, Nature's mysterious loom was at work, joining and weaving on her ceaseless web the shells had broken there. Another spring shall green these trampled slopes, and flowers planted by unseen hands shall bloom upon these graves; another autumn, and the yellow harvest shall ripen there,—all not in less but higher perfection for

this poured-out blood. In another decade of years, in another century, or age, we hope that the Union, by the same means, may repose in a securer peace, and bloom in a higher civilization. Then what matter it, if lame Tradition glean on this field and hand down her garbled sheaf—if deft Story with furtive fingers plait her ballad wreaths, deeds of her heroes here,—or if stately History fill, as she list, her arbitrary tablet, the sounding record of this fight,—Tradition, Story, History, all, will not efface the true, grand Epic of Gettysburg.

HASKELL.

MEMORANDA OF COLLEGE DAYS.

BY CAVERNO.

HAEC OLIM MEMINISSE JUVABIT.

I have verified that motto as, pursuant to Hazen's urgent and complimentary invitation, I have recalled the days when we were under the sheltering care and generous nurture of our venerable *Alma Mater*. It was heroic work to attend prayers and recite an hour besides, before breakfast, especially when the days grew short and the mornings were frosty — all of which is now only a legend to our successors. It took a little time to get our places in the football ranks, in those days, when every one who wished to do so could join in the wild melee and have the privilege of broken bones. But you remember our glory when the second attempt to rush us from chapel evening prayers was foiled by Alexander Lang and others, who held back the storming Sophs until the venerable Prex came to their rescue, and an orderly withdrawal followed.

You remember with me, I am sure, the courtly courtesy of Professor Haddock, who used his brief opportunity, before going to Portugal for diplomatic service, appointed by his uncle, Daniel Webster, to salute every Freshman, on the common and elsewhere, with lifted hat and graceful bow, which would have been the despair of Lord Chesterfield.

Perhaps, oft in the stilly night, when the moon is bright, you hear echoes of the winding mellow horn. But whatever you have forgotten, I am sure our Debating Society, in the Freshman recitation room, is in vivid memory, when Hall burst upon us with a glow and fluency which at once foretokened his swift leading. You remember that evening when eloquence was punctuated by crashing windows, to which Woodworth retorted, "*Quousque tandem abutere patientia nostra.*" But we did much honest work, under the lead of the bluff, hearty Sanborn; the mellifluous and cultured Putnam; the faithful Chase, and the wonderful Woodman, who clothed mathematics with some thing of beauty. I question whether the later years have brought

any of us an hour of deeper or more tender interest than that in the chapel, when we listened to President Lord's eulogy of Professor Chase. We were thrilled by the measure of time when, with his peculiar fervor of elocution, he said: "He was scarcely thirty-eight years of age; yet he was old, if we measure time, as scholars should, not by the motion of the heavenly bodies, but the succession of ideas."

Among the experiences of that year came a great sorrow. Alexander Lang died during our Freshman fall, of typhoid fever. Nesmith and I sat up with him the night he died. Lang's father and Dr. Peaslee were with us. Nesmith and Lang were classmates in the St. Johnsbury Academy. Then, as you remember, in our Junior year, Nesmith died of typhoid fever, too. I vividly remember how apt and tender he was on that last night with Lang.

Memorable for the boys was our Fourth of July celebration as the days of Freshman year were about to end. A pleasant town in Northern Vermont deferred their fireworks on account of rain, and the Passumpsic Railroad made a fabulous offer to carry the college both ways. You remember how even Sophomore Runnels broke his clean record of unvarying attendance and joined the excursion. The fireworks were all right and the citizens cordial, but the experience was unique and, doubtless, unexpected by the citizens, from the gratuitous entertainment furnished by a goodly number of each class represented. The gray dawn found us crossing the toll bridge at Norwich, and we were dead-headed because the faithful collector, after waiting the livelong night, somehow took a header, and the gate fastening did not hold. I was in the rear, as became a Freshman. Dr. Richards trudged along in the middle of the road with me, his eyelids looking straight onward. I can testify that he paid no toll. There were certain workings in the grim old face that might have accompanied thought on the next sermon or something else. I made no inquiry.

We can never forget the journey of investigation made by our venerable president; his paternal fidelity of research at evening prayers on his return; the pensive faces of a goodly number from each class, notably the Seniors, who seemed to be sure of losing laurels on Commencement Day; the compact signed by every student but two, to refrain from certain musical practice, and the cheery ring of the president's voice when in chapel he announced universal remission of penalty, and restoration of standing, coupled with his

superb elocution in declaring his foreknowledge that the old ship would weather the storm in safety and joy.

In this, our first year, we soon learned what has been of supreme moment to us in all our subsequent career, that it is necessary to take account of some one's else resources as well as to put an estimate on your own. We had each other to reckon with. It was fortunate for us that we had no cases of startling scholarship and none of necessary stupidity. It was a plain draw between us all, of fair ability and hard work. I think we soon compelled each other's respect; frankly gave it,—that that was our attitude toward each other during our college life, and has been our attitude during the flight of all these subsequent years.

We had no startling experiences either as individuals or as a class. I think no member of the class was ever subject to hazing, and I am quite sure no member of the class inflicted that experience on any one else. Ours was a manly class. In fact, ours was a manly period in the history of the college.

The last public initiation into the college societies, of a sportive order, was with the Freshman Socials of our class. I think that sort of exercise was then discontinued. Being a Frater I was not initiated. I strayed into the back of the societies' room and enjoyed the fun made of you, my Social brothers. Once, when one of you was recalcitrant about something, and the master of ceremonies ordered a hollowed half of a green pumpkin to be placed on your head, I snickered. Then some upper class man, unknown to me, "froze the genial current of my soul" by informing me that if I did not shut up I would be dragged up in front and have the pumpkin put on my head. This reduced me to due Freshman sobriety at once.

There was a good deal of horse literature as well as horse play about those old initiations. I suspect the vitality put in them is better expended in athletics, yet they had a charm.

I could cut a pirouette now, five and forty years afterward, to think I am through with Sophomore studies. My memory of that year is of unrelieved drudgery. That we did not cut civilization and take to the woods is a marvel. I do not wonder that Sophomore year is, or was, regarded as trying morally. Our work was a pull on the same faculties that we had used in our two or three years' preparatory course and in Freshman year—Latin, Greek, and Mathematics! By Sophomore year we were jaded with them, and nothing but the sense of duty held us to them. (Speak for yourself, do you say, boys?—

well, just let me.) I will speak in praise of Sophomore year, not for any help that I got out of its studies, but for the discipline I got in sticking to a subject when I was tired of it. I think that was the great "influence" we brought out of Sophomore year, and it has stood by us well in these subsequent years of "struggle for existence" and development. I do not know that I would alter that old Sophomore curriculum, but its value was moral rather than intellectual. Exposing infants has some defence — those that survive will be fit for any deeds of heroism.

At our meeting in '94 Ben. Badger told of his enjoyment in wandering over the Grafton hills with rod and gun. Ah, boys! many of you relieved the strain of Sophomore year by recreation of that sort, and can doubtless light up my sombre background by memories of dear intimacies with nature that came out of a sport which the *pitiful* "humor my mother gave me" denied to me. I always felt that it might hurt a bird to be shot, or even a fish to get caught on a hook. But, never mind the game, call back the memories of those delightful rambles, with beechnuts and chestnuts and apples in your pockets; a clear sun over head, running brooks at your feet, and more than the colors of the rainbow over the landscape.

With the end of the Sophomore year came our first class supper. You will call back its incidents. Out here under the eaves of the Rocky Mountains, and across all the lapse of time I can hear the tone of Godding's voice as he uttered the wail of the chorus in *Prometheus Bound*, at certain mortuary exercises which we held on the common about two o'clock in the morning. There was a narrow escape from a sensation when one of the servants at the hotel fell into a dead faint as she chanced to see the tiny coffin, of the old pattern, in the parlor, waiting for the festivities to close in the upper hall.

In our Junior fall, on the 24th of October, 1852, Daniel Webster died. The college sent delegates from the various classes to the funeral exercises held at Marshfield. Hazen represented our class. We had exercises in the chapel on that occasion, and there were speeches from various members of the faculty, and other citizens of the place; one, I remember, from Mr. Duncan, who was, in our day, the stated college marshal at Commencement exercises. The speech which I remember most distinctly was by Professor Shurtleff, then and for many years previous an Emeritus in the faculty. This speech was probably the only word we ever heard him utter. We

remember the tall, spare form, clad in a long blue cloak, — his eyes were hid behind dark green glasses. His professorship covered Mr. Webster's college career. The sentence which I remember most vividly from his speech was this: "If there was anything which distinguished Daniel Webster during his college career, it was that he *mindèd his own business*." There are some touches that make us all kin. I have thought that a fair designation of a ruling quality in almost any Dartmouth man.

In Junior year we bade farewell to classics. I do not regret the time I spent with them. I do not think we could have found anything better for discipline and subsequent resource. Ours was an honest class and the pony figured but little with us. The only pony I bought in college was Gifford's Juvenal, — not a very great help to a recitation. But I am bound to say that I am much obliged to Juvenal for introducing me to Gifford. It has been a main staff in my hands for illustrative phrase. There are few other poets from whom I could quote as many lines.

Here I may say that I do not think the boys of '54 have been left very much behind in any department of human knowledge. The physical sciences have shot ahead wondrously since we dipped our pint cups out of their springs. But I think if any man has made a new discovery of fact or principle in the sciences, *and could explain it*, you boys could understand it. Our teaching in science was not so imperfect and rudimentary that it has left us behind the age. Crehore distinguished himself in mechanics as a teacher and author.

At Commencement, at the end of our Junior year, Rufus Choate delivered his eulogy on Daniel Webster. It is only necessary to call to mind this fact, and your memories will bring back their hosts of recollections. Mr. Webster's idea that for successful eloquence there should be a meeting of "man, subject, and occasion" was fulfilled in this case. Since that day we have not heard the equal of that oration in wealth of diction, compass of thought, and mastery in delivery. It is doubtful if Mr. Webster himself ever put forth an effort that had in it more of the clear, cold steel of thought. Three hours, almost all without a note! Pages of enumeration of particulars, faultless to conclusion! The sun went into the darkened western heavens and the rain came on, and the golden speech still flowed and we stood and heard. "The same glance shall take in and the same emotions shall greet and bless the harbor of the Pilgrims and the tomb of Webster," — and the breathing and rustle of that great

audience, after its spell-bound restraint, called us back to ourselves, and we realized that the eulogy of Choate upon Webster was a thing of our past. Brothers, *Viximus*.

I remember that the next morning some of us — Hazen was among the number — went down to the station with Henry J. Raymond, who had come up from New York to report the eulogy for *The Times*.

Mr. Choate went down the Northern Railroad the next afternoon. I rode in the same car with him to Concord. He was tired — slumped into a seat and read most of the way, looking up and nodding now and then to any one who came to greet him.

Ross, the soap man, whom you remember as the greatest orator in the shows on the common at Commencement, came into the car and gave an exhibition of his eloquence. Mr. Choate must have been gratified, for he bought not one but two cakes of soap. So have the sublime and the bathic jostled one another in our lives.

No account of our college life would be complete without comment on the winter term. I presume that out of our sixty-one there were never half a dozen present in college at any winter term. Whittier was not astray when he made his

“Brisk wielder of the birch and rule
The master of the district school,”

hail from

“Classic Dartmouth’s college halls.”

An Irishman would say the best time we had in college was when we were out of it. No matter how we have divided up into professions and business, we were almost all teachers during the winter term of our college life.

I do not think that we spent any time more profitably to ourselves. The lament of these days that a college graduate has yet to learn to adapt himself to life was not in place in our day. A man who managed a village school in doors, and the rest of the folks out doors, every winter, had the best discipline possible as introduction to the activities of any life. This, I think, is one of the secrets which explain the customary success of the Dartmouth men of the day of our memory. Boys and girls are but little men and women, and some of them were older than ourselves. Then there was an on-gazing corps critique, who knew just how every thing should be done, from one end of the district to another. It is not any wonder that Haskell was a better disciplinarian than any other colonel who took a regiment

from Wisconsin during the war, albeit several were West Point graduates — not any wonder that Eaton could organize the Freedman's Bureau. It was an ill day for the development of men in college when that old system, under which three months' teaching was regarded as equivalent to three months' study, passed away.

Yes, but how was it with the schools? Well, if there is any meaning to the wail we hear in educational circles in this day, it is a cry to get out of machine work and have just exactly that done which we did — take an individual mind and push it for all it is worth. The scholar on the back seat who could race through the arithmetic was encouraged to do it, no matter how the rest of the class halted. The teacher was for the individual mind, not for a class.

Then, again, we had not that sublime notion of "drawing out" a vacuum; we meant to put something into it, and we did. The boys and girls could tell where a port was, in which a ship was reported; could tell why they "inverted the divisor and proceeded as in multiplication," and could chase a nominative to its verb through sentences long and tangled as Choate's. There was something lively, agile, spry, about the mental operation of a school in those days. "University extension!" Yes, there was the beginning and, thus far, the best application of it. I think we can say of some things, "*Quorum pars magna fui*." Education "took no detriment" from our hands while we were in college. So passed the winter terms.

Senior year! Boys, we all combined could not do justice to its glories — as they appear at this distance in time. "*Haec olim meminisse juvabit*". It does! It does!

Do you remember, when we were Freshmen, the sublime dignity with which Hitchcock and Shorey and Sawyer and Nate Lord, *et al.*, used to saunter up the aisle in chapel to the Senior seats? Well, boys, I have found those who were Freshmen, when we were Seniors, who say that no language can express the sublime glory with which we were invested in their eyes. What more do we want for soap to vanity?

Halcyon days! Well, Bela was stunningly handsome, as handsome as Breed or Hook; and there was an undisturbed repose on Joe Folsom's countenance. The rest of us, I have no doubt, looked important to those away down by the door who had three full years to toil before they could come where we were. And as we looked down over the benches, past which we had come in the slow

years, if we looked a little as though we "thanked God that we were not as other men were," were we greatly at fault? Oh, no, no! let all Seniors have that feeling to the end of time, and all lower classmen aspire to the day when they can enjoy it themselves.

You do not forget, I am sure, the social receptions peculiar to Senior summer; but more vivid than they are the pictures on "memory's wall" of our daily class-meeting, after the noon recitation, and that stately court session where the tallest classmate bore himself so bravely when arraigned for violating a class edict, and Godding and Dana were on the bench with judicial costume and bearing, which could have given points to the Supreme Court of our great republic.

I must not close these memories without saying a word respecting the faculty of our day. Think back, boys, and try to imagine Hanover without the members of *our* faculty. Yet that imagination is a reality. They are gone, all swept away; not one left; all "gathered to the fathers," except Professor Hubbard, who still lives in New York. It is strange to think of, and stranger still to realize, as some of us did when we gathered at our fortieth anniversary. Not one of that faculty to greet us and welcome us back! It is even unbelievable after the experience had. The boys sauntering over the common and up to the old buildings looked much like the boys of old, but we saw nothing that we could recognize as a professor among them.

Take it all in all, it was a strong faculty with which we came in contact. We had not exhausted them when we left them; they were capable of teaching us in their several departments. They could give all we could hold, and what more did we want? The curriculum in some points could have been improved — notably, we could have had some rudimentary psychology before we were landed in metaphysics; but that was the fault of the times and the condition of the college rather than of the professor's work.

Anecdotes of the faculty you can recall, each out of his separate memory. I love to think of hearty, open-minded Professor Sanborn. He always looked me square in the face and answered his own questions when I could not, which was a great help. This is characteristic of his bluff, business speech; when I made the arrangement to go to Thetford to teach for the year after graduating, he said to me, "See here, that is an important place; many young people there to be influenced; you must brush up your religion a little

if you are going there." He could not have put the matter in a way more effective *with me* than that.

Professor Long once called me up with the question, "What is an enthememe?" While I was searching the ceiling to see if could find one, he said, "The next." I think that was the only communication we had with each other while I was in college. Well, at this date I think he was strictly just.

Ah, boys! I desist. You must fill in with your recollections. Don't think it strange, please, that I have left out the particulars of your memories. I have not begun with my own.

At length Senior year wore away. The examinations are over. On the committee for examination of that year, possibly it was the year before, was a bright, nervous, quick-acting minister from Manchester, — S. C. Bartlett, afterward president of the college; a thorny man to have opposed to you, a man of clear intellect, of intense and immense will. Dartmouth has had no stronger president, nor one whose presidency, the conditions considered, was more honorable and successful. Those of us who had parts for commencement were rehearsing them in Stump Lane, the vale of Tempe, on the banks of the Connecticut, or from the rocks in the president's garden.

We assemble for the last prayers in the chapel. President Lord was a good reader, and with force and fervor he read the customary hymn, "Come let us anew."

The class rise in their places while the hymn is sung, — the only scenic exercise in the whole college career. The last supplication to the Throne of Grace is made, and the class walks forth, no more under the tuition of the college.

A few golden days remain; we have our *first* social reception; we saunter about from room to room comparing notes on plans and prospects for the future.

Then comes class day — an invention of our class. Hands are clasped together as we form a circle round the old pine, and our class song is sung. The old pine is gone now, together with so many of our classmates. One sprig from the wreath is taken. During all these years that sprig has been probably preserved with the diploma given a day or two later. Commencement comes and, "*Hi juvenes — in primum gradum artium admittuntur*," out of the window, into the chapel, and we sort our diplomas, and — the end has come.

If now, after these long years, we gather back to the old place, and

form our circle where the old pine was, every other one in the circle is gone. Brothers, as the circle contracts, step closer together and clasp hands.

A word should be said for the benefit of those of the class who have not been to Hanover in late years. The town has improved in appearance wonderfully. There are no poverty lanes and alleys about it. The houses and grounds everywhere are spruce and neat. There is a beautiful drive up Stump Lane; a new street has been opened, running north and south, east of College Hill; new streets have been opened through the old fields and pastures in all directions. The new homes that have been planted on these new streets are a delight to the eye. The new college buildings sit well in this landscape, and the old buildings, all renovated with drab paint, are not bad looking patriarchs among their kind. Seen anywhere from the Common, Dartmouth Hall is a stately old building. We never thought it beautiful, *but it is*. We have changed. Even Reed Hall — that chunk of a building, as we used to think — comes out, not inharmonious with its surroundings.

The college fences are all gone — to the great improvement of the Common and its environment. The old maples have disappeared, but the young elms of our day have more than taken their places. Some of those elms in front of the old buildings, that had no character in our day, are a dream of symmetry now; they set the type for beauty in an elm. The old big elm on the street, about in front of the north building, is bigger and more majestic than ever. No town in the country has made more improvement in forty years than Hanover, albeit it has been done by littles here and there. The place is a satisfaction to an æsthetic eye and heart.

The following “Stage Piece,” by Woodworth, May, 1854, may fitly supplement these memoranda: —

STAGE PIECE, MAY, 1854.

BY WOODWORTH.

ROLL back the tide of time one year,
When gifted poets revelled here;
Sylvanus tuned his Orphic lyre,
And Daniel swept his harp of fire.
Electric genius crowned their lays,
While plodding prose found little praise.
These airy spirits soar no more
As they were wont in days of yore.
Shall poesy die and hearts be sad
'Cause Dartmouth's Bard his sheepskin had;
Let *us* e'er true to every trust
Snatch Carter's mantle from the dust!
Sing, O Muse, as in olden time
And help me build my dog'rel rhyme.
Perchance satiric I shall seem,
For College Humbug is my theme.

"Life is real," the schoolboy cries,
"For man 'tis onward till he dies."
With this vain thought he pushes on,
Nor finds the cheat till years are gone.
The brightest hopes allure his mind,
Ambition bids him honors find;
Minerva's Temple greets his eye
With gilded dome uplifted high,
Where Graces dance and Fairies meet,
And Muses chant their songs so sweet.
Swift as the eagle cuts the air
He packs his grip and hies him there.
In shady academic grove
He reads of Juno and of Jove.
He 'gins to dream of college life
With all its noise and toil and strife;
He thinks to find his own way through.
Strives to paddle his own canoe.

A guileless Freshman speeds his way
To save his marks five times a day.
His arduous duties all conspire
To make each humbug phase retire;
The morning bell, the football ground,
Most stern realities are found.

But after times bring shams to light
When secret clans begin to fight;
They pull one's wool quite o'er his eyes
And point the way to make one wise.
New visions flit across his brain,
Position high for him to gain;
He's bound to launch an untried boat
And see live humbug ride a goat.

Now soon he finds Horatian strains
Require of him quite too much pains.
Pedestrian feats fatigue his mind,
They leave him far *too* far behind;
And if *hindmost* he comes to be,
Give not his scaly chance to me.

The chivalric age begins to dawn,
Phibetian courtiers skim the lawn.
For friend the true knight has no need,
Only his lady and his steed.
Crusading Peter leads the van,
Smart soldiers cheer the good old man;
Their banner waves to every breeze,
That everyone may read, who sees
Their motto lifted high in air,
That humbug's plainly written there.

Soph'moric bustle makes a change
Which those who know do not think strange.
Sometimes, returned from wild crusade,
Conserv'tive Calculus sheathes the blade;
'Tis then we chant our youthful song,
Life is real and figures long.

We leave the mathematics here,
And quickly glide through Junior year.
With dignity we make a pause
Where Senior beards e'er court applause.
Electioneering must be done,
And candidates their races run;
A few will wear a short-lived crown,
And some will run to be run down.

Now college honors hover nigh,
 And *doubtful* merit heaves a sigh.
 Some talk of standing and first third;
Riding, not standing, is the word;
 Or yet, should all the truth be known,
 Who knows the most of Mr. Bohn.
 The wished for day at last arrives;
 Eventful day in some men's lives;
 Big canes, big seals, big bugs have come,
 Big bellied humbug thinks he's *some*.
 But some of us — sagacious youths!
 Have learned a few important truths.
 Don't fish for us with hook and line,
 We've just concluded not to *jine*.
 Their flag is floating high in air,
 And ribbons red are dangling there;
 But just approach the learned jack
 He'll show his badge and say "Stand back."
 We take our sheepskins now in hand,
 Crawl out the window, a merry band;
 But when the Latin try to read,
 Alas! 'a pony's aid we need.
 Immortal humbug, fare thee well,
 Thy dim blue light has led me well.
 I know thy name will ever live,
 Or, should 'st thou die, that thou wilt give
 To children's children thy receipt,
 And teach them how the world to cheat.

EPILOGUE — FORTY YEARS AFTER

Reflecting rays of Psychic light
 Dispel the mists that veiled the sight.
 I found this truth: with all her pains,
 The *College* could not furnish brains.

TREASURER'S REPORT.

OF THE

REVENUES AND EXPENDITURES OF THE CLASS OF 1854 OF
DARTMOUTH COLLEGE, FOR THE SUMMER TERM
ENDING JULY 27, 1854.

*Tax assessed on class, 54 members @ \$3 each	.	.	.	\$162 00
" " " Chandlers, 4 " " " "	.	.	.	12 00
Received from P. B. K. Society	.	.	.	25 00
" " S. Friend's Society	.	.	.	96 00
" " U. Fraternity's Society	.	.	.	96 00
" of Dr. Smalley for tickets sold to Dodworth's concert	.	.	.	103 50
" " Mr. Dewey " " " " " "	.	.	.	41 50
" for tickets sold at door to Dodworth's concert	.	.	.	71 83
" of B. P. Smith for am't assessed Spring term	.	.	.	25
Am't in old treasury	.	.	.	15
				<hr/>
Am't received into treasury	.	.	.	\$608 23
Paid Dodworth's band for commencement				
12 men @ \$40 each	.	.	.	\$480 00
Other expenses as per bill book	.	.	.	122 95
				<hr/>
Balance in treasury, July 27, 1854	.	.	.	\$5 28

JONATHAN MARSHALL,
Treasurer to Class.

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE, July 27, 1854.

*Number of members in the graduating class, 57; two being absent, and the tax of the treasurer being abated, the whole number taxed was but 54.

J. MARSHALL,
Treasurer.

EXERCISES ON CLASS DAY.

JULY 25, 1854, AT 3 O'CLOCK, P. M.

PRAYER, by Professor BROWN.

MUSIC.

ORATION, by GEO. HASELTINE.

MUSIC.

POEM, by D. R. LANG.

MUSIC.

PARTING SONG, by R. O. MASON.

AIR, "Happy are we to-night, boys."

Happy have been these days, boys,
Happily, happily passed,
Made bright by friendship's rays, boys,
Their brightness long shall last.

Let others boast of fairer scenes in some far brighter clime,
But this to-day shall be our joy, to bow at friendship's shrine.

Happy have been these days, boys,
Happily, happily passed,
Made bright by friendship's rays, boys,
Their brightness long shall last.

We've travelled on in gladness,
Up to this favored hour,
Nor will we part in sadness,
Nor own its dead'ning power;
For though, in the wide, darkling world, we seek the farthest land,
Yet He who marks the sparrow's fall, still holds us in His hand.

Happy have been, &c.

Never, where'er we wander,
Never, where'er we stay,
Will we forget our number,
Nor our high trusts betray;
But ever onward will we press toward some still higher aim,
And hope at length in higher worlds our noblest good to gain.

Happy have been, &c.

BENEDICTION.

EXERCISES FOR COMMENCEMENT,

DARTMOUTH COLLEGE, JULY 25, 26, AND 27, 1854.

EXAMINATION.

The Annual Examination will commence on Monday, July 17, and continue through the week.

SOCIETY ANNIVERSARIES.

On Tuesday Evening, July 25, President HITCHCOCK, of Amherst College, will address the Theological Society.

On Wednesday, July 26, Professor SHEDD, of Andover Theological Seminary, will address the Phi Beta Kappa Society.

Mr. J. T. FIELD, of Boston, will deliver a poem before the Phi Beta Kappa Society.

COMMENCEMENT.

The speakers, to whom the following subjects were assigned, were drawn from the class by lot.

6. The second funeral of Napoleon. John Goldthwait Adams.

7. Work *for* man, essential to right views *about* man. John Winslow Allard.

Thomas Noon Talfourd. Henry Wilder Allen.

2. The sublime independence of Christianity amidst social revolutions. Charles Caverno.

10. The Obsequies of the last soldier at Lexington. George Henry Chadwick.

14. The importance of a Christian Spirit in scientific studies. Levi Henry Cobb.

5. The defect of Education indicated by the credulity of the age. George Anthony Collamore.

15. Scepticism and Dogmatism equally irrational. John Beeche Comley.

22. The rewards of Science. John Davenport Crehore.

21. The Indian of Fiction and of History. Joseph Pitchlynn Folsom.

9. The true success of life. Andrew Washington Freeman.

19. The love of the Beautiful. William Whitney Godding.

16. The Practical and the Theoretical in Education. Galen Allen Graves.

24. The first generation of American Statesman — and the second. Daniel Hall.

17. The opening of the Amazon to commerce. Daniel Bliss Harvey.

1. Fiction as a means of promulgating and defending opinions. Franklin Aretas Haskell.

11. The relation of the Sophist to Greek culture. Stephen Solon Herrick.

20. Men of the right sort. Levi Little.

4. The literature of the extreme northern nations. Edwin Nathaniel Mathes.

13. Russia under Peter and under Nicholas. Grosvenor Clarke Morse.

23. English Lyric Poets of the nineteenth century. Reuben Delavan Mussey.

18. The forty years peace of Europe. W. Callyhan Robinson.

3. The wonder-world of the old navigators. Charles Franklin Smith.

8. Power of a genial spirit in moral culture. Horatio Nelson Twombly.

12. Wealth of New England in her mountains and rivers. Horace Bliss Woodworth.

On the final program, several of these subjects read differently.

Allard's stands — "The Wealth of New England in her mountains and Rivers."

Folsom — "The Indians in the United States."

Godding — "The Old Age of the Poet."

Haskell — "The Real and the Ideal — their Relation to Art."

Mussey — "John Wilson."

Twombly — "The Builders of the Gothic Cathedrals."

The figures in the margin show the order of the names on the Commencement Program. Allen's name does not reappear.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

The class numbered, in the catalogue of its Freshman year, 60 members. In the next catalogue, 6 names drop out, and 13 are added, making our Sophomore number 67. Junior year, 5 names disappear and 3 are added, giving us 65 members. Our final list loses 9 names, and adds 5, giving a graduating total of 61. Of this number, 4 belonged to the Scientific School, whose first graduates rank with our class.

The names of all may be found in the list at the beginning of this volume. The birthplace and date of each is given, and in another column the date of death of those who are deceased. These now number 28, leaving 33, or more than half of the class, still living after more than 43 years. This is believed to be an unusual longevity. Of the three classes preceding 1854 the facts stand thus: Of the 46 members of the class of 1851, one half died in 36 years; of the 62 members of the class of 1852, 39 are dead, and one half died in 40 years; and of the 50 members, in 1853, one half are dead. Of our dead, 5 died in the first decade, 8 in the second, 5 in the third, 7 in the fourth, and 3 in the fifth. The average age of the dead, assuming that Comley's age was 40, was 46 years, 10 months, and 10 days. The average age of the 33 living was, on Jan. 1, 1898, 5 days less than 67 years. It is of interest to add that on Sept. 1, 1850, the date of our entering college the average age of the 61 graduates was 19 years, 10 months, and 16 days, calling Comley's age 27 at that time.

The family history of the class is also of interest. Assuming the probability that Murray, of whom we have no information, was married, 11 of the class never married, and 7 of those who married report no children; 43 of the class report 158 children, 81 daughters, and 77 sons. Of these children, 35 are not living, and 38 are married and give the class 50 grandchildren.

Dow was the first member of the class to marry, and Bacon is the latest, but they report no children. Freeman's son, Primus, was the first child of the class, but he died at 7 months. Cram's daughter,

Clara, now Mrs. Bacon of Chicago, is the oldest living child of the class, and William T. Badger is the oldest son. Robinson has the youngest children, a son of 4, and a daughter of 2 years old, the latter bearing her mother's name, Ultima; a striking coincidence, such as Freeman's Primus, though loyally appropriate, was not.

Cram and Crosby have the largest number of children, 10 each; Kittredge, Little, and Robinson have 8 each; Lang, 7; the Herricks 6; and Nute and Pierce 5 each. One classmate has been 3 times married, and 5 twice; and two others have lost their wives. Ten widows of classmates are living, and, in two cases, both husband and wife are dead. We assume that Mrs. Dow is living, but do not know the fact.

In the matter of employment, the class may be divided thus: lawyers, 20; ministers, 10; doctors and teachers, 8 each; business, 13; and 2 not classified. In this classification, we count Eaton as a clergyman, as, since his ordination in 1861, his name has been enrolled on the list of Presbyterian ministers, a fact which has been somewhat obscured by his prominence in the military service, in the Freedman's Bureau and in the Education Bureau. Charlton we count as a teacher, though his later years were spent as an editor; and Allard, although he has entered the law. Nine were in the military service, and their names shall stand here: Crosby, Eaton, Greene, Hall, Haskell, S. S. Herrick, Howe, Mussey, and B. P. Smith.

CLASS MEETINGS.

The class has held meetings in 1857, '64, '69, '74, '79, '85, and '94. At the first meeting more than 20 were present, of whom 13 took their degree of A. M. in course; it is worth adding that 6 others have taken it. Of the three following meetings, no record is found; but, of the meeting in the Centennial year, 1869, the memory of a goodly number who were present will testify to its interest and enthusiasm.

In 1876 a special meeting was called in Philadelphia, in August; but no record of the attendance is found. In 1879, 14 classmates were present: Allard, Badger, Bailey, Eaton, Freeman, Godding and his wife, Haseltine, Hazen, Marshall and his wife, Mussey and a son, Robinson, Smith, Speare, and Twombly; also, as always at Hanover, Judge Nesmith, with Dr. Johnson, our sometime classmate, and Dr. Quint. At this meeting, Haseltine, who had been president of the class from the first, declined re-election, and Twombly was chosen, so remaining till death.

The failure of a meeting in 1884 was followed by a special meeting, at Twombly's invitation, in the city of New York, Jan. 30, 1885. It was held at Delmonico's, where, in the evening, the meeting of the New York Alumni Association was held, at which our presence received notable recognition. Of the 61 members of the class, 42 were living at the time, of whom exactly one half were present. They were Adams, Allard, Allen, Bailey, Caverno, Chadwick, Cobb, Collamore, Dana, Eaton, Freeman, Harvey, Haseltine, Hazen, Marshall, Mason, Mussey, Reed, Robinson, Speare, and Twombly. Mussey's record of this meeting is in print, and among the precious memorabilia of the class.

An extract or two must be given here : " It is impossible to reproduce these life stories ; there was no reporter present, and if there had been, and he had written down every word, the report could not convey the tone of the narrator, the rapt attention of his hearers, and that spirit of fraternity — in all the word implies of sympathy, of good nature, of honest pride, of friendly admiration, of delight. of affection — which like an atmosphere filled the room and consecrated the recital." Mussey called attention to the class wreath lying on the table, and moved that this wreath, the first class wreath ever woven at Dartmouth College, be transmitted to the college, properly encased and inscribed, for permanent preservation. The motion was adopted, and Twombly requested, and was accorded, the privilege of himself executing the wish of the class in this respect. (It may here be added that the wreath remains in Twombly's safe.)

" A glad surprise, as we sat at the table, was the unexpected entry, on his crutches, of our brother, Freeman, whom unpropitious fate in the way of missed railroad connections had delayed twelve hours. His arrival seemed to fill full the cup of our fraternal delight, for it showed how faithful in its affection, and how loyal to itself, was the Class of 1854, that our brother should have come from Chicago, with so many good reasons for staying away, that would have deterred any but ' one of us. ' "

" And doth not a meeting like this make amends
For all the long years I've been wandering away,
To see thus around me my youth's early friends,
As smiling and kind as in that happy day !
Though haply o'er some of your brows, as o'er mine,
The snowfall of Time may be stealing, what then?
Like Alps in the sunset, thus lighted by wine,
We'll wear the gay tinge of youth's roses again.

What softened remembrances come over the heart,
 In gazing on those we've been lost to so long!
 The sorrows, the joys, of which once they were part,
 Still round them, like visions of yesterday, throng.
 As letters some hand hath invisibly traced,
 When held to the flame will steal out on the sight;
 So many a feeling that seemed long effaced
 The warmth of a meeting like this brings to light."

It is fair to assume that these stanzas are Mussey's; and no one of us, who shared in the pleasure of that memorable meeting, is likely to think that his enthusiasm expresses itself too strongly. It was a rare day, as the coolest of us, looking back, will reaffirm. It was, alas, Mussey's last meeting with us.

In 1894 we met again at Hanover. Present: Allard, Badger, Bailey, Caverno, Cobb, Eaton, Godding, Hall, Hazen, Kimball, Marshall, Robinson, Speare, Twombly and Woodworth; 15 of the 36 then living. The evening wore away to the small hours of the night before we could bring ourselves to cut short the delightful current of reminiscence, story, and wit. It was to the full as unreportable as the New York meeting.

Godding caught its spirit as nearly as it could be caught, in the lines which he read to us, as follows:—

ALMA MATER TO THE BOYS OF '54.

Come home; you've wandered far and tarried long;
 Forgot your mother in life's siren song.
 Now Alma Mater's elms, with outstretched arms,
 Call back to greensward lap and summer's charms.
 I know my kids of forty years ago;
 Your heads show marble tops with fringing snow;
 But Esau hands have voice of Jacob still,
 And hearts have summer which no winters chill.
 Recount to me your forty years and say,
 Where are the talents which I loaned that day?

O mother dear, we come; we're old and lame—
 You know we were a little slow of yore,
 But halting on we got there just the same:
 And now we're here, your boys of fifty-four.

But, ah! not all; our lines are sadly thin;
For some forget, and some have gone before.
But keep the trust, and feed the lamp within,
And close your ranks, ye boys of fifty-four.

The talents that we had were precious few;
The ten were not for us, the five no more;
One talent to *decide*, and one to *do*,
Were all you gave the boys of fifty-four.

For all their worth we worked them; in the strife
We stood for right; to make our talents more;
We bartered wealth for duty, making that our life;
We had no use for napkins, boys of fifty-four.

And this has been our life; what matters now
How we have failed or won in conflicts sore?
Our birthright is not lost, we've kept our vow
For honor bright, the boys of fifty-four.

So many gone! we know they died in hope
Of nobler life beyond, with conflicts o'er.
Unseal our eyes, with faith enlarge their scope
To see again the boys of fifty-four.

One passed in battle storm, our brightest name;
White was his soul, and white knight plume he wore;
His country called him to undying fame —
Haskell, our martyr-boy of fifty-four.

And one who battled for the right alway,
When passing said, "Above my grave outpour
No mournful bugle 'taps' but 'reveille.'"
Unconquered soul! Mussey of fifty-four.

And many other names are crowding fast,—
God grant them peace where'er freed spirit soar;
Their rest is where their earthly lot was cast,
With Heaven above them, boys of fifty-four.

The record now is made; the shadows cool
Of evening touch our lives, while just before
A pallid usher waits to close life's school
And send up higher, boys of fifty-four.

O brothers, now my hopes transcend my fears;
I know, not here, but on th' eternal shore, —
Beyond these broken ties, these closing years —
We *all* shall meet, the boys of fifty-four.

A LAST WORD.

The printer's bills for this volume have been provided for by a guarantee fund, to which the following classmates have paid \$20.00 each :

BAILEY,	HALL,	KIMBALL,
COBB,	HASELTINE,	KITTREDGE,
EATON,	HOWE,	MARSHALL,
GODDING,		ROBINSON.

Also Mr. N. D. Cram, for his father ; and Mrs. Phebe J. Twombly, \$25.00 for her brother. Kimball has kindly given a special guarantee, if the insertion of Haskell's " Gettysburg " carried the expense beyond a stipulated sum.

The price of the volume is \$2.00, and cost of delivery. It is hoped that sales of the book will be sufficient to enable us to return a fair per cent., pro rata, to the above subscribers.

By vote of the class, a meeting will be held at Hanover, in 1899 ; and we take the liberty to name Tuesday, June 20, at 2.30 P. M., at " The Wheelock," as the time and place for assembling. Let us have a full meeting. And let every classmate who cannot come report himself by letter to Hazen. Then in 1904 every man will be expected to appear in person, or by letter.

The memoranda of the class, gathered by Mussey and others, are extensive and interesting ; too valuable to be destroyed. Speare proposes to make a liberal selection from them ; arrange them, with the class lithographs, and any later pictures, which classmates may please to send to him, and combine all in a volume to be deposited in the college library, where our children and grandchildren may find them and thank us for their preservation. Send your photographs or other likenesses, as many as you will, and any other contributions to such an album, at once, to Rev. S. L. B. Speare, Newton, Mass.

It will be ready, and an attraction for our meeting next year.





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